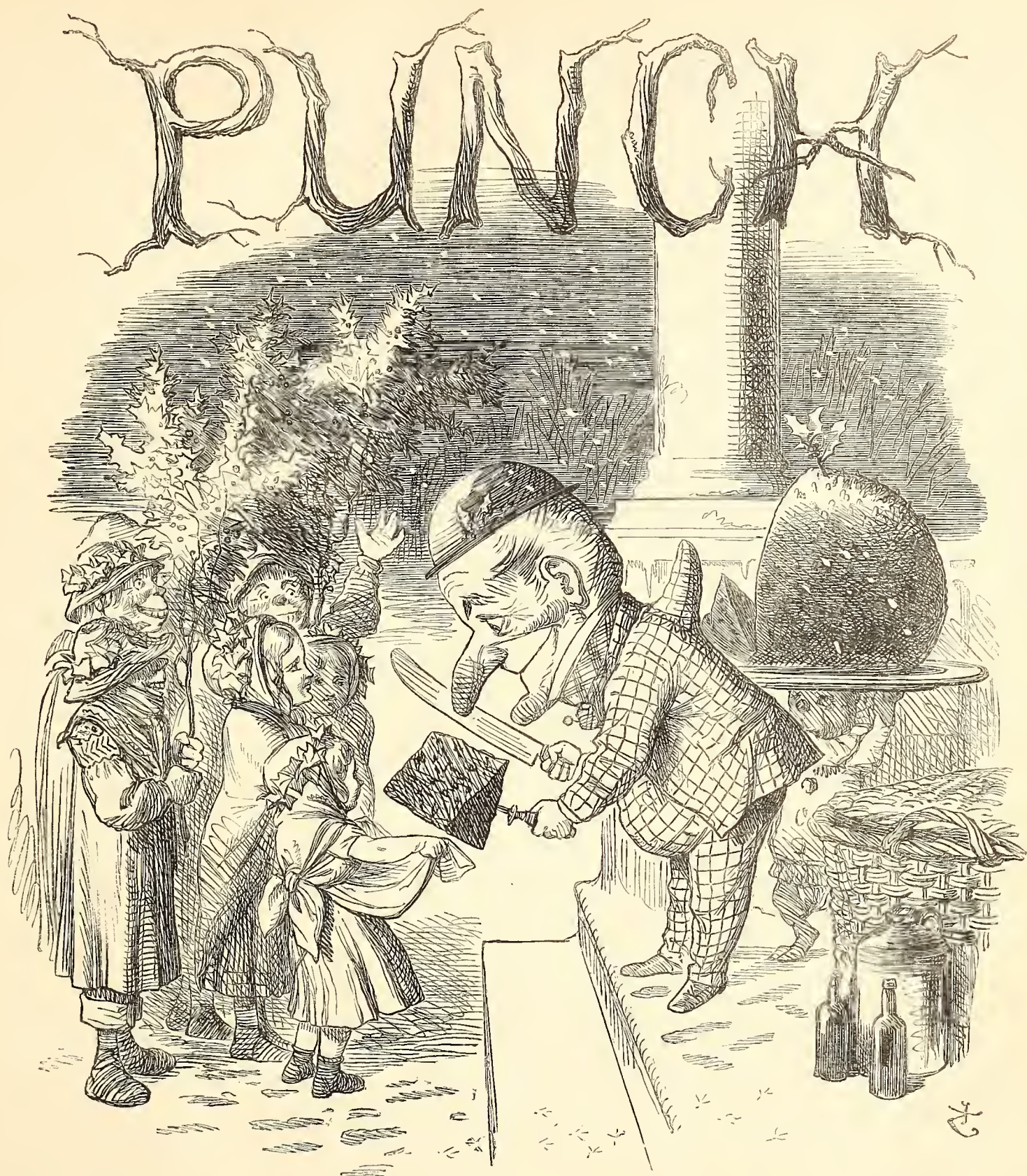


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VOL XLIX

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TOBY rushed into the Presence, much disconcerted, and growling.

"Well, my faithful, what is it? Anybody want to eat you?"

The intelligent creature nodded, intimating that his master had just hit it.

"Giant waiting, Sir," said the Groom of the Cigars, entering.

"I have seen such a lot of them," said PUNCH, discontentedly. "There was GOLIATH of Gath, MAXIMIN the Emperor, GABARA of Arabia, JOHN MIDDLETON of Hale, PATRICK COTTER the Irish giant, BIG SAM of Carlton Palace, and a dozen more of overgrown humanities. I don't much care about him. Give him a handful of sovereigns and send him off."

"But he——"

"Answering me and providing yourself, ALPHONSO, is one and the same thing, as my friend MRS. VARDEN observes. However, I see that you are under gigantic influence. Speak again."

"He—which his name is CHANG—is humbly eager to see *you*, Sir."

"That wish shows more brains than his kind usually own. Gratify his humble eagerness. Fear nothing, TOBY. Under our Eye, his Chinese appetite shall be curbed."

CHANG stood in The Presence. TOBY evinced continued ill-feeling.

"Now, Big 'un, what's up?" asked MR. PUNCH. Observe that with his usual independence he selected the smallest words for the largest auditor. Had the latter been a dwarf, MR. PUNCH would probably have requested an intimation of the circumstances which had induced the requisition of that interview.

"Cousin of the stars," said CHANG; "your intolerably unworthy servant tenders you his worthless acknowledgments of the priceless boon of admission to your unparalleled presence. He reverentially thanks you for the extraordinary countenance you have been pleased to show him."

"I don't know that my countenance is so extraordinary, GIGAS. Fascinating, intellectual, impressive, perhaps."

"Your slave's abominable vocabulary is atrociously inadequate to the occasion," said CHANG; "but he intended to refer to the patronage which your Eminence has been pleased to extend to him and to his brother ANAK."

"I always foster rising genius," said MR. PUNCH; "even when it rises to the height of eight feet, or whatever you call yourself. I have immortalised you in my pages. Well, what next?"

"The unpardonable ambition of your slave astounds himself—"

"Nothing astounds me—go it."

"His abased and obnoxious soul lives in one hope only, if he might venture to utter it."

"Utter away, then, can't you, GIGAS? Don't waste time. December days are not as long as you."

"Your graciousness transports your slave into a region of bliss and flowers. Might he, then, dare to beg that, all unworthy as he is, he may be enrolled among the Sacred Band of Notables—the Band of your Contributors?"

TOBY signified his decided objection to the proposed addition to the Staff.

"By KOONG-FOO-TSE, whom the Jesuits called Confucius—you believe in Confucius, I trust, by the way?" said MR. PUNCH. "I hope, my dear CHANG, that you are not a proselyte of FAN-SHIN, the unbeliever, 449 A.D."

"Never heard of him," said CHANG.

"Nor did I," said MR. PUNCH, aside, "until I looked into the 'Dictionary of Dates.' I am glad to hear it, CHANG. I could not have entertained overtures from an atheistic giant. It is only the dwarfs whom I permit to be profane. I was going to say, CHANG, that you have asked a big thing."

"Your slave is a big thing."

"He is. But do you know what qualities are required in a Contributor to 'PUNCH?'"

"All the virtues, all the graces, all the arts, and all the sciences."

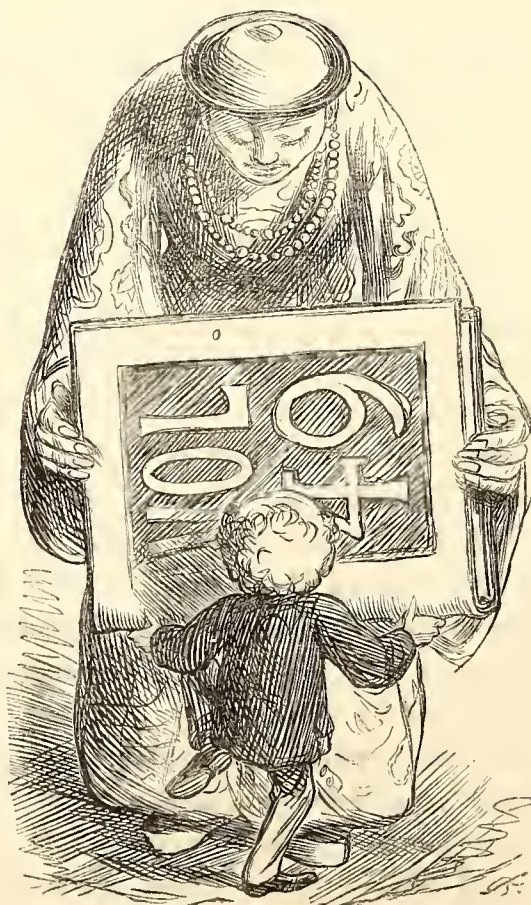
"Yes, that is all very well for a beginning," said MR. PUNCH, smiling indulgently. "But there must be much more. He must have an Ample Fortune, that he may be removed from all sordid influences, an Impressionable Heart, that he may be enabled to touch the heart of woman, Inspiration of the highest order, that he may write Poetry, and a Profound Conviction that he is the only person in the world who understands anything about anything whatsoever. Do you possess all this, CHANG, my son?"

"Your unapproachable Eminence has taught me a golden lesson," said the giant, bending humbly over the Great Teacher. "You have taught me how great you are, and how small I am."

"Then," said MR. PUNCH, gently, "I have placed you on the first step of the ladder which you would ascend. Go—and study. It may be that when we next meet I may grant your prayer. In the meantime, make this book your Ly-King—your manual of all the relations of life.

So saying, MR. PUNCH gratified the Giant with his

Forty-Ninth Volume.





A WORD WITH FINSBURY.

ELECTORS,

You have several Candidates before you. There is ALDERMAN LUSK. There is MR. TORRENS. There is MR. PHILLIPS. There is MR. COX.

Mr. Punch recommends you to vote for COX.

MR. COX has brought an action against *Mr. Punch*. MR. COX, alleging that some of *Mr. Punch's* remarks upon him are injurious, demands £50 as the price of such injury. *Mr. Punch* means to fight him for it.

You need hardly be told that there is no foundation for MR. COX's action. *Mr. Punch's* words are ever and always those of legitimate criticism, a function he exercises in the interest of the nation. That they might damage MR. COX's election prospects was possible, but we propose to remove the possibility.

Mr. Punch has no personal feeling against MR. COX, and indeed never saw him. MR. COX is an Attorney, but *Mr. Punch* is not aware that MR. COX ever served a writ, at the suit of MR. FLIGHT, or anybody else, upon any friend of *Mr. Punch*. The castigation which *Mr. Punch* has administered to MR. COX has been on public grounds only.

Mr. Punch considers that, as a general rule, an Attorney is not an eligible Candidate. If he have had a large practice, its pursuit must have disqualified him for the studies which befit a statesman, and if he be a small Attorney—is it necessary to finish the sentence?

But there are exceptional cases in which able and large-minded men discard professional shackles, and become valuable Members of Parliament.

Is MR. COX one of the exceptions? Is not the House of Commons usually in a laughing mood when he is oratorical? Has he ever shown anything like a statesman's mind? Does he not deal in exaggeration and absurdity? There is no personality here—a general election demands that the claims of every Candidate shall be fairly weighed.

Did not MR. COX mightily assist the Tories in their persecution of MR. STANSFELD, whereby an able man was turned out of the Ministry? MR. COX may have believed that he was right in thus aiding the Tories, but does Finsbury think so?

You have elected, in other days, the noble SIR ROBERT GRANT, MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE, who was an ornament to the Commons, and who made Finsbury respected, and MR. WAKLEY, who, with divers shortcomings, was a man of mark. Now, Finsbury is known by COX, the Attorney.

Mr. Punch respectfully requests you to elect MR. COX. The latter, though he knew his action to be *bosh*, hoped to silence *Mr. Punch* during the election, considering that *Mr. Punch* would be deterred from speaking while an action pended. This fear of *Mr. Punch* showed good sense. The idea of silencing *Mr. Punch* was a good Attorney's-idea, but *Mr. Punch* has a soul above Attorneys. He is not silenced. On the contrary, he proclaims his ideas in regard to MR. COX, and begs the electors not to deprive him, *Mr. Punch*, of a favourite type of what a Member of Parliament, for a great and important constituency, ought not to be.

MR. LUSK is a rich, upright, sensible gentleman. MR. TORRENS is a statesman. MR. PHILLIPS is a very respectable candidate. But, Electors, please to consider how useful MR. COX is to *Mr. Punch*, and do me the favour to re-elect COX the Attorney.

Yours respectfully,

85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.

ARISTOCRATIC INTIMIDATION.

(Communicated.)

WE had hoped that Manchester was tolerably free from aristocratic dictation, but the curse of the cold shade is upon us, and the Upas-tree is ineradicable. We had intended to elect a worthy citizen, one who is respected by all, and who has done good service to, and suffered for the cause of Liberalism. But MR. A. HEYWOOD is suppressed by lordly dictation. LORD BRIGHT has ordered Manchester to elect his brother, the HON. MR. JACOB, and the fiat having gone forth, the Liberal organs apprise MR. HEYWOOD that the sooner he gets out of the way the better. It is haughtily added, that Manchester "owes something to the name of Bright." This means that his Lordship, in '57, and before his elevation to the Peerage, was rejected at Manchester for opposing a popular Premier. We know nothing of the HON. MR. JACOB, but he has JACOB's ladder to political eminence, and, of course, will climb it. May the day come when the haughty tyranny of the Aristocracy shall be at an end!

BANKRUPTCY OFFICIALS UNDER LORD WESTBURY.—*The Miller and his Men.*



A GOOD JUDGE.

Rev. Percy Beeswing (aghast). "WHY SURELY, MR. BROWSLS, CAN YOU BE AWARE OF WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN DRINKING? WHY THIS IS OLD CURAÇOA, AND COST ME TWO GUINEAS A BOTTLE!"

Farmer Browsels (who while his Landlord was out of the Room had finished the bottle). "AH, AND WITH IT TOO, EVERY SHILLIN' OF IT, YOUR REVERENCE; IT'S DELICIOUS!"

WHO SHALL CRITICISE THE CRITICS?

WITH glorious old HANDEL still ringing in his ears, *Mr. Punch* is nothing just at present if not musical. Being in this humour, *Mr. Punch* would crave an inch or two of his own valuable space, to bring before the notice of the musical world a charge made against a journal which, not to be too personal, he will call the *British Ensign*. This newspaper is accused of having suddenly turned round from praising Covent Garden Opera to unmerited fault-finding in it; and the reason of the censure is hinted by the *Preston Herald* to be this:—

"Immediately before the critic had discovered that Opera at Covent Garden was 'cut' and 'curtailed,' and that PATTI was 'a dove trooping among the crows,' the advertisements of the theatre had been withdrawn from the columns of the *British Ensign*."

Of course this accusation is utterly unfounded; and what is thought to be a reason must be merely a coincidence. Of course no critic would allow his judgment to be warped in the manner here suggested; and of course the *British Ensign* has published an indignant contradiction of the charge. But taking this for granted, and considering the charge dismissed, *Mr. Punch* must make another short quotation from the *Preston Herald*, if only for the sake of adding his approval of it:—

"If notices favourable to artists or managers or houses can be purchased directly or indirectly, by a fee or an advertisement or a privilege,—there is an end to public confidence, and an end to the critic's occupation also. We do hope, however, in the face of much discouragement, that the day will come when art criticism, and literary criticism also may be believed in;—that will be when professional men are not hired to hold at their mercy the reputation of their professional brethren,—that will be when journalists separate the literary from the commercial departments of a newspaper, and refuse to call black white because it may or may not be advertised."

Clearly what is now called criticism must cease to be so called, if it be biassed by advertisements; among which, in that case, it would most fittingly be printed. In that case, too, the critic clearly ought to draw his salary from those of whom he writes; and this fact should be

MEDICINE AND MEMBER FOR WESTMINSTER.

"TELL me, Doctor, tell me why
Faith in homœopathy
Should unfit, if held by G.,
Him from representing me?"

"You have common sense: no less
Ought your Member to possess.
If infinitesimal
Doses, faith proves sense as small.

"Faith, where Reason should decide,
Ever is a donkey's guide;
Faith in physic is no rule:
Faith in humbug shows a fool.

"Let a homœopathist
Represent you, an you list,
And consider gross delusion
No political exclusion.

"Yes, but then let no wild notion
As regards perpetual motion,
Circle squared, or rapping table,
Any candidate disable.

"Ev'n a Medium might content you,
For a man to represent you,
If a craze is no objection,
In your eyes, to his election."

Trustworthy Intelligence.

HIS Royal Highness the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF gave a treat yesterday to the Officers of the Guards. The gallant gentlemen were taken in a van to the Crystal Palace, where the whole resources of that vast establishment were employed for their entertainment. They expressed themselves highly gratified with the display of the fountains. In the afternoon they were regaled with tea and plum-cake, and conveyed back in the van at an early hour to their Clubs.

The differences existing between the Italian Government and the Holy See have been referred to the arbitration of the KING OF DAHOMEY.

NATURAL-HISTORICAL.

WHAT is the pleasantest and jolliest animal going?
The Brick-Bat.

made known in every notice which he pens, in order that the public be not wrongfully allured by the praise which he puts forth. There would at least be honesty in such a course as this, and doubtless in the long run it would prove a better policy than the plan of using criticism simply as a puff. If the stuff which critics write is thought at all to swell the circulation of a newspaper, care surely should be taken to make the critic's column attractive to the public; and this can surely not be done by letting critics write advertisements, which, as a general rule, the public never cares to read.

MILL AND PUBLIC MEASURES.

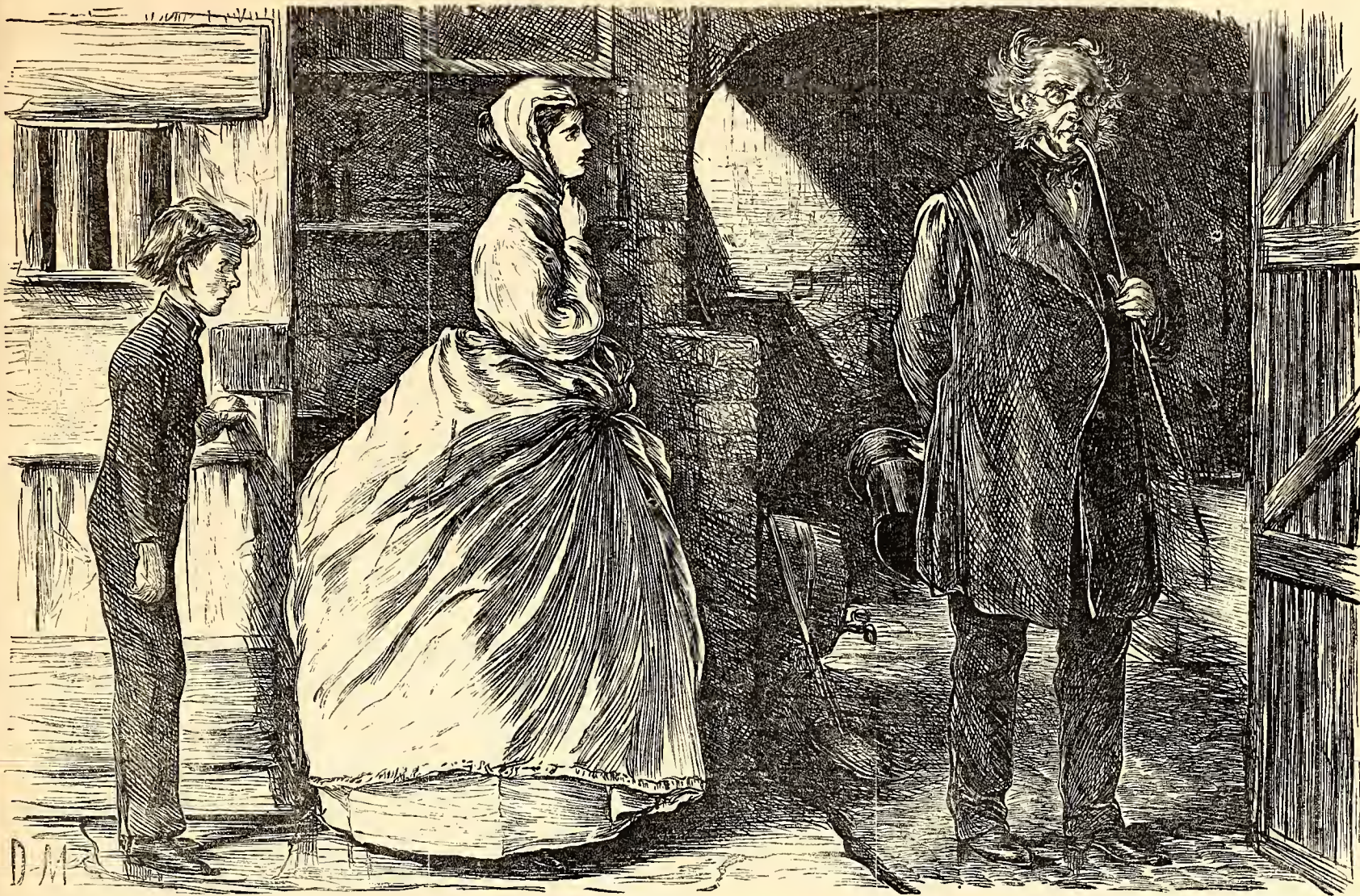
OUR cauponious contemporary, the *Morning Advertiser*, has been objecting very much to MR. MILL as a Candidate for the representation of Westminster. The alleged ground of its objection is the rationalism which it fancies it smells in some of MR. MILL's writings.

The other evening, however, at a meeting of teetotallers favourable to the "Permissive Bill," held, under the presidency of MR. JOB CAUDWELL, at the Mission Hall, Soho, we find that:—

"There was a strong expression of approval of the course taken by MR. JOHN STUART MILL in not having public-houses for committee rooms."

"Gin and true religion" may be points on both of which the *Morning Advertiser* considers the views of MR. MILL equally unsound; but probably the animosity of that public-spirited journal has been excited against him more particularly by the line which he has taken with regard to gin.

QUERY.—Is there any such book as "Half-hours with the worst Authors?" I should think such a work would be a fortune to any enterprising publisher.



WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE SERVANT-GALS?

Charming Lady (showing her House to Benevolent Old Gentleman). "THAT'S WHERE THE HOUSEMAID SLEEPS."

Benevolent Old Gentleman. "DEAR ME, YOU DON'T SAY SO! ISN'T IT VERY DAMP? I SEE THE WATER GLISTENING ON THE WALLS."

Charming Lady. "OH, IT'S NOT TOO DAMP FOR A SERVANT!"

A DOUBT ABOUT BRIGANDAGE.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,

THERE is a certain personage whom the proverb declares to be not so black as he is painted. This personage is called in a vulgar euphemism, "The Old Gentleman;" or, more particularly, "The Old Gentleman Down Below."

Is it not possible, *Mr. Punch*, that the saying about the blackness of the old gentleman down below is equally applicable to another old gentleman out yonder? I mean his Holiness the POPE, and I can't help suspecting that we have lent too credulous an eye to the dark complexion with which some painters, and those of the Italian school too, have represented the Holy Father; so called very ironically, if their portraits of him resemble him at all.

The Liberal Italian Press accuses the Papal Government of virtual complicity with brigandage perpetrated in the interest of the POPE and the EX-KING OF NAPLES. In the *Italia* of June 21st, there is an account of the atrocities committed by brigands in the province of Chieti, whence allow me to present you with a few extracts. For example:—

"A poor peasant, captured by these ruffians in the plain of Piapano, had his tongue wrenched out by pincers, and his eyes torn from their sockets, being finally dispatched by stiletto thrusts."

This deed, if the alleged relation between the brigands and the Holy See really exists, may be styled an act of faith. So may that related as follows:—

"The band commanded by a certain LUZIO DE ATESA, has spread terror throughout our district. This chief has 24 or 25 men, or rather ferocious brutes. Last Saturday they made a descent upon a farm owned by one GIOVANNI, whom they bound tightly with cords, and after covering him with bayonet wounds (more than eighty were counted on the body), brutally shot the unhappy man, together with his wife and mother."

The only difference between these alleged acts of cruelty and a regular *auto-da-fé*, or act of faith, is as that wherein the legal execution of

justice differs from Lynch law. I will trouble you with only one more case in point:—

"The band of LUZIO DI CAGNOTTO DI CASOLI is now united with that of SCIAPPIO, and numbers 40 men, who ravage the country with impunity, without any energetic measures being taken by the authorities to put a stop to their atrocities. On the 12th instant these united bands made an attack upon the country house of ZIO GAETANO, and captured LUIGI SCARINGI. After binding their victim, they first cut off his chin; a paper was then placed on his forehead, and nailed to his temples, bearing the inscription, 'CANNONE DI CASOLI has done this.' The sufferer was finally besmeared with pitch, to which his inhuman tormentors set light, leaving him half consumed by the flames."

In the course of your studies, Sir, you may have at times alighted on some of those comic songs of our ancestors, of which the subject was the death or mutilation of a human being, the details whereof were wont to be sung to a lively tune, usually with a chorus of *fol de rol de rido*. Now, what I want to know is, whether the particulars above quoted have any other foundation in fact than such as may have supported the lyrical autobiography of the British sailor, whose ditty relates how, in the service of his country, he had lost first one limb and then another, until at last a chain-shot, or some such missile, came—

"And, bless me, knocked my nose off."

—the dismembered songster concluding with the consolatory reflection that it will take "them" (the French) a blest long time—

"Bless me, to spoil my singing."

For if the brigands are not in the habit of committing the rampant atrocities of which they are accused, the word of their accusers, for any connection between them and the old gentleman of the Vatican, or even the young gentleman who lately occupied the throne of Naples, is all the undersigned. On the other hand, if they are really guilty of anything like the outrages imputed to them, and the Papal Government abets them in any degree, how is it that all the civilised powers of Europe do not combine to sweep the Papacy off the face of the earth?

If there are any serious grounds for asking this question, pass it on to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH; but surely his Imperial Majesty must believe the stories about the encouragement of brigandage by the Court of Rome to be all

WALKER.

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

DOMESTIC subjects for English Opera are seldom, if ever, to be met with. Of course, there will come a time when a generation yet unborn and unthought of will be listening with rapt delight to some romantic legend about a gallant young Railway Director, and will encore a chorus of Policemen, Stokers, and so forth, as we now-a-days applaud an ensemble of Huguenots, Soldiers, Mediæval Watchmen, or Puritan Boatmen. The Music of the Future will take its inspiration from the libretto of the Present, and, in order to forestall the librettists of three centuries hence, we select a scene and a striking, though not entirely unfamiliar, situation from a great work which we are pleased to call

THE CABMAN'S OPERA.

ACT I.—SCENE LAST.

PLACE: A London Terminus. TIME: Not much before the Train starts.

[Argument briefly stated. The story is founded upon a custom, that obtains on some Railways, of shutting the outer doors of the Station, and not allowing anyone to enter until after the train, then starting, has quitted the interior.]

SCENE—The Stage (this direction is for Mr. HARRIS, of Covent Garden) is divided obliquely. One side, L.H., representing the interior of the Railway Station, and the other side, R.H., representing the exterior of the Railway Station. Guards, Collectors, Passengers, Porters discovered, L.H., within. Cabmen on their cabs, Omnibusses, Porters, a Railway Policeman, and an Elderly Gentleman examining a Time-table, R.H., without. As the Scene opens, a four-wheeled Cab, with Luggage, drives up; the Driver gets down from his box; Porters eye the Passenger listlessly.

Passenger (to Cabman—recitative). Just get down this (pointing to box)—and this—and that besides. (Chord).

An Inspector (a character like the Huguenot Soldier who sings the solos in the Rataplan chorus—aside—recitative). I hear a chord and (laughing to himself) I see a cord, upon the box. [Exit, pleased.

Passenger (looking at his watch). Dear me—it is—(seeing that the Cabman is not unlading quickly)—where are the Porters? (Calls.) Porters! Hi!

Chorus of Porters (bowing). Obedient we to your command,
Hale the light baggage in our hand.
(To one another, aside.) And moneys we receive.
But tell not,
Neither whisper.
Ha!

Chorus of Omnibus-men (led by their own Conductors).
Obedient they to his command,
Hale the light baggage in their hands.

Chorus of any other people (who know the tune, and like to join in).
Obedient they, &c.
Hale the light, &c.

Tutti Cabman, Passenger, Drivers of all sorts of vehicles, Porters, and Chorus; afterwards Inspector.

Joy! joy! our hearts are beating!
Fine! fine! the weather is to-day!
Wine! wine! this is a happy meeting!
(Vaguely.) Rataplan! Rataplan!
R-R-R-R-Rataplan-plan-plan!

Inspector (looking out of door in Station front—Solo). Anyone here for Rickenham, Twicklake, Mortney, Putmond? (Sternly.) Say!

Passenger (agitated). I am—I am—but hear me—

Inspector. Nay—two minutes more—

Chorus as before (aside). What says he?

Passenger. Alas! Fate! this then is it!

Inspector (beckoning). One minute and a half! Hence!

Chorus as before (aside). Oh, faithless one!

Cabman (refusing fare). I have no change.

Passenger. Within these halls [clerk.
There dwells a gentle youth, (Alluding to the ticket—
Some twenty summers
O'er his head have alighted,
But he knows not
The past, and will give his aid.

Inspector (to Passenger, briskly). One minute and three quarters! Hence!

Chorus (as before, aside). Oh! Heaven!

Cabman (plaintively). I seek not wealth, I seek not fame,*

But only modest recompense;
My birth is noble, and unstained my badge,
As is thine own, let this attest.

* To Music Publishers. Capital title for a Ballad, "I seek not wealth." Send to 85, Fleet Street, for the score of *The Cabman's Opera*. Title registered.

Chorus (as before).

Inspector (putting his watch to his ear, to see if it's going). He is. But, no? One moment, and of seconds fifty-five. (To Passenger, authoritatively.) Hence!

Passenger (overcome with emotion).

My own, my fare! I'll give to thee,
When I return again.

Oh! ne'er shall it dwell in thy memory
That he was false, and caused thee pain.

Inspector (apart).

Cabman (to Passenger). { His } Own { His } Fare.
Passenger (to Cabman). { My } { My }

Trio. When { I return } Again, &c., &c.
{ You return }
{ He returns }

Trio and Chorus (coming forward enthusiastically).

When { I } return.
{ You } return.
{ He } returns.

{ I } will come back.
{ You }
{ He }

[Exit PASSENGER, dragged away by INSPECTOR through open doors. PORTERS, exeunt into interior with luggage.

Chorus of Porters (while Passenger is getting his ticket).

Label! Label! Label!

Merrily, oh! Merrily!

Away! Ha, ha! Away!

Passenger (having obtained his ticket). Is my luggage right?

1st Porter (obsequiously). Good Sir, it is.

Cabman (without, knocking at the Station-door). He does not heed me.

Inspector (suspiciously to Passenger). Have you your number?

Passenger (much agitated). I have not, alas!

1st Porter (with paste-brush and label). There, here!

Passenger. Joy! Joy! My bounding heart!

2nd Inspector (closing front door against Cabman). You are not going by this train? Away!

Cabman. Nay, hear me (nearly gets his fingers pinched, screams).

Passenger. Where is my train? (Bell rings). Ha!

Inspector (to him). This way, this way! Your ticket you possess?

Cabman without (kicking at door). My fare! my own! Ah! Admit me!

Porters and Guards (to agitated Passenger). This way, this way! Your ticket you possess?

Cabman (without, frantically). My fare! my own! (Kicks). 'Tis I! Admit me!

Chorus of Omnibus drivers, &c. (without). Ah! pity! He is distraught.

Stoker (a long way off, recitative). All right? (Steam whistle).

Cabman (without, half wild with frenzy). That sound! Oh, Perfidious One!

Inspector (holding up his hand to Stoker). One second wait. Now, Sir, What class? (to Passenger).

Passenger. The third—I mean the first.

Cabman (without, as before). Again I ask. Again I ask! (Kicking at portals).

Chorus of Omnibus drivers, &c. Oh, shameless!

Chorus of Indignant Passengers (putting their heads out of window).

Why this delay!

Too bad! (Watching breathless Passenger). He has just saved it!

(To him). We're full in here!

There should be partitions,

(To one another). They cram so many in! The grasping ones!

Ay! and carriages too

Dedicated to Tobacco fumes.

Should he object to smoking,

Ha, what then? Then by this hand—(threatening)

Ho! boy. An evening paper.

Hi! Ho! Hi!

We're off! we're off! Huza!

Boy with Papers. He y'are! Timesdailytelegraphmornstarpunch, &c.

GRAND FINALE.

Passenger. Saved! Saved! Saved!

Cabman (madly). Still deaf! Oh, hear me! Madness! Despair!

Passengers (in the same carriage).

Strike the light fuzee!

Hail to the gay cheroot!

We'll sing!

We'll pipe!

Away! Away! We're off! Huza!

Cabman (frantically, without). All is lost now!

He within the carriage
Away is conveyed!

Chorus (without). Oh, perfidious!

Chorus (within). Strike the light fuzee, &c.

Passenger (gaily, waving his hat from carriage window). Saved!

Cabman. Rage! I choke! I burn!

May the curses—the curses—

[Snatches a Jew's-harp from a shoeblack boy, and sweeps his hand fearlessly over the strings.]

The curses of a despairing driver!

A cabman's curses!

May they—may they—Ha! [Falls senseless.]

Chorus of Drivers, &c. (without). What has happened?

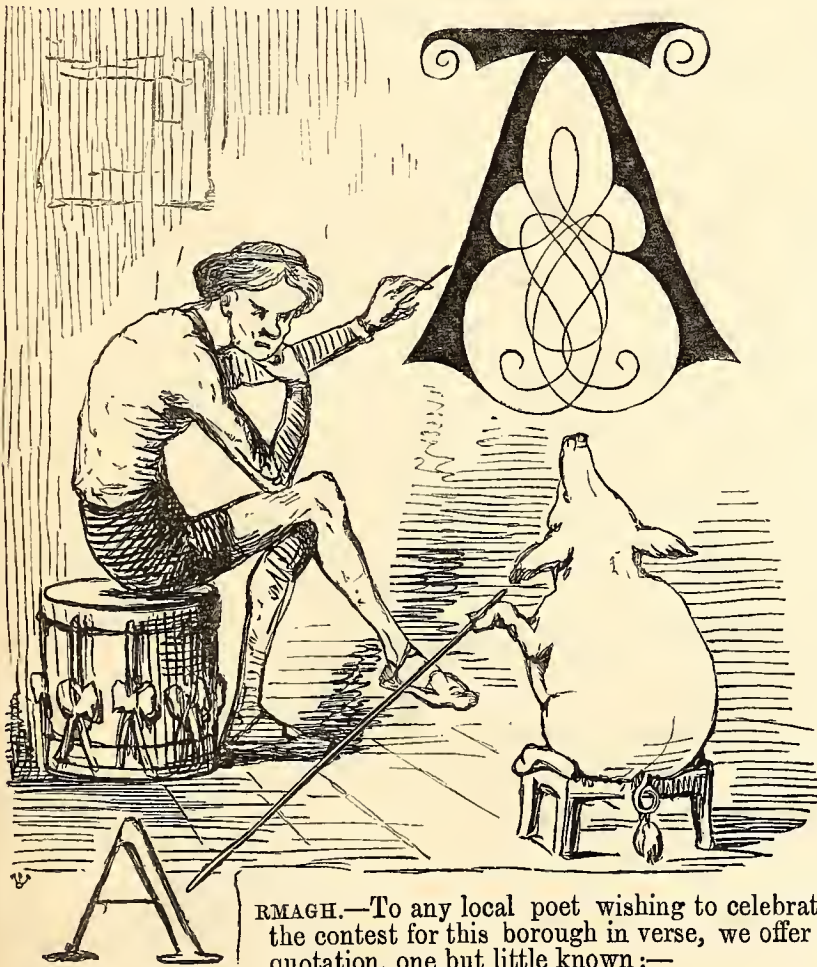
Chorus of Passengers getting fainter and fainter as the train disappears.

"Strike the light fuzee," &c.

[POLICEMEN kneel around the prostrate form of the CABMAN as the INSPECTOR, attended by PORTERS, opens the door. An organ is heard in the distance. Tableau.]

The above strikes us as an admirable suggestion for the Modern Lyric Stage; and when a worthy Composer writes to us to say that he has set it to music for the next English Opera Season, we will think about arranging a Second and Third Act, and, by a timely production, anticipate the Words and Music of Posterity.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.



ARMAGH.—To any local poet wishing to celebrate the contest for this borough in verse, we offer a quotation, one but little known:—

"Arma virumque cano."

ARUNDEL.—"The Arundel Society," small and select, will return a HOWARD as usual.

AYR BURGHS.—It is not yet settled whether MR. COXWELL or MR. GLAISHER will retire. It is left to the Astronomer Royal to decide which of the two shall go up.

BANBURY.—The current belief is, that SIR C. DOUGLAS, whose name suggests the land of cakes, will be re-elected.

BRISTOL.—SIR MORTON seeks to be the pet o' the people.

CANTERBURY.—Hopes to send a Member who will have the Lyon's share in the new Parliament.

CARMARTHENSHIRE.—MR. DAVID JONES and MR. DAVID PUGH are the sitting Members. The former may consider himself safe so long as he has no acquaintance with the locker associated with his name. The latter pooh-poohs the notion of an opposition.

CARNARVON, &c.—"It is very generally believed that MR. BULKELEY HUGHES's return is beyond doubt." We hope so, and that it will be long before he is used up.

CORK.—MR. GEORGE B. BARRY has offered himself for the county. His baritone voice will be of use to him on the hustings.

EYE.—MR. HOOK, R.A., is said to have this borough in view.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—The Liberals say, Success to COWPER's Task!

LEEDS.—The Conservative BEECROFT is taken as an antidote to the Liberal BAINES.

LYME REGIS.—We are requested to state that MR. HAWKSHAW, who is a Candidate for this borough, is not the MR. HAWKSHAW, late of the Royal Olympic Theatre.

MALTON.—When it was rumoured that MR. FITZWILLIAM was going into Yorkshire on a Riding expedition, both MR. JOHN SCOTT and MR. W. P'ANSON were spoken of as likely to come to the post in the Derby interest. The scot and lot voters declared themselves in favour of the first-named gentleman, and were already known as SCOTT's lot.

NORTHAMPTON.—CHARLES GILPIN is a citizen

Of credit and renown,

And M.P. hopes to be again

For famed Northampton town.

NOTTINGHAM.—For an account of the riotous proceedings at this place, see the *Pell-Mell Gazette*.

OXFORD.—The Secretary for the Colonies, who plays a good card well, is as safe as (the Heads of) Houses. His colleague will have the pleasure of returning thanks on re-election in a NEATE speech.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.—Define political Hardihood:—

The Member for Leominster opposing the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PETERBOROUGH.—"Oh, Whalley, we have missed you" is now the popular song in this city. MR. THOMSON HANKEY is not a man to resort to any hanky-panky tricks to secure his return.

PONTEFRAC.—MR. CHILDERS can never desert this borough. If he did, Yorkshiremen would immediately dub him "Flying Childers."

RUTLANDSHIRE.—There is no truth in the report that this County, the smallest in England, and whose greatest man was the dwarf JEFFERY HUDSON, will be represented by GENERAL TOM THUMB.

SOUTH DURHAM.—The PEASE at any price party is strong.

SOUTH WILTS.—The Conservatives will support the noble scion of the house of Bath through thick and thin.

ST. IVES.—It is buzzed about that the coming man here is the *Times'* Bee-master.

STOCKPORT.—The Conservative Candidate being MR. TIPPING, the Liberal cry is, "No bribery, no Tipping."

TAUNTON.—"LORD W. M. HAY is the second Liberal Candidate." Our advice to him is, to make HAY while the sun shines. We expect to hear that the HAY fever is very prevalent at Taunton.

WELLS.—This city resembles DR. JOHNSON. It likes a good HAYTER. It has also no objection to a Jollification.

WESTMINSTER.—The address of MR. W. H. SMITH, the well-known Bookseller, speaks volumes, and all of the old Conservative type. The Liberal party are doing their utmost to make it a dead letter.

WICK BURGHS.—One of the Directors of PRICE's Patent Candle Company is expected here as a Candidate.

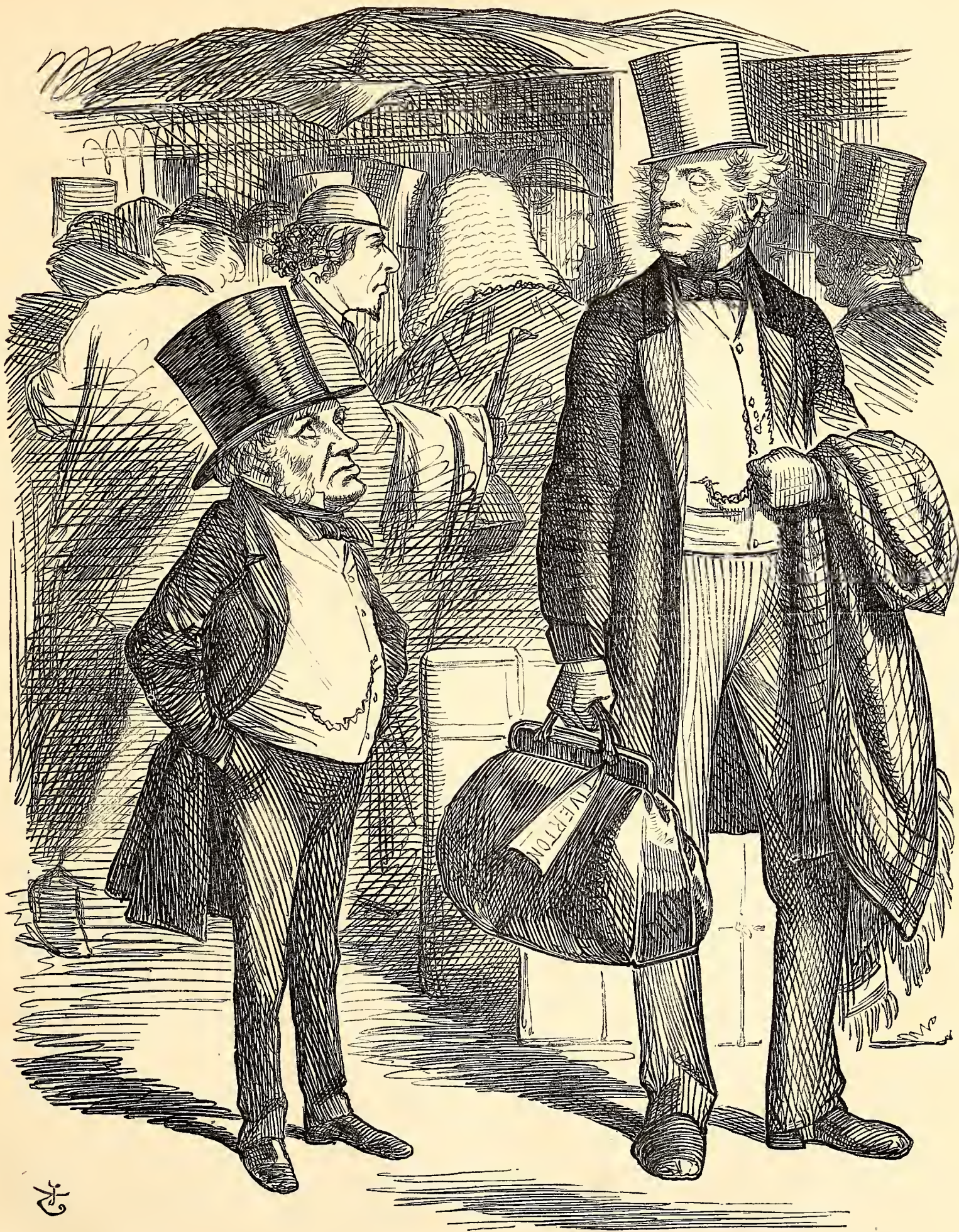
WOODSTOCK.—MR. MITCHELL HENRY is hand in glove with the electors, but the Blenheim breed is not extinct.

TWELFTH NIGHT AT MIDSUMMER.

It is amusing to see how the critics have been puzzled, when a manager of one of our smaller theatres for once takes the advice they are always thrusting on him, and goes, for his plays, to a higher region than that of the sensation-drama and the burlesque. MR. WIGAN has been lectured for straying out of his line, and for venturing on a play of SHAKSPEARE's with a company not in the habit of performing the Shakspearian drama. *Mr. Punch, au contraire*, says to MR. WIGAN, "Macte virtute!"—Go on, and prosper. There should be no company in any respectable London theatre incapable of acting any of the comedies, at least, of SHAKSPEARE—even if his tragedies be impossible without a great actor.

Orange Bitters.

MR. BEERS, "the Grand Master of the County of Down," complains that the prohibition, under which the Orange-men are forbidden to play "Croppies, lie down" and "Boyne Water," to wear orange scarves, and to drink "To Hell with the Pope!" are restrictions on Protestant patriotism! "Orange bitters" are only too much used in Ireland. Orange bitter-BEERS seems a still more pernicious and astringent compound.



BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

LORD JOHN. "NO WHITEBAIT DINNER! ALL TOO BUSY! NO! I SHAN'T 'REST AND BE THANKFUL.'
I SHALL WRITE A DESPATCH TO GREENWICH, AND DINE BY MYSELF."

a night or two later, that the country wanted the elections, and was not going to be kept waiting by the squabbles of railway people over their Bills.

The EARL OF DEVON moved the Second Reading of the Catholic Oaths Bill. The EARL OF DERBY moved its rejection.

It subverted one of the leading principles of a Great Settlement.

He had many Catholic friends, and was a good landlord to many Catholic tenants. He had voted for Catholic Relief.

But this was not a personal, or a social, but a high political question.

Who wanted the Bill? Where were the real noble old Catholic families? Where was ARUNDEL, and HOWARD, and STOURTON; where was TALBOT, PETRE, and CLIFFORD? [It sounded like a bit of *Marmion* to hear a STANLEY trumpeting out this roll call.] They were satisfied. What sort of folks were the promoters of this Bill attempting to please, and just before a general election?

He would do away with the declaration against equivocation and mental reservation, for a man who had mental reservations would break an oath. [No doubt, my Lord.]

Government ought to take the lead in so important a matter, and offer an oath which all classes could take.

For forty years he had defended the Church, and he was not likely to abandon her when he was on the confines of the grave. [My Lord, what nonsense! Confines of the grave? You were born in 1799—argal, are about sixty-six. We look for twenty years work out of you.]

EARL RUSSELL was very imperfectly heard. We give him notice that, if he does not speak out in the next Parliament, he shall have a whole Cartoon to himself, which he will probably not think to his advantage. He thought the oath no security, and that Protestants and Catholics were not on an equality in regard to votes on the Church.

The EARL OF HARROWBY saw no grievance in preventing people from doing that which it was undesirable for them to do. [Aristocratic logic. It is undesirable for LORD HARROWBY to get drunk (we do not suppose that he ever did such a thing in his life), but would he not think it insulting if, in the spirit of his logic, *Mr. Punch* proceeded to 39, Grosvenor Square, Sandon House, and Norton, and padlocked all the wine-cellars?]

EARL GREY thought that the Irish Church must soon undergo Revision, and with the Church would go the Oath. [Outspoken, my Lord.] Meantime, it might be wise to make concessions where grievances existed.

Some other Lords spoke, but it was useless, as LORD DERBY had the majority in his pocket. The Oaths Bill was rejected by 84 to 63.

Nothing worth note in the Commons, save that for Liskeard, came in BULLER, *vice* BERNAL OSBORNE, who bolted, to punish his late constituents by giving them the trouble of a double election.

Tuesday. The Prisons' Bill went through Committee. Somebody had objected to Solitary Confinement in the case of short sentences, but as it is only in such cases that this very severe punishment can properly be applied, *Mr. Punch* approves the permission to give a culprit time to think quietly. If he discovers that he has been a rogue, and that roguery has brought him into trouble, it is possible that the reflection may be beneficial. At all events, give him the opportunity. Few men, of the rogue class, have ever had a chance of a few hours of quiet thought, without disturbance or excitement, until they were locked up. We wonder whether Thinking Cells will ever be part of our educational system.

Gracious! A new Hymn Book has been served out to the Army and Navy, and LORD WESTMEATH objects to it, as containing Popish sentiments. We leave such a matter in all confidence in the hands of a Government that contains SIR ROUNDELL PALMER. EARL DE GREY said that the men did not like the old hymn book. Imagine the British Grenadier, and his friend, JACK MARLINSPIKE, sitting down to overhaul DR. WATTS.

MR. LONGFIELD—stop, who is LONGFIELD? Where is DOD? Irish Member—Mallow—has published several legal works (we never read any of them, happy to say), a Liberal Conservative. Not much said about LONGFIELD. He made a bitter attack upon LORD WESTBURY, in reference to the Leeds business, and was indignantly castigated by LORD PALMERSTON, who, however, stated that the subject was under the consideration of the Crown lawyers.

The Bill for the Abolition of Tests at Oxford was carried through the Commons, as has been mentioned. In reference to this measure, and its having passed the Commons, *Mr. Punch* remarked, in one of those simple but oracular phrases which contain a mine of wisdom for those who have ears to hear, "There is a House of Lords above us." To-day, the Bill was withdrawn. The Church of England, as by Law Established, cannot, therefore, be utterly destroyed by the Dissenters before the first week in March next.

Wednesday. RABELAIS has mentioned cases in which it is difficult to extort language, or vocalisation, but even he never figured the hardship of exciting a laugh from a moribund House of Commons at a Wednesday sitting. Yet MR. DARBY GRIFFITH accomplished the feat. He gave notice that next Session he would do something or other, "if everything went right," and the House laughed. He meant that he

was everything and everybody, but we respectfully inform him, that even if the electors of Devizes should be silly enough to return him again, everything will not be right, though *Punch*, for reasons, will be pleased not to lose DARBY.

Thursday. Royal Assent given to heaps of Bills, and much business done in the Lords.

In the Commons, SIR CHARLES WOOD brought on the Indian Budget. He is usually sufficiently confused and inaudible, but to-day, we regret to say, that he was unwell. The Indian Surplus is much less than was expected, and the finance measures are in a muddle. So are the accounts. But the latter are to be kept better, true principles of political economy are re-enacted, and a new Finance Minister is gone to India. A transition state is clearly not one for criticism, but we were told, not long ago, that the Indian sky was all serene, and that Brahma had come down for his tenth Avatar in a shower of gold.

Friday. SIR FRANCIS HEAD, as all parties are now ready enough to admit, saved Canada. But precedent and red tape were too strong, even to be conquered by such a service as that, and he never received the reward to which he was entitled. He is now "old and poor;" the words are LORD HARDWICKE's, but he is too proud to accept any pension save one which shall descend regularly through the Ministers of the Crown. He lives in retirement at Croydon, a memorial of British gratitude to a man who saved an empire. A debate on a Pensions Bill brought out the facts, which are not calculated to make any Englishman proud, except SIR FRANCIS HEAD.

The eternal GRIFFITH asked the ATTORNEY-GENERAL whether he would not bring in a Bill for "simplifying" the law of "simony." "Who should do that but Simple SIMON, M.P. for Devizes," thought SIR ROUNDELL, but he only said that he didn't know.

MR. HUNT gave notice of a Vote of Censure on the LORD CHANCELLOR. Evidently,

"The Hunt is up, the Hunt is up,
And *Punch* must really say,
That if the Buck don't mean to fight,
It's time he were away."

Then we had a long and interesting debate on Abyssinia, and KING THEODORE. MR. LAYARD gave a full account of that monarch. Among other matters, he mentioned that an Englishman who had been useful to the King having been slain, he "avenged" him by deliberately killing 1500 persons, as a special mark of respect for the QUEEN OF ENGLAND. It is clear that our Government think that CAPTAIN CAMERON has got into trouble through his own love of meddling with matters beyond his sphere—also that the Abyssinian Missionaries hate one another, and do much mischief by their mutual hostilities and intrigues. No definite statement was made as to what is being done in the way of rescue. The matter is not so easy as it seems to some of us at home, ready to cry out with *Dame Quickly*, "Here, good people, bring a rescue or two."

Dissenters Done by Themselves.

THE Nonconformists, with a will,
Would make the House divide
On LYON's Education Bill:
Upon the losing side,
Against the Church there did a crew,
Of thirty-five combine:
Opposing them, good men and true,
United forty-nine.

NO RIDDLE.

WHY was there no Ministerial Whitebait Dinner this year?
Because circumstances, which we hope will be satisfactorily explained, would have forbidden the LORD CHANCELLOR and his colleagues to unite in abandoning themselves to unmingled jollity.

Denmark Avenged.

'Tis likely theft and murder will draw down
For Denmark's wrongs some partial retribution.
The Prussians, if their King lose not his Crown,
Can hardly fail to lose their Constitution.

WESTBURY WHITEWASHED.

WHY is LORD WESTBURY's character as clear as daylight?—Because neither is affected by the "spots on the sun."

A SWEEP BOY humming "*Hot Codlins*" in a chimney, might be alluded to as singing above his register.



THE ONLY SEAL OF CONFESSION

ALLOWED IN THIS COUNTRY.

THE BRIDGE.

I Stood on the bridge at midnight,
As Big Ben was striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the Abbey,
Behind the Victoria Tower;

And like the waters rushing
Before the House of Peers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
That filled my soul with fears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the Sessions now gone by,
I had shirked the debates at midnight,
And shunned MR. HUGESSEN'S eye!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the House would divide,
And let me escape from the lobby
To the Row for my usual ride!

For Committees made me restless,
And constituents brought me care;
And the speech expected from me
Was more than I could prepare;

But now it must shortly be spoken,
When the County town I see,
When the County hustings' awning
Throws its shadow over me.

And whenever I think of the mob
On the next nomination day,
Like the dream that succeedeth to pork,
Comes the thought of what they will say.

For for hours and for hours,
As long as the hustings stand,
As long as there's chaff in the people,
As long as there's breath in the band;

The pledges I gave last election,
And broke—my opponents say—
Will rise like political spectres,
And trouble the polling day.

Westminster, July, 1865.

OUR WORKING CHILDREN.

A GREAT deal has been said of late about our working men, but little notice has been taken of our working children. Yet working children, if they live, grow into working men and women, and assuredly are scarce less worthy to be talked about. At a meeting of the Working Men's Club a few evenings ago, what is called the "half-time system" was sensibly considered. "By this system," said LORD LYTTLTON,

"Which compelled every parent who chose to send his child to work also to send him or her half the day to school, a very useful compromise had been effected between the demands of labour and education. * * This system, as carried out in the manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, had resulted in the increased education, and consequent improved life and conduct, of their inhabitants, as had been manifested during the late cotton famine, and in many other ways."

As a rule, it is not wise to do things by halves: but this division of the day's work between bodily and mental labour may certainly be viewed as an exception to the rule. When the mind has been exhausted, it is a great relief to exercise the muscles; and when the limbs are tired—but not over-tired—with labour, there is positive refreshment in the labour of the brain. Children's work in cotton factories, and similar employments, is limited by Government to ten hours a day; and this surely is enough to weary their small limbs. If their time be wisely halved between the workshop and the school, their handiwork and headwork are mutually improved by the alternate hours of rest. But ten hours' work per diem may be said to be mere child's play compared with the child's work which other children have to do. Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, perhaps have little notion of how hard some children work, and how needful it appears to make some effort to relieve them. From a Blue-Book he produced at the meeting we have mentioned, LORD LYTTLTON

"Gave an instance of a little girl engaged in a brick-yard near Birmingham from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M., only having fifteen minutes for breakfast, and thirty minutes for dinner, no time for tea, and during one day she would have to catch and throw to her neighbour fifteen tons of bricks."

What a mercy it would be to such poor little working children if their fathers were compelled to send them every day to school! "But,"

says BROWN or TOMKINS, "this is a free country. By our blessed Constitution men are left at liberty, if they like it, to be brutes. The British Government has no right to compel a British subject to educate his child." And so we, calm, complacent Britons keep on twiddling our thumbs, and bragging, Sir, that slavery was never known in England, while hundreds of our working children now slave worse than any slaves.

A HINT.

You heard him yelping through the night,
That spaniel in our Terrace mews,
And taking all a fiend's delight
In hindering Christians from a snooze.
A coachman owns him—to the man
I sent my maid with bland remark,
That menial told my faithful ANN
That "dogs had got a right to bark."

Unto his master then I wrote,
And brought my wrong beneath his eye,
But to my gentlemanly note
The vulgar snob made no reply.
'Tis well! A dogsmeat man's my friend,
A strychnine pill gives little pain,
Macbeth reminds me, "I will send"—
You shall not hear that beast again.

The Reds and the Blues.

THE Police force ought to be much larger than the Army. Why? Because it admits of persons of both sexes joining it. How so? I will explain: thus, only a man can "go for a Soldier," but a man, a woman, a little boy, or even a little girl, can "go for a Policeman."



FALSE ALARM.

Amy. "OH, FRED, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU HAVE TAKEN ANY OF THOSE HORRID VOWS?"

Fred. "HA! HA! HA! NOT I! DON'T BE THE LEAST ALARMED, AMY! AIN'T IT A JOLLY COSTUME, THIS HOT WEATHER?"

THE AUTHORS' VOLUNTEER HORSE ARTILLERY.

WAS it not ROWLAND HILL who said he did not see why the devil should have all the best music? So it might be submitted there is no reason that entitles the devil to have the best Volunteers, namely the Inns of Court Regiment, called the "Devil's Own." The Lawyers, however, being inevitably his due, the only way to deprive him of a military pre-eminence which he does not deserve is that of creating a corps that shall cut out the one enrolled under his name. There is on foot an endeavour to effect this object by the institution of a corps that might be denominated the Muses' Own. We are informed, by a Prospectus lately published, that:—

"In accordance with a general feeling on the subject, it is proposed to form a MOUNTED BATTERY OF VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY, composed chiefly of GENTLEMEN CONNECTED MORE OR LESS DIRECTLY WITH LITERATURE. It has been found useful, as well as socially convenient, to call upon classes engaged in Cognate Pursuits and of kindred Tastes to form themselves into VOLUNTEER CORPS; and the results, as evinced by such eminent Regiments as the 'ARTISTS,' the 'INNS OF COURT,' and others, have been strikingly successful."

The announcement commencing as above is surmounted with a device consisting of a horse's head shooting vapour from the nostrils, over a pyramid of bombshells. One of these is charged (outside on a sort of shield), with a pen and a sword, saltier-wise; a second with a miniature cannon, and a third with a smaller shell fizzing. To the right and left of these implements of destruction there is another smaller shell topped with a crown, and inscribed with two intersecting triangles. In the centre of the prospectus, surrounded by letter-press, is the photograph of some gentleman in the "Full Dress of the 'A. V. H. A.'"

Authors are apprised that:—

"The exclusive character of the corps, and the promises of influential support which have been already received, will cause the subscriptions of efficient members to be moderate in amount, and one of the first rules proposed to the corps will be, that 'all extraneous expenditure is to be entirely discouraged.'"

This is a very needful provision; for the intrinsic expenditure of a mounted Volunteer Corps would probably be quite high enough for any but the most successful writers. The country will of course provide

the horses required by its literary ornaments, few of whom, perhaps, are in the position of being able to stand the charge of a charger. But, however:—

"Many of the most eminent Authors of the day have expressed their desire to become honorary members of the battery. Arrangements are in progress for the use of an excellent drill-shed, and for the supply of arms and munitions. An advantageous offer for horsing the guns on the 'march out,' is also before the Secretary."

In whatever style the guns of the "A. V. H. A." are horsed, the officers and men, of course, will be mounted each on a Pegasus, if the animal is to be obtained for love or money.

Against the formation of a literary corps, may perhaps be objected the proverbial irritability of authors. Some people may surmise that any regiment composed of gentlemen of the pen will be more apt at falling out than at falling in. These objections are to be regarded as merely jocular. There is no serious fear that any member of the mounted battery of literary artillerymen, whose works have been unfavourably criticised by another, would ever be tempted to draw his sabre, and attempt to cut his critic up, or cut him down. Nobody need apprehend that, at a review of literary troops, any retaliation would be likely to be practised on Reviewers. Nor is it to be expected that any little jealousies would cause a corps of penmen to quarrel about rank, all wanting to be commanding officers.

We have not as yet seen Gazetted the name of FIELD-MARSHAL SIR BULWER LYTTON, nor that of MAJOR-GENERAL DICKENS, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WILKIE COLLINS, COLONEL TROLLOPE, or CAPTAIN READE. We wait to see them.

In conclusion, let *Mr. Punch* add, that the "A. V. H. A." is no hoax, but a fact, endeavouring to accomplish itself, inasmuch that:—

"Pending the establishment of Head Quarters, urther information may be obtained, by letter, from 'The Secretary A. V. H. A.,' 44, Dover Street, Piccadilly, where members may be enrolled on Monday Evenings, from 5 to 7, when the Secretary and one of the Drill Instructors will be present, and where the Rules may be inspected."

It is but natural to express the hope that the Head Quarters of the "A. V. H. A." will prove the seat of more intelligence than that which usually presides at Head Quarters.

HAPPY HOURS IN TOWN.

A HAPPY HOUR IN SOMERSET HOUSE.

It has often occurred to me that the Country Visitor now in the Metropolis has been ill furnished with a guide not only to all places of mere amusement, but also to those picturesque spots in our smoky, dingy city where instruction is combined with recreation, and where a glance may be obtained of some portion of that gigantic machinery daily set in motion, and kept moving by the collected forces of an energetic Government. Such a place is Somerset House.

The Northern Farmer, or *Enoch Arden*, or any other sojourner for a few days in London, will, of course, insist upon being taken to Somerset House.

The shortest way from any point to Somerset House is to take a cab, and the shortest and *cheapest* is to take a friend with you, and let him pay for it.

If you are alone, you can tell your Cabman to await your return at the Strand Gate, while you, your inspection of the interior being finished, can, without causing any unnecessary excitement, leave the building by the other gate in Wellington Street. This is another cheap method; but, like most conjuring tricks, to which it bears a close affinity, too sudden a repetition will destroy the effect first created.

Remarks on Entering the Building.—You may make as many remarks as you like, either on your entrance or your exit. They had better not perhaps be of a personal character with regard to any of the officials, unless given in terms of unqualified admiration. Thus, you will be permitted to stand in front of that Hall-beadle-porter (or Hall-porter-Hall-beadle, or, omitting "Hall" in both cases, as allowing a Cockneyfied use of the "H," say correctly Half-beadle-Half-porter), and exclaim, using action expressive of unqualified admiration, "How lovely! How beautiful!" But you mustn't point, because, as was instilled into you with the other pure moral maxims of your youth, "it's rude to point."

More Remarks on Entering.—You may say, "Here we are again!" if you've been there before, or simply "Here we are!" if you haven't. You will notice a dim religious light throughout the building, and small lamps feebly burning before the shrines of St. Income-Tax, the Blessed Legacy and Succession, the Beatified Comptrollers, and other Government Divinities.

Perhaps it is through these media that you will be so greatly struck by the close resemblance between Somerset House and St. Peter's at Rome, especially if you've never seen the latter. The illusion would be perfect, but for a strong smell of cooking, that issues, apparently, from a tall and narrow watch-box close at hand. Through its glass window you will see that this box is full of smoke. As this gradually clears away, a Beadle appears before you, as the Genie did to the fisherman, and you will then discover that the excessive fumigation was caused by the preparation of this Jack-in-the-box-in-office's dinner, which he has been stewing or grilling on a small portable stove cunningly fitted into a corner of his lantern-like round-house. Nobody, as a rule, likes to be looked at or spoken to when eating; but you can at once put him at his ease by standing on no ceremony, and saying jocularly to him, "I say, give us a bite."

You will now smile benignantly on a policeman, and walk along the dimly-lighted corridors until you come to an ancient inscription on the wall, which your knowledge of languages will enable you to decipher as

"INQUIRY FOR INCOME-TAX OFFICE."

Here you are expected to look in, and make an inquiry after the Income-Tax. You may ask to look at yours, or request to have it returned to you, because you believed there was a bad shilling in it. When you have ascertained that the Income-Tax is quite well, proceed a few steps further, and you will see another intimation to this effect—

"ALLOWANCE OFFICE FOR SPOILED STAMPS."

In this room you may spend a very amusing quarter of an hour in spoiling Stamps. This is the only office where you are allowed by Government to do it. On leaving it, seek the "SOLICITORS' OFFICE FOR MARKING DEEDS." This operation they will, if in a good humour, extend to pocket-handkerchiefs, in indelible ink—initials or name in full.

Keep your ears open for the sounds of revelry and music. Directly you hear some one trolling a song, make for the room. It is the COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, or "Come! Troller's Office," as it was originally named. Offer to join him in any chorus. The Clerk, following the manner of Custom-House officers, will ask for your keys, and, after a short exercise, you may retire.

After several journeyings up-stairs and down-stairs, you will be inclined to ask, "Who's WILLS?"

You'll find him proved "within ten years" and without ten years, at the top of the House, at the bottom of the House, in the middle of the House, and, in fact, in every part of the House. This WILLS is examined, indexed, and treated in all sorts of ways. In one place he's

called "OLD WILLS," in another—only we didn't see this ourselves—"YOUNG WILLS," and, for aught we know, "MIDDLE-AGED WILLS."

There is also in Somerset House a School for Politeness. Over one door you will see, in large characters,

"DUTIES RECEIVED."

Every visitor must enter here, and pay his duty to the venerable gentleman seated in a private box, behind a sort of counter, as if he'd got something to sell, but he hasn't, on the right-hand side of the door as you go in. The ceremony is confined to two bows, and the expression of a hope that he, the old gentleman, is enjoying the best possible health. You may ask him a riddle, if you like, but this is not compulsory, nor is it in any way expected of you. You can see him fed at one o'clock, when, if you call, you will be expected to throw him a penny bun. There is a baker's shop close at hand, in the Strand, where you can get yesterday's buns for a halfpenny each. This is worth knowing. Call in at the AUDIT OFFICE. This is where the celebrated strong ale, so popular at Cambridge, is brewed. Audit ale is given away gratis on some feast days. The beverage is named after the office, not the office after the beverage. The name signifies, "He hears;" and the two gentlemen who are seated in this room are bound to listen to everything that anyone may say to them. They are not compelled to answer, or to make any observation whatever, but they must hear you. No deaf person need apply for the appointment. Here you will always find a gentle sympathiser for your grievances—a steady listener appointed thereto by a compassionate Government. You will perhaps be surprised at the number of policemen in the passages of Somerset House: the fact is, that the presence of one necessitated the employment of the rest. A 2 was stationed there to look after A 1, and the duty devolving upon A 3 was to see that A 2 and A 1 didn't shirk; and so on, up to the last man in the division. At first sight one might almost imagine that these gentry would be better employed out-of-doors; but, at all events, there is no excuse for not giving a direct answer to the vulgar cry, "Where are the Police?" by immediately replying, "In Somerset House."

You may now quit Somerset House, and go home to dinner, thanking our guidance for your first Happy Hour in Town.

YOUNG PALMERSTON.

AIR—"College Hornpipe."

THE tumble and the talk of the Session are past,
And the House of Commons is dissolved at last.

There are many grave and gay,
To the country take their way;
And the gayest of the lot is Young PALMERSTON!

There's GLADSTONE more glibly and gushingly can speak,
And RUSSELL he can write more despatches in a week;
But what's written here or said,
That the nail knocks on the head;
Ten to one is writ or said by Young PALMERSTON!

Let DIZZY climb the Caucasus to find a hustings-cry,
Or come it strong to catch the Church, as angel from the sky,
Let him fill his wind-bags full
Of great cry and little wool,
But what cry is like the laugh that greets Young PALMERSTON!

He may be eighty-one by the reckoning of DEBRETT,
But who can say what lots of "life there's in the old dog" yet?
If on the charge of years,
You would try him by his Peers,
You must go to twenty-one to try Young PALMERSTON!

Then here's luck and good deliv'rance to PAM the ever green,
Soon, coming from the country, may his jaunty face be seen:
And who'er goes to the wall,
May he never have a fall,
Or but fall to rise a livelier Young PALMERSTON!

The Aim of Italy.

THE following portion of a telegram, dated at Florence, is the best news we have had from Italy for a long while:—

"The national rifle meeting was inaugurated to-day by KING VICTOR-EMMANUEL, who fired the first shot."

If every Italian who wishes to complete the unity of Italy would only learn to make sure of his man with a rifle at a reasonable distance, the Roman and Venetian questions would very speedily solve themselves. Rome and Venice are prizes which Italians must learn to shoot for.



DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Arabella. "NOW, CHARLEY, DEAR, DO HAVE A LITTLE COURAGE . . . WHEN I HAVE A POWDER TO TAKE, I DON'T LIKE IT ANY MORE THAN YOU DO . . . BUT I MAKE UP MY MIND THAT I WILL TAKE IT, AND I DO!"

Charlie. "AND WHEN I HAVE A POWDER TO TAKE, I MAKE UP MY MIND THAT I WON'T TAKE IT, AND I DON'T!!!"

AURAL EDUCATION.

MR. MAPLESON deserves the thanks of all lovers of good music for his production of *Medea* and the *Magic Flute*. Such music lifts the nose from the grindstone of one's daily mundane drudgery, and elevates the mind while amusing and refining it. Ordinary operas are in their way a pleasant pastime, and do not need much stretching of the ears or straining of the mind to comprehend their purport. But such music as was written by MOZART and CHERUBINI demands a higher faculty rightly to enjoy it, and a far more lasting pleasure is derived from its enjoyment. Men who have the ears of MIDAS, and whose minds are made to match, may think that operas are written simply to be yawned through, and may view them as a proper undercurrent for mere small talk. But a little careful hearing of the music which MOZART wrote must convince a man with brains that ideas may reach the mind by other channels than mere words, and that the mental faculties are bettered by receiving them. Happy is the man who can derive the greatest pleasure from the various enjoyments this varying world affords; and men who think that music is only meant to dance to, or be fashionably chatted through, may, by attentive hearing of MOZART and CHERUBINI, soon learn that a much higher enjoyment may be gleaned from it. By education of the ear great pleasure may be gained; and no one is so fit to complete this education as one of the old masters. The more good music one hears, the more one learns to relish it; and they who really do so, when they hear the *Magic Flute*, are sure to be enchanted with it.

Progress in Political Economy.

A DEPUTATION from the township of Everton had an interview on Monday last week with the RIGHT HON. C. P. VILLIERS at the Office of the Poor-law Board, Whitehall. We understand that the object of the Everton deputation had reference to a proposal contemplated by the Poor-law Commissioners, of supplying pauper children in workhouses with Everton Toffee.

THE DYING PARLIAMENT TO PUNCH.

"WHO'S there? Is't *Punch*? You sat beside my cradle,
You sit beside the death-bed, where I sink,
Your weekly sauce-boat has supplied my ladle |
With wholesome sweets or tonic diet-drink:
And now your hand mixes the cooling cup,
The last from which these fevered lips shall sup.

"I've blessed your *bâton* e'en when o'er my knuckles,
It came with sharpest sting and heaviest weight;
I've loved your hunch, that cringes not nor truckles,
But with a bold, blank turn, marks scorn or hate.
I knew well how that honest rap I'd earned,
That tell-tale hump right in my face had turned.

"They might have waited till my breath was gone;
But to the country all my sons have hurried,
Leaving me here unpitied and alone,
Doglike to die, and dog-like to be buried;
'He's lived his life. He's weak, poor, and outworn,'
So I pass hence in solitude and scorn!

"They say that by base fears I've been o'er-awed,
Lavish of promise, impotent of good,
At home donothing, egotist abroad,
'Letting I dare not wait upon I would,'—
E'en from '*de mortuis*' no hope I see,
I die, and none has a good word for me!

"But you will speak that word—you'll be my friend—
Ask who it was made me what I have been:
Who flattered me, till I drew near my end,
For a wise Parliament, discreet, serene:
Holding to solid good, distrusting dreams,
'Turning to scorn the falsehood of extremes.'

"Have I been coward? What were they indeed
Who Counsell'd, shaped my voice, and hailed my law?
Have I thought most of self? Whence sprang the greed,
Quenchless of thirst, insatiate of maw?
Have I stood by, when Might did Right o'erbear,
Who bade me fold my hands, and speak all fair?

"Both sides strove to possess my infant senses,
Into one ear the Tories buzzed 'Reform,'
The Whigs in t'other shouted 'False pretences!'
Until they took the Treasury Bench by storm.
And then Reform was huddled out of sight,
But nobody complained, except JOHN BRIGHT.

"I've lightened taxes, I've freed trade from fetters;
To Law Reform I've given my contribution:
I've kept aloof, in spite of RUSSELL's letters,
From foreign bothers; for the Constitution—
If I have not re-soled and heeled, I've vamped it,
And all must own, at least, I haven't swamped it.

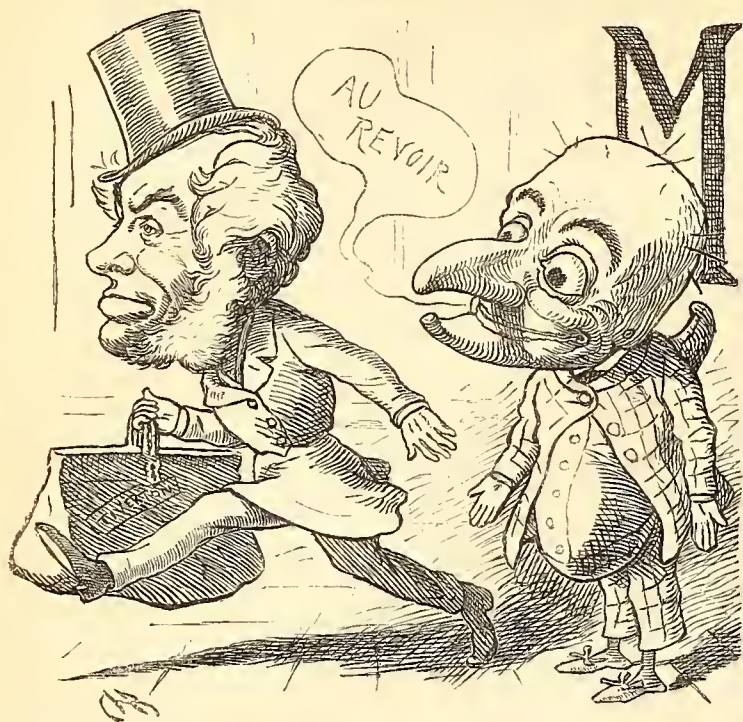
"Well, p'raps all this is no great things to boast:
Of bad bills, too, I may own to a bank full;
But I was born when caution ruled the roast,
And the time's counsel ran 'Rest and be thankful';
I may have been too easy, timid, quiet,
But who'd have thanked me if I had run riot?

"Yet, here I lie; JOHN BULL, with arms a-kimbo,
Before I'm dead my funeral sermon spouts;
And coolly sentences me to DANTE's limbo,
Where lie the halters 'twixt desires and doubts.
No one, in death, with bitter hate besets me,
But it's too clear that nobody regrets me.

"The moral of my life? I doubt indeed:
Is money all in all? Is Faith a fiction?
Is siding with the strongest the true creed?
Of all I doubt—except of this conviction—
That Parliaments are what the people make 'em,
And if they sleep, 'tis JOHN BULL's place to wake 'em.

"Now close my eyes: tie up my falling chin:
Fold my arms, Christian fashion, on my bosom:
May my unloving children drop their tin
For their elections, and to new men lose 'em;
May JOHN BULL be more kind to my successor,
Or, of two evils, find the last the lesser!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ON DAY, July 3rd. LORD BROUGHAM explained to the Peers that he had never been a partisan of American Slavemongers, as some misinterpreted words of his had led some folks to imagine. [Nobody imagined it—but it suited somebody to pretend to do so.] His whole political life had showed his abhorrence of the detestable institution. But he did believe that the North had sought slave emancipation, less on its own account than as a means of crushing the South. This is true of a portion of the North, but from the time of the

passing the Fugitive Slave Law, and the showing free citizens the spectacle of men, women, and children, chased, on free soil, by bloodhounds and worse brutes, the doom of the Institution was sealed. From that hour the Abolition party began to number thousands for hundreds. That Fugitive Law was the worst blunder ever committed by the South.

The Peers, having been informed that the dissolution would take place, whether private business were done or not, did the business. Not a single Bill is left undisposed of.

LORD EBURY's unhappiness about the Burial Service continues, and he tried to carry a resolution that it requires the early attention of the Legislature. He sympathises deeply with the oppressed Clergy, who are obliged to express their belief in the great mercifulness of the Supreme Being, and who repine at not being allowed by the Church to label each departed person according to their own notions of his character, and his condition in the Future State. His motion was rejected by 43 to 20.

The House of Commons held debate upon the conduct of LORD CHANCELLOR WESTBURY. There had been a severe whip, and men who had hurried away to the country, to make their elections sure, were summoned up to swell the ranks. The discussion was more remarkable from the high position of the accused party than from that of most of the speakers, or from their eloquence. MR. HUNT began the debate, and went through the history of the Leeds case, concluding by demanding a vote of censure. The LORD ADVOCATE answered him, and contended that there was no case for censure, but was willing to assent to a resolution that some further check should be placed on the granting pensions to the holders of legal offices. MR. HENNESSY, of course, was all bitterness. MR. GEORGE DENMAN, mentioning that he had been snubbed by SIR RICHARD BETHELL in other days, and therefore had no reason for supporting him, argued that the House was going to commit a cruel wrong, and he protested against driving from office a great and good public servant because he had committed an error. MR. BOUVERIE moved an amendment which he explained to mean a vote of censure, though it acquitted the CHANCELLOR of corruption. He had great abilities, but they were not guided by discretion. The Conservative party at once, and cleverly, adopted MR. BOUVERIE's amendment, and thereby gained some votes. MR. HOWES and MR. VIVIAN, members of the Committee that had reported on the subject, expressed different views, the former going with MR. BOUVERIE, the latter refusing to allow that the evidence justified a vote of censure.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL then delivered a most animated and earnest defence of the CHANCELLOR, animadverted severely upon the eagerness of the Conservatives to drive him from office, enumerated the many great services he had rendered to the country, and asked whether a vote of Want of Confidence was to be passed because he had on two occasions shown too much leniency to a public official.

MR. HENLEY would not vote for a resolution accusing the CHANCELLOR of corruption; but felt that such transactions as those complained of were public scandals, and therefore he supported MR. BOUVERIE.

MR. HUNT's motion was negatived. The Lord Advocate's became the substantive motion, and MR. BOUVERIE's amendment on it was moved.

LORD PALMERSTON observed that it was the unanimous opinion of the House, that there was no charge of corruption against the CHANCELLOR. He then pronounced a eulogium upon LORD WESTBURY's public services, and demanded that leave should be given to the Government to consider the course they would adopt.

MR. DISRAELI (who knew to a man the numbers in the House, and also what would be the result of allowing men to go away again) solemnly declared that an adjournment would be a mockery.

LORD PALMERSTON, however, divided, and the Government were beaten by 177 to 163, majority 14.

The PREMIER said that he would accept this division as an indication of the feeling of the House, and MR. BOUVERIE's amendment was carried.

Such was the work which occupied the House of Commons up to midnight.

Tuesday. LORD CHELMSFORD explained a matter which showed that this ex-Chancellor hath, like others, a soft place in his heart. He had most properly refused to recommend, for a pension, a person who had misconducted himself. Some time afterwards he wrote to express a hope that the pension, might be granted. Having thus, we suppose, made his mind easy (though we do not in the least understand the intermediate process which turned him from severity to lenity), his Lordship began about the Abyssinian prisoners, and was civilly told by EARL RUSSELL that he was more anxious to damage the Government than to serve the captives. The Earl described KING THEODORE as a blood-thirsty tyrant, and, as THEODORE has the English papers read to him, this may please him. DR. BEKE (who has his own ideas about the Nile) offers to go out and negotiate for the release of the prisoners. We hope he will, as getting them before a beak is equivalent to getting a *habeas corpus*.

In reply to the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, LORD GRANVILLE said that the QUEEN had no intention of licensing an Irish Convocation. When we are putting down the prize-ring and cockfighting? We should think not.

In both Houses—LORD GRANVILLE speaking in the Lords, and the PREMIER in the Commons—it was announced that LORD CHANCELLOR WESTBURY would resign on the following Friday.

An attempt was made to get the Board of Trade to attend to the subjects of Railway accidents, but MR. MILNER GIBSON declined to interfere. But he refuses a request so much more pleasantly than most people can grant one, that the House seemed rather obliged to him than not, for refusing what was asked.

Wednesday. The Lords sat, and for one whole hour the Royal Assent kept descending like the gentle dew from Heaven upon a mountain of new law.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, in a short and dignified speech, stated that he had resigned office. He had proposed to do so months ago, when charges were first made against him, but LORD PALMERSTON had refused to let him set a precedent which would encourage persons to get up accusations in order to drive a Lord Chancellor from office. As regarded the vote of the House of Commons, he bowed to the opinion of that House, but hoped that at a future time other thoughts would prevail, and a more favourable feeling be entertained towards himself. He adverted, becomingly, to the measures he had proposed, and with which he hoped that his name would be associated. He wished that he could have inaugurated the great scheme of a Digest of the Law, but that was left to his successor. He promised his aid, as a private Member, whenever he could give it. All the Lords' appeal business had been done, nor would there be, in the Court of Chancery, an appeal unheard or a judgment unpronounced. He concluded with a hope that any inadvertence of speech, or want of courtesy on his part, that might have given pain, would be erased from their Lordships' minds. Cheering followed, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and other Peers shook his Lordship's hand.

Thursday. The *Suprema Dies* of the Parliament. The Royal Speech was read (very audibly, LORD RUSSELL) by LORD GRANVILLE. Its items, compressed by Mr. Punch's extra patent hydraulic squeezer, were as follows:—

Thanks for the Session's work,
You are to be Dissolved.
Thanks for Six Years'-work.
All's well abroad.
American war over.
North American Confederation not yet constructed.
India tranquil and prosperous.
Thanks for Supplies.
Commercial treaty with the German Union.

Advantages of {
Chargeability Act.
Partnership Act.
Courts of Justice Act.
Clerical Subscription Act.
Prisons Act.
County Courts Equity Act.
Exchequer Comptroller Act.
Irish Tithes Act.

Advantages of { Irish Titles Act.
Irish Constabulary Act.
Colonial Naval Defence Act.

May a blessing rest upon the proceedings at the hustings!
Such was the final message from the QUEEN.

So ended the last manifestation of consciousness on the part of the moribund Parliament. But it was not dead. Later in the day, the *coup de grâce* was given. Let it be told classically. We would transcribe the parallel history, the death of DIDO, for we have a beautiful edition of VIRGIL, folio, Glasgux, 1778, splendidly printed at the University, but then it is on the other side of our library, and the thermometer is 80°. Therefore, the world must be content with—nay, thank us for the majestic music of GLORIOUS JOHN, set down from memory.

“Then JUNO, grieving that she should sustain
A death so lingering, and so full of pain,
Sent IRIS down to free her from the strife
Of labouring nature, and dissolve her life.
For since she died, but not by Heaven’s decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,

And raging love that plunged her in despair,
The sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
(Which PROSERPINE and they can only know)
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downwards the various Goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colours from the light:
Then stood beside the dying lover’s head,
And said, ‘*I thus devote thee to the Dead!*
This offering to the Infernal Gods I bear,
And while she spoke she cut the fatal hair;
The struggling soul was loosed, and life Dissolved in air.”

NOTES.

- V. 1. *Juno omnipotens.* HER MAJESTY.
V. 3. *Irim demisit.* MR. BEHAN, the excellent Editor of the *London Gazette*.
V. 5, 6. *Nec fato—merita nec morte—sed misera ante diem.* Not being dissolved by effluxion of time, nor at the command of indignant electors, but before the regular date.
V. 8. *Nondum vertice crimem.* The Parliament had not been ordered to ent.
V. 14. *Hunc ego Diti.* I bear this MS. to the Demons of the printing-office.
V. 16. *Sic ait, et—* Inserted the notice of dissolution in the *London Gazette*.
V. 17. *Omnis et una.* The Parliament was at an end. *In ventis recessit,* and was scattered to the four winds, and Mr. Punch once more puts the stopper into his bottle of *Essence of Parliament*.



A HINT FOR POLITICAL MENDICANTS.

A STRIKE AGAINST THE BUTCHERS.

MR. PUNCH,

WE laugh at the obtrusive impertinence exhibited by teetotallers, in parading about with flags and banners flying over their heads, and trumpets sounding before them to proclaim their abjuration of spirituous and fermented liquors. But, Sir, if beer had risen to three shillings a pot, I think we should very seriously approve of any demonstration that people might make to signify their intention not to drink any until its price was reduced considerably. Just so, although we should deride a simple procession of voluntary vegetarians, designed to inform those who are not concerned to know, that its constituents have determined to subsist on greens and cereals only, we cannot but highly approve of one such as that described below, meant, as it was, to advertise those whom it did concern that they who took part therein were resolved to practise a temporary total abstinence from animal food. I quote the *Times* :—

“THE PRICE OF MEAT.—WORCESTER, Saturday.—This evening there was a demonstration on the part of the working classes of this city—the second in a fortnight—against the high price of meat. A body of some 300 or 400 men, chiefly of the hard-working class—engineers, ‘navvies,’ skilled and unskilled labourers—marched in procession through the city, with a band of music at the head of the procession, to the Worcester Race-course, where a meeting was held and a protest was made against the high price of meat, which was attributed to a monopoly amongst the farmers and butchers.”

I know the interruption which, if I were talking instead of writing, I should meet with here. I should be asked what there is to complain of in the monopoly of the sale of meat by farmers and butchers, and if the complainants want the bakers and brewers also, the grocers and the fruiterers too, and likewise the linen-draper and tailors, to deal in that commodity? My answer would be, “Never mind;” and I should continue my quotation, stating the notable fact that :—

“A resolution to abstain from the consumption of meat for a certain time was adopted.”

Although these labourers attributed the high price of meat to “monopoly,” they showed that they perfectly well understood that in fact it was owing to demand. We shall agree, I think, Sir, in indorsing the comment which follows the foregoing sentence :—

“This resolution is the wisest course that the workmen can adopt, if they can adhere to it.”

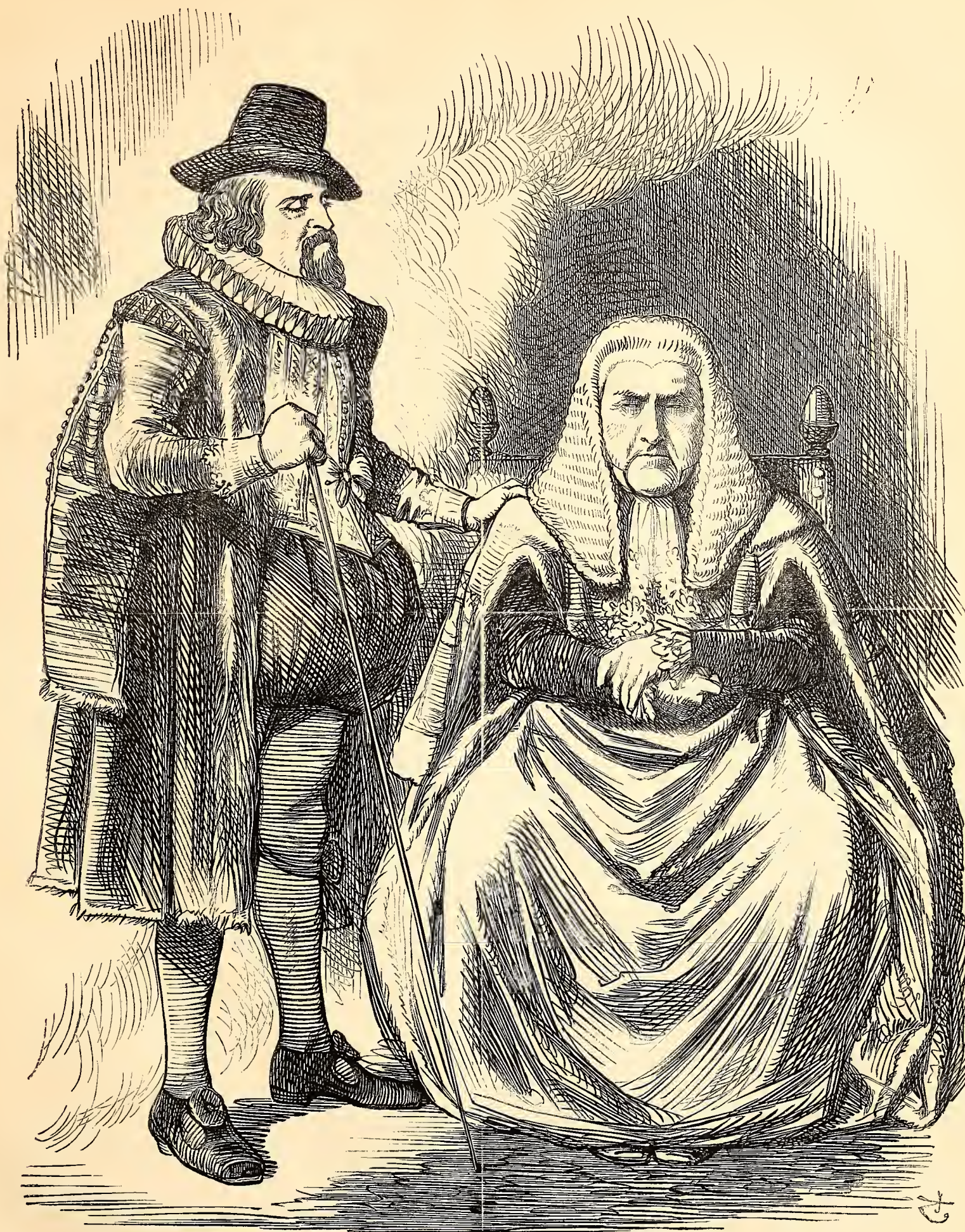
They can, if they like, and let us hope they will. If I possibly could, I would, as far as I could, encourage the industrious classes to put that sensible resolution into immediate practice by my own example; but I am under the necessity of dieting myself on the system of MR. BANTING. Therefore I cannot personally renounce meat; but I earnestly recommend all who can to do so; and then you see, Sir, we shall get it cheaper. Let me, therefore, beseech you to impress with all your power upon the working classes the wisdom of taking good heed to the suggestion which the paragraph above quoted winds up with :—

“There can be no doubt that the present high price of meat is mainly to be traced to the fact that the consumption on the part of the working classes has of late years enormously increased, owing to their prosperous condition, good wages, and cheap bread. A general resolution on their part to limit the consumption would soon bring down the price.”

To be sure it would. This is the sort of strike the working classes may safely combine to turn out in. They will not injure themselves, nor hurt their wives and families; on the contrary, all the while the strike lasts, they will be putting by money. The public will support instead of discouraging them. Let them everywhere in places where meat is too dear, raise the standard of self-control against the exorbitant butchers, and march about as much as they like under a variety of colours emblazoned with suitable mottoes, such as, “No Beef till further Notice,” “No more Mutton at Present,” “Farewell to Dear Veal!” and with the warcries or watchwords of, “Arrow-root!” “Tapioca!” “Sago!” “Bread-and-Cheese!” “Oatcake!” “Beans!” “Peas!” “Turnips!” “Potatoes!” “Cabbage!” “Carrots!” accompanied by symbolical representations of those several vegetables. If they please, let them have bands of music to play before them; but with a view to give special effect and point to their demonstrations, they had better be preceded by marrow-bones and cleavers. Whilst others, I trust, are endeavouring, by total abstinence from butchers’ meat, to reduce the butchers to reason, I remain, medically, of course, always

A BEEFEATER.

P.S. The bands that precede the processions demonstrating the renouncement of the flesh they cannot afford, might play, “*O the Roast Beef of Old England!*”—ironically.



BACON AND BETHELL.

LORD CHANCELLOR BACON. "THOU HAST NOT SAVED THY BACON, MY LORD—BUT MARRY! HAVE NOT
I BEEN CALLED 'STREAKY?'" *

* Comic History of England.

Lord Bacon. I was fined £40,000, sent to the Tower, declared incapable of ever holding another office, of sitting in Parliament, or coming to Court. Those items are inscribed for ever under the *memorable et venerabile nomen*, FRANCIS BACON. Yet that name is a household word in this kingdom.

Lord Bethell. I see your Lordship's drift. It is lucky for me that party spirit, by which I have been persecuted, for good reasons, was not powerful enough to damage my character, though I might lose my place.

Lord Bacon. *Melius est cavere semper quam pati semel*, but he is to be held fortunate who hath been careless, yet suffers slightly. For, bating the loss of place, what else have you lost? One hundred and seventy-seven enemies voted against one hundred and sixty-three friends. We will deduct the lesser number from the greater. What is the difference?

Lord Bethell. Fourteen.

Lord Bacon. Fourteen men say that your Lordship should retire. I pray you give me the muster-roll. I see that the whole of the Tories who could be whipped into the House were against you, with a few extra votes, as BOUVERIE, who is of the priggish nature, SIR MORTON PETO, the Baptist builder, and BOWYER, the Papist. I see HENNESSY, the tool of the Papists, the sapient LENNOXES, ROSE, the ex-Mayor, the aged if not wise DUKE, the Parliamentary Colonels, ever blatant against reforms, and some barristers. Truly, my Lord, it must be a tender skin indeed that feels such bites. Surely you will say, *Mens invicta manet*.

Lord Bethell. All votes count alike in a division. PALMERSTON cannot outweigh even PETO.

Lord Bacon. *Distinguo.* Your country is the scrutineer. Your countrymen know that the Vote of Censure was a Party Move. You are hated by the Tories for the reforms you have wrought, and still more for those you threaten. The vermin of the Bankruptcy Court have been rudely brushed by you, and would have been brushed out entirely, had you remained in office. You have given the Divorce Court to the people. You have simplified conveyancing. This and more will be remembered, when your errors shall be forgotten.

Lord Bethell. I admit the errors.

Lord Bacon. They were two, and *non licet in bello bis peccare*. But Englishmen do not hate a man much because he has been too lenient, or because he has been wrongly tolerant of the evil deeds of his children. You have been punished, my Lord, and will live to serve the State. *Non ignarus mali*, I give you this consolation. I add that much of your trouble is from another fault.

Lord Bethell. I wish to hear it.

Lord Bacon. Intolerant of fools and knaves, you have made yourself, by virtue of a bitter tongue, the least popular man in England. My gracious manners and flowing eloquence made friends out of enemies. *Multis terribilis, caveto multos*, as AUSONIUS remarks.

Lord Bethell. It may be so. But it is very hard to hear a knave talking what he knows to be folly, and yet not to give him a backhander. However, I will mend. You would not have me retire from public life?

Lord Bacon. *Minimè.* The nation can ill spare such a brain. Go to the House of Lords and do your duty. A Bishop or so may be spiteful, but the Peers are gentlemen, and will remember that *nemo bis vexari debet pro eadem causâ*. It is from your country that you have your retaining fee, my Lord. And for the end, for I may tarry no longer, take my advice, which I gave to JUDGE HUTTON. "Mix well the freedom of your own opinion with reverence of the opinion of your fellows, affect not the opinion of pregnancy and expedition by an impatient and catching hearing of others, and fear no man's face, yet turn not stoutness into defiance." And so I bid your Lordship heartily farewell. *[Exit.]*

Lord Bethell. As my friend Mr. Punch said, "the character of that BACON was streaky," but he always spoke the words of wisdom. My lark shall whistle yet.

ATTESTATION OF QUACKERY.

THE subjoined fudge comes out of a respectable Journal, in which it is printed at the bottom of a column of news, in the same type with the rest of the column, ostensibly as a simple statement, and not as an advertisement:—

"DR. PRITCHARD.—This trial is now going on in Edinburgh, and will form a pretty specimen of the pharmaceutical poisons used in medicine, against which the British College of Health, on behalf of the Society of Hygeists, has protested for the last forty years. Let the public look to it.—British College of Health, Euston Road, London, July 4."

In the same part of the next column but one, and under the same appearances, the same journal contains the following series of falsehoods:

"HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Hope for all. Whatever their ailments, none need despair of being cured till they have tried these estimable remedies. Whether the disease be internal or external, spontaneous or the result of violence—if a cure be possible, HOLLOWAY'S medicaments will effect it. The severity or duration of the malady is no bar to the successful influence exerted by these twin medicines, which cleanse, purify, and invigorate every fluid and solid in the body, and completely renovate the digestion. They render every organ of secretion healthy. These admirable antidotes to disease act immediately on the absorbent

system, lungs, heart, and circulation, whereby they invariably give energy, tone, and vigour to all the natural functions of life."

Now, the quacks of the "British College of Health" will be enabled to quote the former of the two foregoing puffs as the testimony of a reputable paper in favour of MORISON'S PILLS. The quacksalver also, who thrives by the fools that buy HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and Ointment may cite the latter puff as expressing the real belief of the conductors of the paper as to the virtues of those "twin medicines." Many simple persons, having read those puffs, doubtless regard them as avouched by its authority. Do the gentlemen who are responsible for the assertions published as those of the paper, with reference to the British College of Health and HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and Ointment, give their apparent sanction to those untruths gratuitously, or for a pecuniary consideration? If they sell their endorsement of affirmations to quacks, regardless of veracity, what will you give for their word? Is it too much to invite them to consider whether the sale of that sort of commodity is exactly an honourable way of making money?



ELECTION LUNES.

No. 1.—THE ELECTORAL BODY.

CHARACTER CLEANING, AND REPUTATION RENOVATING COMPANY.

FLUMMERY'S PATENT PURIFYING PROCESS.

Enrolled according to Act of Parliament.

THE high commercial value which character now commands, and the extreme difficulty of cleansing it by any system at present in operation, have suggested the necessity of a Company with large and varied powers of lustration.

"FLUMMERY'S Patent Purifying Process" is already too well known in this country to require any lengthened encomiums.

As the Directors, however have no desire to encroach on vested interests, application will be made to Parliament for leave to extend its application beyond its present privileged area.

All differences of opinion as to the most judicious method of bleaching any individual reputation will be submitted to the law officers of the Crown, as most competent, from their experience, to deal with matters of unusual delicacy.

Courts of Bankruptcy, metropolitan or provincial, requiring fumigation, will be treated with on liberal terms.

Scandal-cases scoured, and sent home in twenty-four hours, perfectly inodorous.

Stains on Wool speedily removed, and a new face put on anybody that has got the Sack.

To protect the Patent, all the Company's operations will be carried on behind a screen, and any infringement will be visited by immediate proceedings in Chancery.

Beds of Justice, on which judicial caution has slept, aired, and seasoned, and scented pursuant to order.

Calumnies extracted, and rumours dyed to any colour required. Reports calendered and faded popularities restored.

N.B. Machines are already in course of construction by which the accounts of the Company will be periodically audited.



BANTING IN THE YEOMANRY.

Troop-Sergeant Major. "IT COMES TO THIS, CAPTAIN, 'A MUN E'THER HEV' A NEW JACKET OR KNOCK OFF ONE O' MY MEALS!"

OUR UNPROTECTED FOOTMEN.

ONERD MR. PUNCH,

Sir, I usally am in the abit of a dressink U in ryme which my freinds say is quite ekal to 10-nison hor Sheekspur, but the subjick now B 4 me is too serious for Potry. I elude Sir to the Dawgs, which they daily grows more newmorous, in spite of all the ephorts as is taken to decrease M. We footmen are igspeshly in terror of the Brewts, for hour carves is extry plump and no trow-sers to proteck them. Has i were standink only yesterday with CHAWLES beind our cawridge, CHAWLES I says to im Hif a mad dawg were to stray I should fall a Copse immejit! And the wust of stray dorgs is theyre allys sleeping upon dorsteps, which necessaly increases of our inconwenience. I used to take a Pride in givink dubble nox, but when a dorg is on the dorstep my and shakes to that degree that I scace can old the Nocker, hand if the dorg's asleep I nock as gently as i can for phear of Hydry Foby.

Men as ave lean legs can pad their carves with cork or cotton, which is as good as hancient barmer to M. But pussons with more phlesh they carnt purtect theirselves in this way without hinjurin their phiggers. Hi should make a puffik DANIEL LAMBUT of myself hif i was to be padded. Besides, the eat of it this weather would be truly hawfil! The ladies bless M! have their crinnilynes for to purteck them from mad dawgs, but footmen aint so fortnit as to go about under petticoat protection. It mite look a little ludicrous to see us so corstumed, but i ad far reether be larfed at than ave either of my legs bitten. With so many dorgs about, it reelly isnt safe to go with nothink on one's carves excep a pair of stockings.

Pray then, *Mr. Punch*, say something for the elp of us poor unpertected footmen. Hif perlicemen had instruck-shuns to drownd all the stray dawgs the same as in Ameriky, what a mussy it would be to us and ow grateful we should pheel for it. Nineteen dorgs in 20 doesnt pay no dorg tax and ort on that account alone to be hextrum-minated. Certingly at any rate our legs shoold be per- tected with crikket pads or petticoats, or the hospitals will soon be phull of footmen hydrysobified. Pray then persade our Guvners to let us all wear crinilyne, at least during the dorg days. They cood buy it cheap enuff just now its going out of Phashin. With best respek to *Toby*, who is much too wise a dorg to run about this wether, I subscribe myself respectfly your most obejnt Servant,

JOHN THOMUS (of Belgravy).

ETHNOLOGISTS AND PHRENOLOGISTS.

AT a meeting of the Ethnological Society, the other day, a report of a Government Commission on certain Indian tribes inhabiting the region between Vancouver's Island and the Rocky Mountains, having been read, a discussion took place on the particulars comprised in it, and, amongst them, on a practice peculiar to a tribe of savages bearing the suggestive name of Cowitchans, of flattening the heads of their children by artificial pressure in infancy. In regard to which:—

"DR. DONOVAN expressed the opinion that the effect of flattening the heads of the Indians must have been to diminish their intellectual capacities; and the rationale of the practice he conceived to be, that the Indians desired to make their children as much like animals as possible, and therefore flattened their heads to prevent the development of the intellectual organs."

Without believing in the details of phrenology, and only supposing that the human brains have something to do with the human mind, most people would be inclined to share DR. DONOVAN's opinion, that the effect of flattening the heads of the Indian children must have been that of diminishing their intellectual faculties. But:—

"COLONEL HAWKINS, who was one of the Commissioners, when appealed to by the Chairman on the subject, said they had observed no difference in the intellectual capacities of the Indians with the compressed heads."

This is the sort of answer which any physiologist, let alone phrenologist, may always expect to get to any question apparently asked with a view to obtain a confirmation of an opinion, from any such referee as an officer in the military or civil service who has never studied the subject it relates to. Such a reply has all the effect of a snub, which, inflicted on an individual, is always delightful to the majority of those present, who do not think with him. DR. DONOVAN had suggested that the compression of Indian heads probably impaired Indian intelligence, and COLONEL HAWKINS, when invited to say if it did, answered, as many other gentlemen under similar circumstances would have answered, that it had not been observed to do anything of the kind. So far so good. Not only, however, were the Indians with flattened heads no duller than the rest of their race, but, added the gallant officer:—

"They were, if anything, rather sharper than others."

This proves rather too much for the commendable purpose of snubbing a physiological inquirer. For that purpose it was enough to say that compression of the skull had not been observed to injure the mind. Credulity is taxed by the statement that the compression of certain men's brains rendered them sharper than other men—if anything. Such anti-phrenology is harder to believe than phrenology.

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

(DIZZY ON DERBY.)

"If a man comes to me with a dog with a muzzle on, and says, 'Take the muzzle off the poor creature; he is quite harmless: and besides, the muzzle is half rotten, and affords no great protection,' I understand him; but if he says, 'This is a most vicious animal, and nothing prevents him pulling you and me to pieces except the muzzle which is put round his nose, and therefore I want you to take it off,' I am inclined to say, 'Very much obliged to you, but I had rather keep the muzzle on.'"
(LORD DERBY on Roman Catholic Oaths Bill.)

FOLLOW my leader—ay, so you may bawl,

But how; when my leader, his head in the air,
And the bit in his teeth, goes full-butt at the wall,

I've been trying my 'cutest to prove isn't there.
When he kicks through the cobwebs, I've spun with such pains,
Flings his heels out at Ireland, however we need her,
Tells the priests they are dogs fit for muzzles and chains—
It's all very well to say, "Follow my leader!"

"Follow my leader," though wildly erratic

He gallops away from the 'Treasury-Bench,
Trampling down the young fruits of my seeds diplomatic,
Which I've toiled so to drill, and to weed, and to trench,
Though he can't see an inch in advance of his nose,
Though my prospects he cross, and my dodges he mull,
To our friends show his heels, and his tail to our foes,
"Follow my leader," and land on my skull!



DM

DELICATE HOSPITALITY ABUSED.

Jemimer. "COME, NOW, BETSY, WHAT'S YER LITTLE GAME? AINT'CHER GOIN' TO STAND SOMETHIN' 'OT AFORE WE SAYS FAREWELL? . . ."

Betsy. "NO, JEMIMER! . . . I'VE STOOD PORTER, AN' I'VE STOOD RUM, AN' I'VE STOOD KIDNEY PIES AND WELKS, AND MILD HALE AN' GINGER BEER . . . AN' I'VE STOOD GIN AND HORINGES, WITH HOYSTERS AND HICES TO FOLLER, NOT TO MENTION ALL MANNER OF SWEET STUFF . . . AN' I'M BLOWED IF I'M A' GOIN' TO STAND ANY MORE . . . THAT'S MY LITTLE GAME."

IGNATIUS AND HIS MONKEYS.

It is not true that BROTHER IGNATIUS and the monks, his associates, have removed from their monastery at Norwich to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, and there taken up their abode in the Monkey-house. Subjoined is the latest authentic intelligence concerning that pithecoïd Benedictine:—

"BROTHER IGNATIUS.—BROTHER IGNATIUS has returned to the monastery at Norwich. In his absence he had been excommunicated by some of the monks—viz., BROTHER BRANNOCK, BROTHER MAURUS, BROTHER STANISLAUS, and BROTHER CLEMENT. BROTHER MAURUS, who styles himself chaplain to the Chief Justice of Tasmania, has left the monastery; but BROTHER STANISLAUS has been induced to make an ample apology for the part he took in the excommunication and "rebellion" (as it is termed) by BROTHER IGNATIUS. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands. BROTHER MAURUS charges BROTHER IGNATIUS with tyranny and insinuations. BROTHER IGNATIUS charges BROTHER MAURUS with dishonourable insubordination and disregard of solemnly contracted vows. At least ten of the monks have left the monastery, the fortunes of which have sustained a very severe shock."

The simious brotherhood, of which BROTHER or FATHER IGNATIUS acts the Superior Jackanapes, remain in their old monkeyry at Norwich, all except the ten who have deserted it, and perhaps cast off their monkeyish habits. Were not the acts of these mimic monks like those of monkeys, it might be said that the vagaries practised by them during IGNATIUS's absence were illustrative of the proverb, "When the cat is away the mice will play." But though, as monks in the Church of England, they may, in relation to that Church, be regarded as vermin of the rodent order, yet the tricks they played behind their sham Superior's back, in pretending to excommunicate him, can only be looked upon as monkeys' tricks. Playing at excommunication would be possible only among a set of ecclesiastical monkeys.

In aping an abbot and friars, IGNATIUS and his companions make themselves so ridiculous that it is, perhaps, fortunate that there is no authority that can put an end to their diversions. As it is, they

answer the same purpose as that which Helots were made drunk on purpose to serve amongst the Spartans. Their extravagances are calculated to disgust all beholders. They may call one another BROTHER CLEMENT and BROTHER "MAURUS," meaning probably MAURICE, but names much more appropriate for them would be BROTHER JOCKO and BROTHER PUG, and their FATHER IGNATIUS, squabbling as he perpetually is with his subordinate monkeys, should change his name for that of FATHER PUG-NACIOUS.

If nobody would take any notice of IGNATIUS he would most likely discontinue his public performances, which it is desirable that he should continue for the sake of example such as that which was afforded by the drunken Helots, and this is the only reason why he is ever noticed by *Punch*.

HOMŒOPATHY AND HUMBUG IN PARLIAMENT.

EVEN if Homœopathy is humbug, why should not a Homœopathist sit in the House of Commons? Homœopathists sit in the French Senate. For, the other day, in Paris, according to REUTER—

"In yesterday's sitting of the Senate a debate took place upon a petition in favour of certain privileges to be accorded to homœopathic doctors. M. DUMAS and M. DUPIN condemned the principles of homœopathy, which were defended by M. BONJEAN and M. THAYER."

The question whether the practice of homœopathy shall be encouraged or not, concerns nothing more than the public health, and therefore what does it signify if homœopathy is humbug? Humbug is at least not less Parliamentary in the British Legislature than it is in the French. Homœopathy and Humbug for Ever!

OBVIOUS.—Best Paris Kid! The PRINCE IMPERIAL.

LUSH AGAINST MILL.

(An Appeal to a Brother Elector addressed from a Lamp-post.)

'SHAY, BILL, old fellow, I shay. BILL, Don' vo' for that 'ere beggar, MILL. 'Cosh wy—the beggar's viewsh aint shound. 'Bject to'm upor religioush ground.

BILL, now you go an' re' sha 'Tizer, Cosh if you do, shen you'll be wiser. A beggar wot 'as no convictionsh! Thinksh parson's hum's a pack o' fictionsh.

No band, no colours, ne'er a banner! Won't shpennomoney, norra tanner! Where shush a beggar shpectogoto? Not Parliament—not by my vo' to!

Yah! Think o' havin' no committee Ax publichouse in all shish city. A man mush go sha wrong direction Not to make sure of hish election.

No gin! For MILL then I won't poll. No sperrits! What, deny sha shoul! I shay No Logic! No Freethinkin! And shem's my shentimentsh for drinkin'.

A VERY SAFE POWDER.

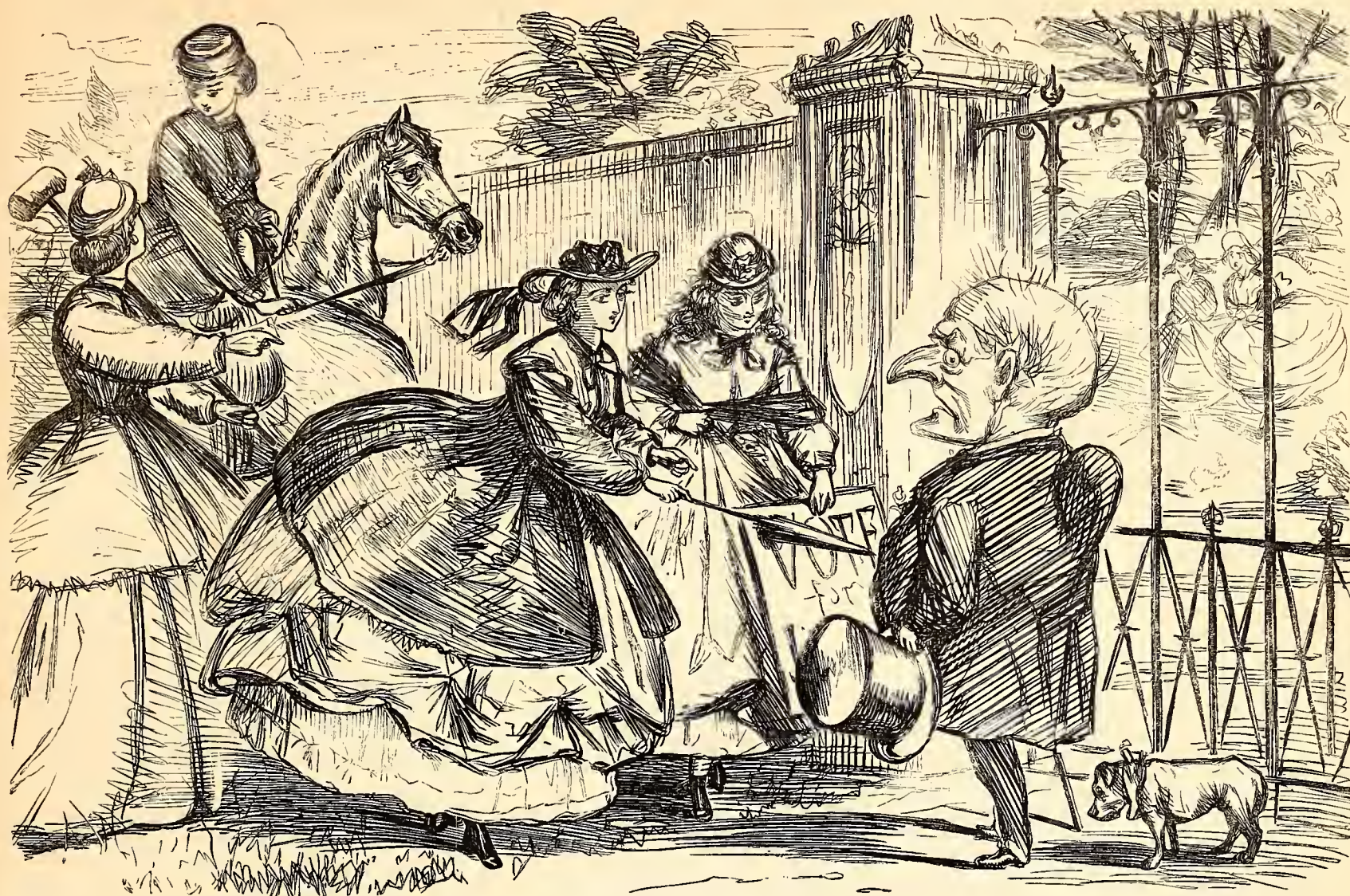
THE Safety Powder Company's Works, Southdown, Hamoaze, Plymouth, blew up the other day. A telegram announcing their destruction states that:—

"From the nature of the patent powder, its explosion was harmless to the neighbourhood."

Powder, whereof the explosion is harmless to the neighbourhood in which it occurs, is perhaps little likely to do much harm under any circumstances. This sort of powder seems calculated for exportation to foreign countries for the use of enemies of England, or the supply of plunderers of their neighbours, like the King and people of Prussia. It is just the powder with which one would choose to be shot at.

VIVE LA CHASSE!

A MEDICAL work is advertised called HUNT on the Skin. We hear that a few copies have most properly been forwarded to the inmates of the Monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens.



A GENTLEMAN OF INFLUENCE

WISHES TO KNOW WHETHER THERE IS AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT TO PROTECT HIM FROM THIS SORT OF INTIMIDATION.

MESSAGES FROM THE GREAT EASTERN.

It is hardly necessary for *Mr. Punch* to say that although the Directors of the *Great Eastern* declined to admit the 376 representatives of the British press, who demanded permission to go out with the wire, and rations during the voyage, His Representative was instantly received with all honour, and that the intelligent person in question has a delightful cabin, and champagne *ad libitum*. We have arranged to receive Messages until the work shall be completed; and, to our delight, our Correspondent has already begun to transmit them.

Great Eastern, July 14.

"Don't like beginning to send on a Friday, but who's afraid? The ship is all that can be desired, the officers are most polite and affable, the sailors are truly manly, the electricians are brilliant sparks, and the correspondents are awfully jolly. From the admirable prog on board, I prognosticate success."

Saturday.

"Wished to test the steadiness of the ship under exceptional circumstances. Drank twice as much sparkling Moselle as usual, and more. Any other ship would have gone round and round with me. This noble vessel did not, which is in part attributable to the build, part to the brand."

Sunday.

"We are making excellent progress, but you must send me another map. I knew we were going to Valentia, but thought it was in Spain, where the raisins come from. Find we have changed our route for Valentia in Ireland. I do not like this change of spots, which is a vaccinating policy, but must submit. Send me an Irish Handbook. Church to-day. Sermon sent through the Wire. Electrifying discourse."

Monday.

"Goat got loose and ran full butt against the compass. A wit remarked, 'Goat and compasses.' Milking time being fixed, another wit remarked, 'Off Cowes.' Pigs made a great grunting; supposed they saw a sow-wester. Took great pains to understand the nature of the telegraph, and it was kindly explained to me by a literary gentleman with a slight Irish accent. He told me that sea-water being

electric, as was shown by the phosphorus at night, all that was needed to generate messages was gutta-percha heated by galvanism, for which reason the Batteries at Valentia and Newfoundland were selected as points. This is beautifully simple. All goes well, except my watch, which fell into a tar tub."

Tuesday.

"Nothing to describe. Going very steadily. Asked Irish gentleman how many knots an hour, and he explained to me that knots were not, as I had supposed, lumps in a rope, but 'negative terms,' and should be spelt 'nots.' He said that they were converted into positive terms, and calculated by an astronomical process which a non-professional person could not understand, but it was done (I think) by a sexton taking an observation at a quadroom."

Wednesday.

"The Moselle is better than the Champagne, though that is good. No persons have been sick, except some youthful smokers. The wire is in perfect order, and insulated, as is natural, coming from an island. A pig was brought near the galvanic machine, and the ring in his nose was touched. In one second he was converted into the finest pork-chops and sausages I ever ate. I find out new things every day. CAPTAIN ANDERSON is not the Wizard of the North, as I had supposed. There is a great artist on board, and you may imagine the jokes about casting loose the Painter, and 'Westward Ho!' I should add, that my messages are taken from me by a young officer, of a very merry disposition, and he undertakes that they shall be telegraphed, as I do not care to go among the machinery. I shall continue to send. I hope that the Elections are going satisfactorily. Do you know that electricity is derived from the Greek, *electron*, amber? which reminds me to ask whether LORD AMBERLEY has got in."

A Vulgar Error.

THAT "The Returning Officer" must always be a Colonel, or at the least a Captain, on leave of absence from a foreign station.

MUSICAL LAW.—"Bar's Rest." Long Vacation.

POLITESSE IN POLITICS.

"OH, MR. MILL must surely be a most gallant young man,"
Said PORTIA to her pensive friend who sat behind her fan,



"For he thinks that each young person who her name correctly signs,
Should have a voice in Parliament like—" "Like whose? LOUISA PYNE's?"
"No, dear, like Ten pound Householders—that is a right to vote
For CAPTAIN SCAMPER, who that funny book of travels wrote.
How charming it will be to have the darling Captain call
In his curricule to take one to the Poll at the Town Hall.
Of course I shall be bound to plump (how nice!) for him, and you,
MATILDA, I presume will give a little plumper too!"
"No, PORTIA," said her friend, severe, "you may plump if you will;
But I shall say, 'Sir, take a seat,' and be a lady still."

ELECTION LUNES.

No. 3.—SOME PREFER VERTICAL, AND SOME, LATERAL REFORM.

THE TRIBULATION OF THE 'TIZER.

'Tizer, 'Tizer, public light,
Champion of the wittlers' right,
What has made thee sing so small,
Checked thy bounce, and hushed thy bawl—

Stopt the froth that used to fly
In thy leaders creaming high—
Left thee flat as porter stale,
Sour and sharp as o'er-kept ale—

Turned to smallest beer thy stout,
Sunk thy heart to "cold without,"
Robbed thy wind-bag of its gas,
Dimmed the lustre of thy brass?

That a MILL should dare defy
'Tizerly theology!
That a MILL should reck the same
Of pot-house praise or pot-house blame!

What will be the Church's fate,
What the prospects of the State,
When the 'Tizer's beacon-light
That has blazed so broad and bright,

Can be thus in scorn snuffed out
By a man who owns a doubt,
Though the *Record's* faithful fist
Write him down an Atheist!

What must be his creed, who dooms
Public-house Committee-rooms!
What his faith—abandoned knave—
Who dares Licensed Wittlers brave!

Woe! Oh woe to Westminster,
When with MILL she stoops to err,
And declines to care a rap
For the 'Tizer and the Tap!

Theological Horology.

THERE's this to say about the Scotch,
So bother bannocks, braes, and birks;
They can't produce a decent Watch,
For Calvinists despise good works.

GOVERNMENT BY STEAM.

OUR facetious contemporary, the *Morning Herald*, has surpassed itself of late in its brilliant jocosities. Never were such funny articles as those which it has written on the General Election, and the prospects of the Tories, whose triumph it predicts. On the morning of the metropolitan elections, the *Herald* humorously prophesied that London, Westminster, and Greenwich would each of them return a Tory Member to the House; and in another exquisitely funny leading article, it thus facetiously accounted for the wonderful prosperity which, under the present Government, the country has enjoyed:—

"On what ground do the Whigs solicit now a renewal of the confidence of the country? England is prosperous, and Englishmen are thriving, and large remissions of taxation have taken place during the last six years. It happens that the discovery of the steam-engine has given an immense impetus to manufactures and commerce. As the revenue increases *pari passu* with the wealth of the country, nothing can be more natural than that taxation should be gradually remitted. It augurs a lamentable confusion of cause and effect that this increase of wealth should be ascribed to the remission of taxation. The fallacy reminds us of the old story of the fly on the waterwheel. That LORD PALMERSTON should claim all the credit which is due to JAMES WATT, is a notable illustration of the old principle of *sic vos non vobis*.

This connection of LORD PALMERSTON with the—ha! ha! ha!—the discovery of the steam-engine, is really so delicious, that—ha! ha! ha!—we fear we shall split our pen with laughing at it. How funny of the *Herald* to pretend that it has just found out that steam-engines have—ha! ha! ha!—have actually been invented, and really have extended the commerce of the country! And how LORD PALMERSTON will laugh to learn that he has "claimed all the credit which is due to JAMES WATT," which is equivalent to saying that his Lordship has claimed the invention of the steam-engine! Ha! ha! ha! Such jokes as these are really overpowering. Why, our facetious contemporary will doubtless soon be telling us that, as it has been caused by the invention of the steam-engine, the success of the Whig Ministry is a mere *succès de steam*.

READING FOR ROGUES AND THIEVES.

THE following extract from a letter, addressed by a convict at Portland Prison, a fellow named SAYERS, to his brother, will afford admonitory information to any thief who may be enabled to read it by having stolen a number of *Punch*:—

"I hope I shall be at liberty in ten months. I have to work like a slave. It is worse than slavery under a mask, but I must get through it as well as I can. You have not the slightest idea what I have to put up with, and I dread another winter."

It appears, from the foregoing vague but suggestive revelation of the secrets of the prison-house at Portland, that the life of a convict in gaol no longer bears much resemblance to that of a gentleman at large staying at a luxurious hotel. There is a certain illustrated weekly journal, the contents of which consist chiefly of tales and pictures of crime, published under the title, we think, of the *Illustrated Police News*. This print probably has a considerable circulation among thieves, and particularly young rascals who delight in stories about exploits such as those of TURPIN and JACK SHEPPARD. It is true that many thieves cannot read at all, and that the rest are mostly in case to be classified in the gaol calendar in the category of "R. & W. Imp.;" but they can all at least understand pictures that are addressed to the lower feelings. The generality of thieves, therefore, probably see and know what is in the *Illustrated Police News*. That less useful than entertaining journal would do a service to the respectable portion of the community, and afford instruction as well as entertainment to rogues and ruffians, by giving the advantage of its circulation to the lamentations above quoted from MR. SAYERS's letter, accompanied by a portrait of MR. SAYERS, or a gentleman in MR. SAYERS's position; namely, that of a convict under sentence of penal servitude engaged in the performance of hard labour. To which might be added, with beneficial effect, a faithful account of the sensations experienced by a garotter whilst subjected to the cat-o'-nine-tails; this narrative being also embellished with a likeness of the sufferer.

THE ELECTIONS.



THE Elections for the Boroughs, including those which are so small and snug that they may fairly be called Watch-pocket Boroughs, being now concluded, *Mr. Punch* volunteers a review of the results which he can with truth say, were invariably cheering.

In some towns Whigs were in their proper place—the top of the poll; in others, notwithstanding the Act passed last Session for their suppression, Tories were victorious. Many Candidates, like the bundles of improvident persons on a Saturday night, were pledged; many Picrustean promises were given and swallowed with hazardous alacrity.

“The grand old Constitution,” like some dear old grandmamma, was petted and made much of, its “bulwarks” Toryfully defended, its “ancient landmarks” Conservatively cherished. Seaport towns saw “colours nailed to the mast” in the midst of excitement that never flagged; watering-places allowed respectable gentlemen to be “thrown overboard” and “swamped;”

new candidates were placed “in a proud position” (whatever that may be), whilst old members who bore away the palm at the show of hands had to knuckle down on the polling day, and console themselves by remarking in their “rejected addresses,” that “if defeated they were not disgraced.”

Split votes abounded, but split skulls were not so common as in the good old times, owing to the spread of “election intelligence;” but as the Irish returns are not yet complete, *Mr. Punch* may have something different to say on this head. Hand-shaking went on to such an extent that one of the unsuccessful candidates at Devonport dreaded at last to hear the words, “Tip us your PHINN.” In the Metropolis the legal agents used conveyances freely, but the cabmen made no decided stand for the one party in preference to the other, some being rank Liberals, others rank Tories. In Westminster, the Conservative candidate carried his voters in cabs, but was unable to carry the day, “MILL’s Logic” proving irresistible. The old ladies in Marylebone, Tories to the stay-bone, are horrified at a “Common Serjeant” being returned.

In Finsbury, PHILLIPS discreetly resigned, and, by so doing, gave a fillip to the success of TORRENS, whose victory was hailed with a torrent of applause.

At Derby, MR. BASS, speaking of the Night Poaching Bill, declared he was “open to conviction,” thereby leaving an unpleasant conviction on the minds of his supporters that he had been out snaring.

Perhaps the most astounding fact in the history of the General Election of 1865 is, that at Chatham, one of the Candidates was an Admiral, and an ELLIOT, but *not* a Whig!

MUDDLE OF THE PERIOD.

WE really think that the Racing World might have shut up during Election time. Surely, there was bribing, and lying, and cheating enough elsewhere, without the aid of the turf. Besides, the newspapers are so aggravating. They place in alternate columns the news about the candidates and about the horses, until one does not know what one is reading. We arise from breakfast with this sort of thing before the eyes of our mind:—

“Capricorn, Bonassus, Snug, and Pop are all here and MR. PRIGGINS has just finished his speech, and he is being pelted, but Musidora has kicked herself lame in the railway carriage, and LORD AMBERLEY has not a leg to stand on. The Conservative has not shown, and it is said that MR. FERRAND is a roarer, but the early trial appears to have deluded the unhappy touts, and MR. GLADSTONE’s friends are getting very uneasy, though Bishop was never in better form, as will be confessed at the close of the poll. An effort has been made to introduce a leg into the stable of the Liberals, and their minds have been poisoned, but the Jockey Club have taken it up, and MR. SAMUELSON is not disqualified, for he is no alien, but as good an Englishman as any of his opponents, though what Little Beggar did for the Two Thousand does not exactly encourage his friends to put the pot on, but time will show, and the majority cannot be very great either way. The Chippenham riots afford an instructive lesson to those who would confer the suffrage previously to education, but the conduct of the jockeys, in refusing to obey the

orders of the starter, cannot be too severely reprimanded, and we should recommend disfranchisement until the borough became more alive to the sacredness of the blue ribbon of the Turf. Jehoshaphat is scratched, and the Conservative Candidate has got a black eye!”

AMONG THE PIGS.

(Song of the Contented Swineherd.)

AMONG the pigs as I was pokun
About, upon a zummer’s day,
Wi’ my own zelf a kind o’ jokun
I set to pass the time away.
Says I, “Just now is the Election,
Between the Tories and the Whigs,
While I indulges in reflection
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!

No zooner is the struggle over
Than off the gentlefolks will be,
Like rabbuts runnun wild in clover
About the world by land and sea.
And there while some goes out a yachtun,
Or drives their chariots and their gigs,
Here I shall bide at whoam, a squattun
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!

Just like a feller out a sowun
His grain upon the ground bestows,
This side and t’other seed a throwun,
They flings their money as they goes.
Where can it come vrom, all they squanders,
As merry as a lot o’ grigs?
I often wonders whilst I wanders
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!

I s’pose their wealth’s vrom speculation,
As now the rage is wi’ your swells,
Them there Jinte Stock Association
Grand public-houses called hotels,
Or them tall chimbley works, wi’ pison
That, foulun streams and scorchun twigs,
Smells wuss than any roke arisun
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!

How ’tis to live away like they do!
How ’tis in riches to abound,
And what some calls a Heldorado,
And others names Tom Tidler’s ground!
How little money I be makun!
Thinks I, my taters while I digs,
Or ates my bread-and-cheese, or bacon,
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!

But there, them sart of enterprizes
Is neck or nothun, I suppose,
Considerun how they advertises,
And what if smack the business goes?
I’ll own that question is consolun
To think on when my beer I swigs,
And lies, as you may say, a rollun,
Among the pigs! Among the pigs!

“Egg-Sactly.”—*Most Burlesque Writers.*

WE read in the American papers that—

“Small change is so scarce in Georgia, that eggs are being used for currency.”

Did not the divine WILLIAMS know and foresee everything? There is an explanation of the passage in the *Winter’s Tale*—the line that has so puzzled the commentators:—

Leontes. Minc honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

THE REPROOF VALIANT.

“CONFESSONAL, indeed,” said a strong-minded lady, “I am disgusted at Protestant cant. The idea of Men abusing the POPE’s Confessional, while they submit to GLADSTONE’s Income-Tax inquisition. Bah, boo, bosh.”



"ALL VERY WELL."

Darling Nephew. "OH, AUNTY, COME OVER HERE! MAKE HASTE! HERE'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL CAVE! NEVER MIND YOUR BUNIONS!"

MR. DISRAELI'S SPEECH.

[(Specially Reported.)]

GENTLEMEN,

WHETHER Conservative Reaction, now on trial, be proved innocent or guilty, the facts remain the same. LORD DERBY and his Territorial party have effected whatever good has been done in this country for many years past. Whatever of enlightened legislation has been carried out, you owe it to LORD DERBY and the party with which I had the honour to act. The Emancipation of the Catholics was our doing, and any one who will read my delightful novel of the *Young Duke* will see that I had, even at that time, the clearest sense and the strongest feeling of what was due to the followers of the Ancient Creed. That the shackles of the Dissenters were struck away, and the annihilation of the profanity, justly denounced by the poet COWPER, of the oath of office being dipped in the chalice at the altar, was our doing. You would never have had a Reform Bill at all but for LORD DERBY'S eloquence: but I may add that you would never have had so good a one but for the persevering resistance of the Conservatives, who compelled the Government to improve and improve their measure, until it arrived at perfection. I need hardly say that you owe Savings Banks, the Thames Embankment, the Penny Postage, Vaccination, and the Electric Telegraph to our party, or that all had long been prefigured in books written years back by noblemen, and chiefly in the *Century of Inventions*. That the Jews have been set free from all fetters is due to my own exertions, and notably to my portrait of *Sidonia*, in whom I shadowed forth all the intellectual power and vigour which the Hebrew now places at the service of the State. We have preserved the Church, while popularising her institutions, we have defended the Constitution while ventilating its incongruities, we have elevated the people while eradicating its excentricities. True friends to the land, we have not been unmindful of the sea; patrons of the plough, we have also been lovers of the loom. We have compelled the Government to keep the peace, by incessantly exposing to the country the weakness of our armaments, and thereby enlisting fear in the service of patriotism. We have diminished your Taxes and increased your Harvests, acclimatised the salmon in your streams, and destroyed the blue-bottles in the shops of

your butchers. LORD DERBY has given you the best translation of *Homer*, and I have "stood upon the ruins of Troy and cursed my destiny." In fact, I should weary you with a repetition of the great and grand things which we have been doing for you. But I must, in conclusion, point out that you would do well to eject LORD PALMERSTON'S Government at once, and replace it by a Conservative one, for a dark cloud is looming over the Atlantic, and it would be an act of the highest wisdom to place in office a Cabinet which can over-awe the Americans. We have ever been hostile to them, and it is no fault of ours that the South was not recognised, and that at this moment our troops are not winning honour and glory under the Palmetto flag. I am able to offer you my sincerest assurance that if we come into office, the insolence of the plebeian Dictator of the States shall be met as becomes Britons, and that in three months we shall add to all our other claims on your regard that of carrying you into a long and, I trust, a glorious war with the United States. Gentlemen, three cheers for the country party and the benefactors of Great Britain.

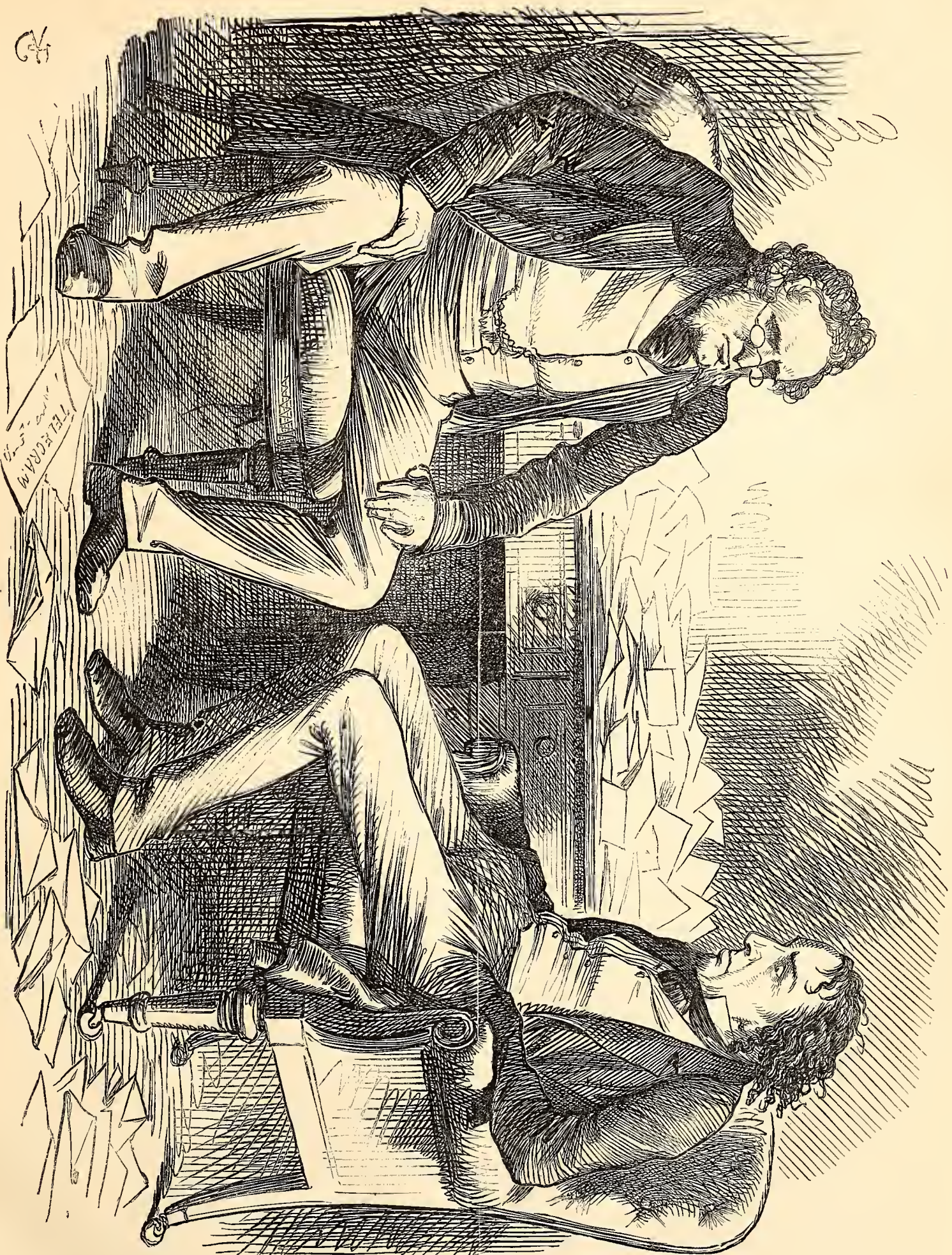
NAVAL REVOLVERS.

FOR MR. PUNCH, SIR,

TURRETS! Queer lingo, that. My son who is a millwright, and has never been afloat (like his father, who served under DUNDAS and CODRINGTON), takes his stand on these Turrets. But when an old salt like me tries to do it, my head swims and I reels overboard. For it strikes me (I speak from speculation) that when an enemy's shot strikes these turrets, they spin round like a patent iron chimney pot. Am I right? Please, say, if possible, in your next, which I reads regularly on I-Tree-Hill every Wednesday afternoon. For I likes my Punch cool this weather. Of course, Britannia always did and always will rule the waves, but how she is to rule 'em straight with a revolver puzzles me altogether. So no more at present from

Your humble sarvant, TOM BRINEX.

P.S. Mind! I don't want to hit these Turrets too hard; but, "Steady, aye Steady," is my motto.



WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

"Conservative Reaction" on its Trial.—See *Tory Papers*.

OUR COMPANY.

(How it was "got up;" what it was "got up for;" and what it did when it was "got up.")

IN these days of Companies it struck us—me and ARCHIE BRISTOWE, or rather *vice versa*, only I originated the idea—that it would be a good notion to get up a Company. We decided that ARCHIE would make an excellent Chairman of Directors; in fact, I rather think that it was something in the sound of BRISTOWE's name that gave rise to the suggestion.

Yes, it did, too. I said to BRISTOWE, "What a capital Chairman you'd make." To which he replied, "Yes, Chairman of Directors." Whereupon I cried, as if by inspiration, "Directors of a Company! Let's get up a Company." ARCHIE BRISTOWE said, "You're another;" which for the moment rather confused me.

We, having talked the matter over, called upon JOE BARCLAY. JOE's a good fellow, a sharp fellow, and knows a good deal about this sort of thing. At least so we had always heard. JOE was practical in a second. What was the Company's object? he asked. BRISTOWE at first suggested "the Company's pecuniary benefit;" but, on consideration, added, "and to offer peculiar advantages to the Public."

What should it be got up for, was the simple difficulty. The solution was not quite so simple. BARCLAY said that something might be done with Soap. We thought so, too. Soap, decidedly. BRISTOWE wanted to know "How?" He meant "In what way?" BARCLAY answered, "Well, Works—Soap Works." "Or Drinking Fountains," some one suggested—I think it was myself.

BRISTOWE observed that Drinking Fountains wasn't a bad notion. BARCLAY, however, stuck to Soap. Somebody, perfectly disinterested, who had dropped in on a visit, proposed an amalgamation of the first with the second—say, Soap-and-Water.

We made him a Director on the spot. He said, No, he didn't care about it, or he'd rather not; but we included him in our list, and told him that it wouldn't be any trouble to him. His name was FELTON. He had a great idea of offices and papers. He said everything ought to be done in form; where was a bit of paper? and pens? and ink? Now he would at once put down the names of the Directors.

The idea struck us all at once, FELTON should be the Secretary—the very man for the post. FELTON said, "No, no, no! he'd rather not." We said, "Yes, and with a salary. By all means with a salary." Carried *nem. con.*, FELTON voting with us.

BRISTOWE proposed that this should be considered our first meeting. BARCLAY said that of course the Company would be Limited. We said, "Yes; Limited, decidedly." ("Limited") in brackets.

PIDGE wanted to know what was meant by "Limited." The Chairman said, we'd come to that by-and-by.

FELTON asked authoritatively where was a note-book? BARCLAY said he'd send out for one; and, as some of the Directors offered to pay for it, he made a merit of presenting it to the Company.

It was a large school copy-book. FELTON said it would do for the present, just to enter minutes in. We agreed that for that purpose it was peculiarly well adapted.

Well, what should be our first minute? asked the Secretary, looking round, pen in hand.

We appealed to the Chairman, who was on the sofa. It was agreed unanimously that a Chairman mustn't sit on a sofa; that business was business; and that if this thing was to come to anything, we really must be business-like. The Chairman, after some little difficulty, arising from the question being put as to whether smoking should be allowed during a business-meeting (this was settled in favour of smoking), took the chair.

FELTON then wrote down,

"First Meeting of Directors (with date),

Chairman	MR. BRISTOWE.
Directors Present	MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PIDGE.
Secretary	MR. FELTON."

The Chairman found fault with this arrangement, and said it looked like a playbill.

The Secretary was noting down this remark, when a Director asked, if it wouldn't be as well to avoid tomfoolery, and come to business?

Carried, *nem. con.*

Another Director (myself) wanted to know how this resolution should be entered on the books.

The Chairman said there was only one book. (*A laugh.*)

The same Director said he knew that, but—

The Secretary expressed his sorrow at interrupting the honourable gentleman (meaning me), but he had already entered the resolution in his book, thus: "Resolved, that there be no tomfoolery."

The Chairman asked what was the Company for?

BARCLAY said Soap.

The Secretary asked if the Company's motto would be, "How are you off for Soap?"

It was unanimously decided that this was tomfoolery contemplated by our bye-law.

One of the Directors wished to inquire whether the Minutes were bye-laws, or, generally speaking, what was a bye-law!

The Chairman explained that a bye-law was a law made when another law existing—or rather, to put it clearer, a bye-law was rendered necessary by an already existing law to a contrary effect—

Secretary (interrupting). No; to the same effect.

Chairman. Well, a bye-law is merely a law that—

A Director. Yes, but has it the force of law? For instance,— "Smoking is strictly forbidden on the platform, *vide* Bye-Laws"—was that a—(*wandering*)—was this bye-law one of the Regular Laws, or—or, in fact—

Another Director (plaintively). But there are no platforms in our Company. (*Laugh from the Secretary.*)

First Director said it was nonsense talking like this. He (PIDGE) knew what he (BARCLAY) meant.

The Secretary inquired what he should write down as being the object that the Company had in view. Was it Soap, or not? He had scratched out Soap once, and it was absurd going on writing down and scratching out every minute.

Everyone said that this was absurd, and that the books ought to be kept in a business-like manner.

BARCLAY asked whether we proposed the sale of Common Soap, Windsor Soap, Scented Soap, or all kinds of Soap?

Pidge (as the best way of getting out of an unforeseen difficulty). Oh! all kinds of Soap.

All shake their heads. Somehow, no one sees the feasibility of the Soap project now. A silence ensues, during which the Chairman looks vacantly at his watch-chain, and the Secretary attempts a portrait of nobody in particular, in fancy costume, among the minutes. The two Directors watch him feebly, with some vague feeling that the whole proceeding is not exactly business-like.

Secretary (suddenly waking up, and scratching out the fancy portrait). Well!

Chairman looks from one to the other Director. BARCLAY votes that the meeting adjourn to-day, and they'll think it over in the meantime. The Chairman, rising with great alacrity, says, "Yes, that'll be the best plan." He and the Directors take up their hats.

Secretary (hastily, feeling that they are going away and leaving him to write). Here! Just stop for me! Look here, what shall I write?

Chairman (who is in a hurry to go to a flower-show). Oh, anything. The usual thing; you know. House adjourned and so forth. Only be regular—do be regular—(*Exit at door, reappears again*)—and enter everything in a business form.

[*Exit quickly, under the impression that HE'S done HIS duty at all events.*

Barclay. Well, I'm off.

[*Going.*

Secretary (piteously). No, no; do stop. Look, I've only got a few words to put in.

Barclay. Can't. I'm not going your way. Just shut the door after you when you go, you fellows, will you? [*Exit in a hurry.*

Secretary (to Pidge the remaining Director). You know it's too bad to go off and leave a fellow to write all this. It's not business like.

[*He says this under the impression that he'll induce PIDGE to stop.*

Pidge. Yes!

[*Considers how he can get off without hurting SECRETARY'S feelings.*

Secretary (writing clearly from his notes). "At a Meeting of Directors this day, July the—what is it—July the—

Pidge. The Fourteenth—(*sees his way out*)—I say, we didn't settle when we'd meet again. I'll just run after BARCLAY. [*Exit suddenly.*

Secretary. Hi! H'm!

[*Calls after him.*

Pidge (at front door). All right!

[*Walks quietly into street, and flatters himself on his cleverness.*

Secretary (by himself returns sulkily from window, sits at table). It's too bad of those fellows. (*Reads what he has written.*) "At a Meeting of Directors this day, July the 14th, it was settled—" (*Thinks for a few seconds, then closes book.*) Oh yes, I can enter that at our next meeting.

[*Exit cheerfully, and meanly revenges himself by leaving the door open.*

Of our next Meeting you shall hear another time.

MIND YOUR ACCENTS.

IN a penny paper, the other day, there appeared a paragraph, headed as follows:—

"WORKING MEN'S CLUB FETE."

It went on to relate the particulars of a social gathering, described as "a pic-nic of an unusual character." This description of the pic-nic seemed to suggest that it had been held for the benefit of the "Orthopaedic Hospital," or some similar institution for the cure of club feet. Instead of feet, however, the continuation of the narrative indicated the right reading, for what looked like simply wrong spelling, to be fête.

ELECTION LUNES.



No. 4—NO NEED TO DESTROY THE LABOURER'S COTTAGE,—



BUT RATHER ENCOURAGE HIM TO LIVE THEREIN.

THE LAW OF SELF DEFENCE.

THE remarks of the venerable CHIEF BARON are mostly so replete with common sense that the ensuing extract from his summing up, on the trial of MR. DEBENHAM, as given in the *Times*, may surely be supposed to have been strangely modified by the pen of a generally correct reporter:—

"It was not of much consequence to consider whether or not the house had been attempted to be entered before by burglars, though one would think that if such attempts were made, the prisoner ought to have been the more cool and cautious."

From being used to it? A man's house has been several times broken open, and therefore he ought to be able to take an apparent attempt to break into it coolly! This is what the LORD CHIEF BARON is made to say. *Lord Dundreary* would hardly have said it. His Lordship is represented to have proceeded to lay down the law thus:—

"There were undoubtedly circumstances in which the firing of a pistol would be justifiable—those, for instance, in which a burglar entered a house, or was about to enter one, with all the implements of housebreaking upon him, and there were no other means of preventing the loss of life, or property, or both."

It is possible that the words above quoted may have really been those of the learned Judge who presided at MR. DEBENHAM's trial. The CHIEF BARON was obliged to lay down the law as it is. It is the law then, and not the CHIEF BARON personally, that tells you that you are justified in firing at a burglar only under circumstances which it is impossible for you to know. You are at liberty to shoot a burglar only in case you are quite certain that he has skeleton keys, and a "jemmy," and a life preserver, or some other deadly weapon in his pockets, and that he will surely attempt to rob you or murder you, or both, even if you give him the chance of stealing off. *Dogberry*, in his charge to the watch, said something very much of this sort, which the LORD CHIEF BARON had to say in his charge to the jury. But *Dogberry* was dictating, not laying down, the law, and the law was *Dogberry's* own, and therefore *Dogberry*, personifying the law, deserved to be written down an ass.

THE DESCENDANTS OF HEROES.

WATERLOO.

To my Tenants.

"You will vote exactly as you please. I have neither the right as a Peer, nor the wish as a Landlord, to dictate to any of my tenants as to the mode in which he shall exercise the trust confided to him by the Constitution."

WELLINGTON.

RAMILIES.

To my Tenants.

"My horses shall fetch such of you as vote for my man, BARNETT; my Estates clerks shall take down your names at the poll. You may go through my Park of Blenheim, thus saving miles (the Liberals shall not go through), and you will have heard from my steward and agent what will be thought of those who vote for MR. HENRY."

MARLBOROUGH.

BY PERMISSION OF MISS MARIE WILTON.

"WAR to the Knife" against the high price of Butchers' Meat.

THE OBJECTIVE MIND.

(A Song by a Cynic.)

AIR,—*"The Mistletoe Bough."*

ON business whenever my way I wend,
Or my time in the streets on a ramble spend,
Perpending the work I have to do,
Or pondering what may, or not, be true,
As I mark what small cause will collect a crowd,
I am often constrained to sing aloud,

Oh, the Objective Mind!
Oh, the Objective Mind!

A multitude frequently bars my path,
Arrests my course, and excites my wrath.
To stare at, what have those people found?
It is only a horse down they're gathered around.
No aid can they render the prostrate steed,
Meanwhile, my progress they impede.

Oh, &c.

Blocked up is the street I fain would thread,
There is one to be buried, or two have been wed;
Nor the corpse nor the couple that throng have known;
The affair they're intent on is not their own.
They have often seen just the same sight before,
As the one whereupon they gaze and pore.

Oh, &c.

Whenever I'm struck with a brilliant thought,
And to fix the idea my mind has caught,
Stopping in one of the streets of Town,
I bend o'er my note-book to set it down,
I find myself, as soon as I rise,
The cynosure of surrounding eyes.

Oh, &c.

My dog was run over the other day,
When he happened to get in a taxed-cart's way.
No bones were broke, but he howled aloud,
And of course immediately drew a crowd.
I carried him home—that was much to see—
And a mob at my heels dogged my dog and me.

Oh, &c.

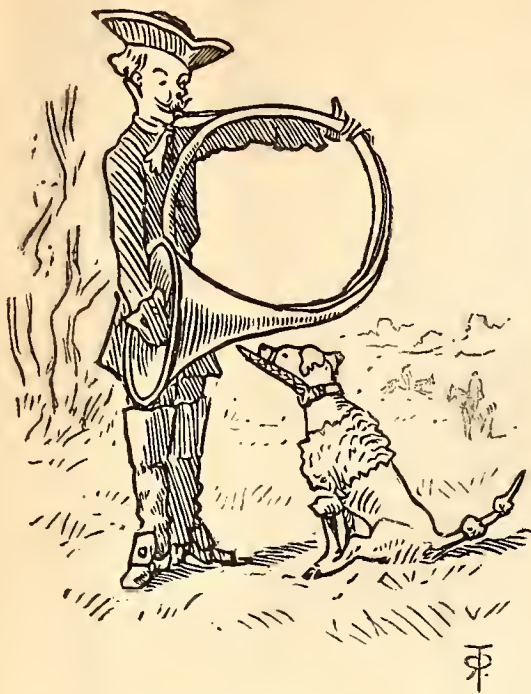
How free must the populace be from care,
That they can so readily gape and stare
At trivial things which concern them not!
How happy the British Public's lot!
Their thought for the morrow must be but small;
They can hardly be troubled with thought at all.

Oh, &c.

But lucky 'tis for us, beyond all doubt,
That so many good folks only look without.
Who'd fight our battles by land and sea,
If all were thinkers like you and me?
Let the people still feast their external sight,
If they get in your way, never mind; all's right.

Oh, &c.

CONVERTED ENGLAND.



"Pour la conversion de l'Angleterre . . . autrefois l'île des Saints, maintenant, hélas! séparée de la Sainte Église."

In the litany appointed for recital at this service, no fewer than eight saintesses and two-and-forty saints are specially invoked by name, and solicited to pray for poor perverted England; while other saints and saintesses, whose names are not recorded, are in general terms entreated to proffer their petitions to the like effect. In common with other Englishmen, *Mr. Punch* of course feels grateful that such efforts are made for the benefit of England; and when the prayers of all the saints have succeeded in converting it, *Mr. Punch* and other Englishmen will doubtless put their faith in the powers of the Saints.

[RESISTANCE TO THE ARISTOCRACY.

(Communicated.)

WE adverted to the attempt made by the Right Hon. the LORD BRIGHT at coercing the constituency of Manchester into returning his brother, the Hon. MR. JACOB. It was supposed that Manchester would be compelled to submit to this dictation, for her trade is so entirely dependent on the will of the above nobleman, whose domineering character is well known, that unless we had the protection of the ballot, it would be vain to contend against his power. But we are happy to be able to say, that resistance has been successfully offered to this haughty aristocrat, and that he has been prevented from forcing his honourable little brother upon the representation. A re-inforcement of Conservatives, who, having nothing to hope for from LORD BRIGHT, had nothing to fear from him, came up, and MR. HEYWOOD avenged his own wrongs and those of the party by leading away the ultra-contingent, where it was of no use in the battle. MR. JAMES, a reasonable Liberal, won the seat, and we have JACOBUS instead of JACOB. So my LORD BRIGHT may stalk up and down his ancestral halls, wishing that the good old times had come back, and there were pit and gallows for the democratic recalcitrants.

FASHIONABLE FRIPPERY.

WE learn from the best writers upon that exciting theme, The Fashions, that straw and steel are now considered the proper things wherewith to decorate young ladies—and doubtless old ones too, if they require decoration. The fashion is to wear the straw scattered upon the skirt, and the steel made into bracelets, as well as into beads and bangles and spangles for the head-dress. Ladies who would dress in what is deemed the proper style, must have their wrists adorned like those of captured pickpockets, and must appear in the costume of *Ophelia* in her mad scene, *plus* a pair of disjoined handcuffs. A girl who has the folly to be guided by *Le Follet*, but is obliged to study some economy in dress, should pull her straw bonnets to bits, and sew the pieces on her skirt, and should ornament her hair with scraps of the steel hoops discarded from her petticoats. Were a philosopher to introduce a magnet at a party, half the ladies in the room would be resistlessly attracted to it. Away would go their head-gear and stick tight to the loadstone; and down would come their backhair, all the pins being

drawn out of it. What a scene this would be for a farce or a burlesque. We advise our comic playwrights directly to seize hold of it. By the bye, if for burlesquing they want to find an opera in which they might most fitly introduce this magnet scene, they had better try their wits upon *The Rose of Cast Steel*.

KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING.

WHILE loud battle's roar is
Twixt Lib'ral and Tories,
Through cheers, rotten eggs, howls and hissing,
A minist'ring angel,
Lo, *Punch* dares to range all
The field, for "killed, wounded, and missing!"

While the Battle
of the Elections
rageth, *Punch*
looketh after the
killed, wounded,
and missing.

O'er the corpse of FRED PEEL,
Swathed thick, head to heel
In Red-tape, the Phillipians make merry;
Why, courting disgrace,
Would he fight in a place,
With the ominous title of *Bury*?

Bury rejecteth
FRED PEEL for
PHILLIPS.

Kidderminster we know,
Swore she'd never stand *Lowe*,
Quick to brickbats her sons wrath and gin stir,
Carlton cash, on the nail,
Has made WHITE's star pale,
For a *Grant* is what suits Kidderminster.

Kidderminster
that erst broke
the head of BOB
LOWE, turneth
out WHITE for
GRANT.

His own trumpets may herald
The charge of FITZGERALD,
But as victor the *lists* won't endorse him:
There he lies, with hope's dream o'er,
And can't say or see more.
Since a HURST, with a hoist, could unhorse him.

SEYMOUR FITZ-
GERALD is over-
thrown by
HURST at Hor-
sham.

And brisk VISCOUNT BURY
Is mortified very,
His *old field* lost, in *fresh field* thrown over:
Why, when snuffed out at Wick,
Cross the isle's length so quick,
If 'twas but to be *buried* at Dover?

VISCOUNT BURY
leaving Wick is
run down by
FRESHFIELD at
Dover.

To be PAGET by race,
And in Court hold high place,
Is to tower in life's uppercrust ranges;
Litchfield ought to be partial
To equerry and marshal,
Yet its old for new *diet* it changes.

LORD ALFRED
PAGET, Chief
Equerry and
Clerk Marshal,
is thrown over
at Litchfield for
COLONEL DYOTT.

How thrills fight, and shudders field,
At *laches* of Huddersfield,
Which, if *bright* blades it have, won't unsheath 'em;
His brother-in-law waiving,
Like a cross-land behaving,
It coolly throws over young LEATHAM!

YOUNG LEATHAM,
JOHN BRIGHT's
Brother-in-law,
is cruelly done
to death at Hud-
dersfield by
CROSSLAND.

From the schoolmaster's rod,
You may shrink, or his nod,
But the schoolmaster's brother you *may* cob;
So the Manchester school
Speaks its mind on BRIGHT's rule,
By upsetting JOHN BRIGHT's brother, JACOB.

Manchester,
rising in revolt
against Newall's
Buildings, will
none of JACOB
BRIGHT, JOHN'S
Brother.

And young NAMBY-PAMBERLEY,
Who strove, fly-in-amber-ly,
To get where folks *must* say, "How odd! Is 't he?"
Embracing his *banes*,
An antidote gains
In a purl which *may* teach him some modesty!

LORD NAMBY
PAMBERLEY, of
Leeds, finds that
BAINES can't
command anti-
dotes against
defeat.

But the worst news comes last:
Punch, his colours half-mast
Hoists, in token of heart-breaking trial;
COX IS GONE—his best butt,
Let the Commons' House shut—
Without *Cox*, there's *præterea nihil*!

But, most grievous
blow of all,
COX IS OUT FOR
FINSBURY!

The Roman Catholic Oath Bill.

LORD DERBY declines to unmuzzle the Dog
Whose howling affords him amazing delight,
But DERBY can't see, through a thick Tory fog,
The Dog's bark is by many more shunned than his bite.



THE LATE RAIN.

Fwed. "CAN'T WADE AC'ROSS THIS MUD, YOU KNOW!"

Chawles. "ABS'LUTELY IMPAWSIBLE, BY JOVE!"

Fwed. "HO'ID BAW! WHAT'S TO BE DONE?"

Chawles. "MOST 'FERNAL NUISANCE! DON'T KNOW, 'M SHAW!"

Fwed. "HAW! WELL, WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, P'HAPS."

Chawles. "HAW, YES! ON THE SAME SIDE OF THE STREET, YOU KNOW!"

Fwed and Chawles. "HAW! TATA! HAW!"

INCOME-TAX SUFFRAGE.

It is strange that no candidate has as yet gone to the hustings with the cry of, "The Income-Tax for Ever!" It would be a capital cry; in the first place, because it is so true, expressing, as it does, the evident truth that the Income-Tax is destined to have no end. In the next place, if the candidate cried, "The Income-Tax for Ever!" the multitude would be certain to respond, "Hooray!" because the multitude does not pay the Income-Tax. The multitude, therefore, will cry not merely, "Hooray!" but, "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!" The majority of those electors even who do pay Income-Tax, will shout simply, "Hooray!" For the Income-Tax is the fairest of taxes to persons of safe incomes; and, although unsafe incomes are common, forethought is scarce. Few are they who, being in the receipt of any income at all, consider otherwise than that their incomes are going to last for ever, and most people pay their Income-Tax under Schedule D, if not without grumbling, still without thinking any more than they think when they set up a carriage, or take a wife in these days of excess in female apparel. Hang the few!

Then the Income-Tax has now been reduced by so much that it is no longer a glaring confiscation, but resembles gas that has been turned down to a glimmer, ready to be turned up again into a blaze immediately, as occasion may require. Even the rare thinkers who think what is to become of them when the personal earnings constituting their sole incomes cease, and who feel it as a confiscation especially hard to themselves, will be ready at least to groan, "The Income-Tax for Ever!"

Since, then, the Income-Tax is to be eternal, make the best of it. Make it the basis of the Elective Franchise.

Give everybody who pays Income-Tax a vote, and let nobody else vote. But taxation without representation is tyranny. Are the working classes, whose gin and tobacco are taxed, but who are exempt from Income-Tax, to have no vote at all? By no means. Give a vote to every one who chooses to demand to pay an Income-Tax on the amount of his income, whatever it may be.

If taxation without representation is tyranny, representation without taxation will come to the same thing. If the classes who pay no Income-Tax are to vote the supplies, there is some fear that the Income-Tax payers will very soon have to find all the money that the Government may require for the national expenses, and, for example, for the pursuit of a spirited foreign policy. Income-Tax Suffrage obviates this danger, and meets every difficulty of Parliamentary Reform.

It was reserved for *Punch* to point out the one only satisfactory and sufficient foundation for a perfect Reform Bill. How beautiful, how simple it is! Who could ever have conceived anything so exact but *Punch*? Statesmen, for any political article which they are in want of, must always come, at last, to 85, Fleet Street.

PHILOSOPHY AND PUNCH.

LOGIC'S in Parliament with MILL. Hurrah!
Deep from the well of Truth a bucket draw,
But the pure crystal, ere you quaff it, boil.
The generous fire, that warms it, will not soil.
Imparting strength, add spirits, which will come,
For brandy if you call, and summon rum.
Withal let lemon, deftly squeezed and peeled,
Flavour and fragrance, sugar sweetness, yield.
Mingle, and pour; the brimming goblet fill:
That *Punch* in punch may drink, "Success to MILL."

Interesting Event.

WE are happy in being enabled to announce, that a zebra in the Zoological Gardens, called, in the language of Zoology, *Asinus Burchelli* (Burchell's Donkey), has, in giving birth to a fine foal, presented the Fellows of the Zoological Society with an addition to their scientific happiness.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

PREFACE.



ELDOM, if ever, has the gigantic intellect of man been employed upon a work of greater utility, or upon one of such special application and general comprehensiveness, as in the projection, completion, publication, and sustention of the now familiar *Bradshaw*. Few literary efforts, however high their aim either in the ethereal regions of Art, or the sublime paths of Philosophy, have ever achieved so much for the cause of Progress as has the Book of BRADSHAW.

And yet, such is the original imperfection inherent in even the most carefully elaborated human scheme, the writings of BRADSHAW, it is objected, contain so many difficulties, real or apparent, so many contradictions, so much error, mingled, it is allowed, with a certain amount of truth, as to partially destroy its character for credibility, and so far to injure its usefulness for guid-

ance, as to render it unworthy of that implicit reliance which most minds would be willing to place in the *dicta* of an acknowledged superior and accredited teacher. In answer, we contend that the so-called difficulties are far less real than apparent, and that the honest student, who applies himself heart and soul to the work, will encounter no greater obstacles than such as were surmounted by CHAMPOLLION, during his laborious researches into the mysteries of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The plain title of the Book carries with it the overwhelming grandeur of simplicity. Who is there but can without effort pronounce it? What being so dull as not to respond interiorly to its utterance? BRADSHAW! Let us repeat it mildly, softly, soothingly—BRADSHAW! Let us be



hard and fierce in our tone, as announcing an authority from whose decision there lies no appeal—BRADSHAW! Let us pronounce his name in the broken accents of despair—the despair of one who has no time to lose, and to whom every minute is of the last importance—let us, half weeping, say BRAD-AD-SHAW. Let us lispingly allude to him among the false smiles, false teeth, false hair, and false hearts of the gilded saloon, as BWADTHAW! Mentioned where you will, and how you will, there is a strange charm in the name that rivets the attention, even though it fail to reach the understandings, of all hearers.

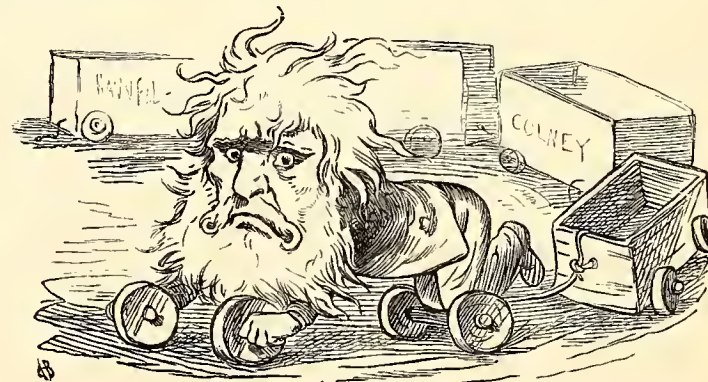
Of the genuineness of BRADSHAW there may, and indeed must, always exist most reasonable doubts. The question of its authenticity has been

raised by its supposed difficulties, and these it shall be alike our duty and our pleasure to explain.

Once let a doubt of BRADSHAW be confirmed and established, and in whom, in what, shall we put our confidence?



Once let the discovery be made that in the statements contained in BRADSHAW no trust can be reposed, and what abiding happiness will remain to us in life? To and fro shall we be drifting, from one Station to another, from one informant to another, now clinging to this opinion now holding on by that, at one time late for an early train, at another early for a late, dependent upon ignorant officials, at the mercy of grasping porters, equally uncertain as to the moment for entering or leaving a compartment, we, with mental powers weakened, equanimity utterly overthrown, and physical capacities prematurely decayed, shall ultimately find ourselves harmlessly playing at Steam-Engines on the green sward of Colney Hatch, or composing an Oratorio out of old Great Western time-tables while wandering in the cloisters of the secluded Hanwell.



Quo Tendimus? To this, an admission of the existence of difficulties, a staunch denial of their insuperability, and an acknowledgment of the great need of a competent expositor. In this character we come forward as the champion of BRADSHAW, and Guide to the Guide.

CHAPTER I.

Of the Genuineness of BRADSHAW—Objections answered—His wit, humour, satire—Our Line.

CONCERNING the authorship of BRADSHAW, it seems to us no reasonable doubt can be entertained. It is as evidently to our minds the compilation of several hands, as are the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of HOMER.

We attribute no weight whatever to this objection as regards the trustworthy character of the information contained in the book. For, to say that a certain book was written by one BRADSHAW, is no more than to say St. Paul's was built by SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, who, it may be fairly supposed, never touched so much as a stock or stone in a practical way during the rearing of the ecclesiastical edifice:—

"SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN
Directed his men,"

and no more nor less than this fell to the lot of BRADSHAW.

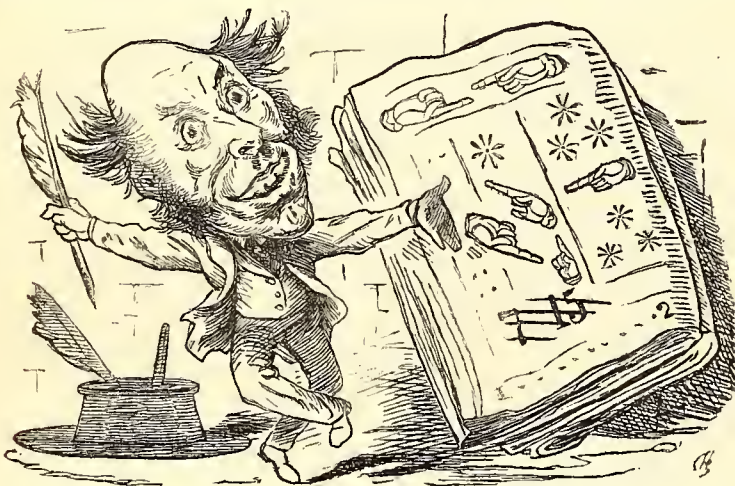
That the hand which had guided the work to its completion, should have given the few finishing touches required, is far from improbable, and some of the index fingers, shunting lines, and amusing, though perplexing, arrangements and notices, are, without doubt, from the facile

pen of BRADSHAW himself, when, in the quiet winter evenings, he could, over the social glass, allow his freakish fancy to rove freely through the mazy labyrinths of his favourite book, lightening, beautifying, and embellishing its pages with a graceful humour all his own.

The adoption of this hypothesis will at once account for the occasional sudden digressions, and affected jerkiness of style, that, while thoroughly original both in conception and execution, strongly remind us of the peculiarities of STERNE. Thus, for instance, when a train to Brighton is announced as leaving London at 9 A.M., you may trace it carefully down to its sixth Station, and then it is lost in space, or stopped by a pointing finger, or becomes inextricably mixed up with some train going in a totally opposite direction, or it capriciously breaks off without any reason whatever, and never reaches Brighton at all, or—it takes us onwards towards a castle in the air, and suddenly (Grand Thought!) vanishes among the Stars! (***)

Now, this was BRADSHAW's peculiar vein of humour. We can see the mischievous twinkle of his eye, as his strong active imagination fully anticipated the amusing perplexities into which the erasure, made by his pen, would cast some thousands of his readers, and how heartily, as one of themselves, he sympathised with merriment which the discovery of his innocent jest would cause among them, when they entered into and appreciated the true spirit of his sly, quiet fun.

Let this much, as stated above, be on all hands conceded to BRADSHAW.



If, then, BRADSHAW created the difficulties of which we complain, why did he not take upon himself their solution?

The question might just as well be asked why BRADSHAW ever wrote any Guide at all? or why he adhered to any precise method in composing it?

We believe his motives to have been of the highest and purest, not to say most disinterested kind.

But he has provided a "Key" to every volume, and in it has drawn largely upon his fund of quiet humour, and has slyly satirised the affected weakness of those, whose pretended necessity laid so great a tax upon his time and patience.

We propose, first of all, to deal with the Title-page and Key, wherein will be found specimens of BRADSHAW's satiric mood.

Then we will take at hap-hazard a page, or, so to speak, a leaf out of his book, in order to present the reader with BRADSHAW in his simply humorous phase.

From time to time we shall be open to any suggestions from esteemed correspondents, and shall answer them or not as we feel inclined.

Having thus thoroughly imbued ourselves with our Author's spirit, we will attempt, in all humility, and with a sense of our utter unworthiness for the task, to extract from his teaching short practical maxims, and brief instructions for the traveller's ordinary guidance. Besides this, we shall, in the true mind of the Author, give funny things, jokes, &c., for every traveller, suitable to different lines.

We will then develope his hints, and having thus filled up what was wanting in BRADSHAW, shall present our Complements to the reader.

From the general tenor of his writing, we shall in due course proceed to deduce particular rules of conduct, applicable to the various situations or Stations wherein the traveller may find himself placed.

In fine, we will endeavour to confute the superficial objectors by bringing to light the hidden treasures of BRADSHAW, and, by an easy method, make patent to all, what had hitherto seemed to wear the veil of mysterious obscurity.

A Trifle Picked up at the Dramatic Fancy Fair.

SAID the STIRLING to a Frenchman,
"Buy this pretty rose from me;"
But the Gaul refusing gently,
"Merci, ma belle dame," said he;
"M'sien," replied the laughing lady,
"Je suis la belle dame sans merci."

A FREE AND INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE.

THE following answer to a requisition on the part of certain electors to become a candidate for the representation of Blankshire was returned by a straightforward country squire:—

GENTLEMEN,

I have received your solicitation to undertake the office of representing you in Parliament.

If I were simply to consider my own inclinations, I should refuse to accept the onerous employment with which you desire to saddle me.

As the proprietor of a large tract of land in your county, I have more than enough to do to mind my own business, without troubling myself with yours, or that of the nation.

I delight in the recreation of fishing; and the Parliamentary Session exactly coincides with the trout season. I am addicted to literary and scientific pursuits, which attendance in Parliament will oblige me to intermit for nearly six months in the year.

The labour of serving on Committees would be so irksome to me as to amount nearly to an infliction equal to penal servitude.

My health would be impaired, and my days might be shortened, by the late hours which the House of Commons is in the habit of keeping. It is true that a Parliamentary life is not incompatible with longevity, as in the case of LORD PALMERSTON, but LORD PALMERSTON likes that sort of life, and I hate it.

However, I do not feel justified in absolutely declining a public duty such as men in my position are, as far as their circumstances go, of all men the fittest to discharge. But if you can think of anybody else whose political abilities are greater than mine; whose information, eloquence, and argumentative powers, exceed my own; and who is as well off as I am, I hope you will ask him to become your representative in preference to me.

Herewith I send you a statement of my political opinions, which you can print and distribute if you like to do so at your own expense. I expect that, if you insist on returning me, you will defray all the costs of my election yourselves; for if I am rich, I have not more money than I know what to do with, and it seems to me monstrously absurd that a man should pay his fellow-citizens for leave to do them the favour of serving them in the capacity of a Member of Parliament. Besides, the expenses of my election, if borne by myself, might amount to more than even I could afford singly; whereas your respective contributions to them would not at all inconvenience each of you. Moreover, if you take them entirely upon yourselves, they will be sure to be very small.

Hoping you will manage to find some one who is better qualified and more anxious than the undersigned to fill the seat which you invite him to occupy, I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant to command,

Sturdy Hall, July, 1865.

JOHN BLUNT.

LADIES AND THEIR LONG TAILS.

CRINOLINE at length is going out, thank goodness! but long, trailing dresses are coming in, thank badness! In matters of costume, lovely woman rarely ceases to make herself a nuisance; and the length of her skirt now is almost as annoying as, a while ago, its width was. Robes à queue they call these dragging dresses; but it is not at Kew merely that people are tormented by them. Everywhere you walk, your footsteps are impeded by the ladies, who, in POPE's phrase, "drag their slow length along" the pathway just in front of you. "Will anybody tread upon the tail of my petticoat?" This seems to be the general invitation they now give. Sad enemies to progress they are, in their long dresses: and a Reform Bill should be passed to make them hold their tails up. Ladies should be taught to mind their *p's* and *queues*; and every policeman should be armed with a big pair of garden shears or tailors' scissors, wherewith to cut away the skirts which he sees trailing on the pavement.

Young ladies, as a rule, we will allow, are little ducks; but by wearing such long tails they make great geese of themselves. Clearly something must be done to shorten their appendages, if it be only on account of the safety of the public. We often see a child tripped up by a long dress, and falling on what *Jaques* calls its "innocent nose" thereby. If the trains be worn much longer, there is no telling what miss-haps and master-haps may be occasioned by them. Wellnigh as many accidents will be met with by these trains as by those upon our railways, and we really hardly know which of the two may prove more dangerous. For ourselves, having the welfare of our little ones at heart, we always try to tread upon as many dresses as we can, and to do them all the damage that hobnailed boots can perpetrate. If every father of a family would sternly do the same, the fashion of long dresses would have a short existence.

WHAT is the difference between the punctual arrival of a train, and a collision? The former is *quite* an accident; the latter isn't!

THE RECENT HIDEOUS CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

(Vide Letter in the Times of 6th July.)

"SIR.—At half-past six o'clock this morning I was fishing in the Hampstead ponds, near the Vale of Health. A well-fed smooth black and tan terrier came behind me and shook the leg of my trowsers.



"Thinking it not quite safe, after your late police dog-reports, I gave it a kick.



"Again, however, it returned, and from its movements I could evidently see it wanted to draw my attention to something amiss.



"The terrier led me on for some hundred yards to a pit with high banks, where I discovered a puppy, to which the dog (not its mother) had brought me, and which unfortunate little animal I extricated as quickly as possible.



"The dog and puppy followed me some distance, but I purposely evaded them.

"I am, Sir, &c. &c."



MESSAGES FROM THE GREAT EASTERN.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

"I HOPE you received my six previous messages. I say this because the young officer who promised to telegraph them, laughs so when I mention them. He says they are all right, and it would not be polite in me to doubt the word of a naval gentleman on board his own vessel. Nothing very important. We have been slowly steaming all round the south, and I do not know where we are at present, but I suppose we shall turn to the right soon. I have been very unwell. The gentleman who has given me so much information says that the nausea I feel arises from the effect of the telegraph cable, the iron wire in water acting on the atmosphere as a chalybeate, and that I shall feel daily better as it is paid out. I hope so."

"We fell in with another ship near the Land's End. I wished that we had let her alone, for we are quite low enough in the water, and don't want any more shaking, but the Captain insisted upon hooking her on to us, and so we are pulling her along. She is called the *Caroline*, and she has got a thin end of cable, to be stuck into Valentia, and tied to our rope. I have endeavoured to ascertain the necessity for this clumsy contrivance, and why our own end could not have been fastened. My Irish friend says that it would have been as much as the QUEEN'S crown is worth to sanction such a thing, that the awful weight of our cable would have broken away a huge cantle of Ireland, and that the Prerogative would not stretch to alienation of territory. This seems a Constitutional reason. I am still unwell."

"A little better. My friend says that this is on account of the galvanic action being reversed by the electricians, and that I ought to change my diet entirely. I do not care about eating anything, and that is the fact. I can hardly allude to pork without a shudder, but I must correct a statement I made in a former despatch. That pig was never killed at all: it was a practical joke of our (I must still say) worthy cook, who slipped him down a hole,

and uncovered the chops and sausages I found so good. We are all liable to be deceived, but they will not take me in again. We had a thunderstorm last night, and I am informed that the electricians hung one end of the cable out, and put the other into the sea, and that the lightning illuminated it to the bottom, clearly showing the wreck of the *Royal George*, and killing thousands of fish. We certainly had a very abundant fish dinner to-day."

"Sunday.

"Church, of course. But our excellent chaplain stated that he had no sermon of the right size to be passed through the wire, as last week, so we did without one, and some of MR. TUPPER'S admirable proverbs were sent through for the edification and instruction of the crew. The beautiful remark, 'He who goes to sea without a cork jacket, is like unto the butler who neglecteth to cork his bottles,' was very impressive. I hope, also, that many were touched to the heart by the reminder, 'If thou eatest fish, O friend, thou livest; but if fish eat thee, thou diest.' My friend states that on Sundays our telegraph wire loses a certain and appreciable quantity of power, a fact which he is inclined to attribute to the circumstance that the workmen who made it were mostly Scotchmen, and of Sabbatical tendencies. This shows the exceeding and susceptible delicacy of the machine."

"Monday.

"We have come to Valentia, and here we throw off the *Caroline*, and lounge up and down, as it were, until she has fixed the thin end. Why could not this have been done a week ago, so that we might have taken time by the fore-wire, so to speak? There are two more ships to wait upon us, the *Terrible* and the *Sphinx*, but if they keep so far off, we may all go to the bottom before they can put out a hand to us. I told CAPTAIN ANDERSON that they ought to come close, but he only laughed, and said something about 'a good sea-room give me.' I have nothing to say against his sea-rooms, which indeed are very tidy and clean. The Irish gentleman who tells me everything, says that if any accident happens to the Cable, CAPTAIN ANDERSON has sealed orders from the Admiralty, authorising him to throw all the electricians and machine people overboard. This would be a painful scene, and I hope the Captain will temper justice with mercy."

"Tuesday.

"Lounging up and down, but the wind is very severe. I am, however, decidedly better, and again enjoy my meals. My friend says that we are obliged to keep away from the Irish coast for fear the Green Isle should produce verdigris in the wire."

"Wednesday.

"Dull work, if everybody were not so kind and communicative to me. There are some reporters on board, but they will all be set ashore before we start, except certain very select gentlemen, and of course, except myself. I am informed, however, by my Irish friend, that I shall be requested to enter into a solemn vow, ratified by an oath on the largest anchor, and on the binnacle, that I will keep the *Secrets of the Wire*. He hinted that if it should not work well, some terrible means will be resorted to for the purpose of compelling action, and I heard with a shudder what I dare not repeat. I knew that science has often shown herself regardless of human suffering, but I was not prepared to hear anything so awful as that which my friend secretly intimated is in contemplation. I dare add no more."

"Friday.

"Saturday.

A WORD OF COMFORT.—COUNTY (married) Electors are assured that the Union Chargeability Bill is *not* a measure for throwing additional expenses on husbands.



HINT TO CROQUET PLAYERS.

WOULD NOT THE ALPINE MILKING-STOOL, IMPORTED FROM GRINDENWALD, BE A VALUABLE ADJUNCT TO THE CROQUET-GROUND DURING THIS FATIGUING WEATHER?

OXFORD UNIVERSITY ELECTION.

OXFORD'S loss is England's gain. We condole with the University. We congratulate the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the country. He can now throw away the pole, and with unfaltering steps proceed on the path staked out for him. There was a nonconformity between MR. GLADSTONE and the old "Masters," which no growth of intelligence in the minds of the country clergy and county squires, no softening of the bigotry of the cloister and the common room could ever have abolished. He had outgrown the suit of Oxford Mixture, which will exactly fit MR. GATHORNE HARDY.

The future First Minister of England would never have been comfortable with Heads of Houses looking over his shoulder, guiding his hand, and cramping it. They will have a more submissive pupil in MR. GATHORNE HARDY, a good plodding boy, who will never "greatly daring" shine.

The Oxford Majority (non-resident) have completed an exchange—MR. GLADSTONE for an Under Secretary in LORD DERBY'S Government, an official who, when a Tory Cabinet is again in the chambers of Downing Street—the date is not yet fixed—will probably be promoted, say, to the Duchy of Lancaster.

They are now represented by two Members of that party which is as averse to change as ladies who keep stalls at a bazaar, and from whom it is wrung as money is wrung from a miser. They wanted some one who was sound and safe, and they have got MR. GATHORNE HARDY safe and sound. There was a sickly whisper that the statesman who honoured them by being one of their Burgesses, was disposed to join the Manchester "Express," so they looked out for a slow "Parliamentary," and found what they required in MR. GATHORNE HARDY.

What did they care for peace, plenty, and prosperity, as the signs of a good Government, the honours of a first-class administration? They lusted after a Member who would fight for Tests and haggle over Rates, who would mount the barricades against Dissenters, and insist on the retention of rotten oaths, and the desire of their eyes is gratified in MR. GATHORNE HARDY. *Alma Mater* longed for a babe who would not want shortening, and MR. GATHORNE HARDY was willing to wear

long clothes, and never to pout at the political pap provided by his coddles. The Oxford go-cart was large enough for him: all the amusement he sighed for was to dance the College hornpipe—in fetters. So GLADSTONE'S name is taken off the books, and HARDY'S recorded in its stead.

Words cannot express a tithe of the delight felt by the overpaid and underworked country Rectors at the result of the struggle—the busy pastors who, in consideration of eight hundred a year, an excellent house, and a walled garden, consent to supply the spiritual wants of a few farmers and cottagers, a fair proportion of whom prefer the stimulant of the chapel to the sedative of the church. The port that night had a fine old Tory smack about it. The girls went to the Archery Ball prouder of Papa than ever; and AUGUSTUS began at once to prepare the speech he is to make after the Vacation at the Union, in support of a motion which declares that the whole policy of this country, since the death of LORD ELDON, has been dangerous, delusive, and democratic.

Choice distinction! to be caressed by the *Standard* and hugged by the *Herald*; to be thanked and congratulated by the President of St. John's ("the WYNTER of our discontent") and other obstructive Heads—(the innocent should be told that the Head of a House is not invariably its Brain); to have assisted at the sacrifice of such a noble victim; to have given a turn to the wheel out of which there has rolled such a splendid prize!

The wisdom of the votes of the Oxford Majority (non-resident) may be doubted. The assault on JOWETT was suicidal; the dismissal of GLADSTONE is *felo-de-se*.

If the Oxford opposition have to pay heavy damages in the shape of a thorough reform and a complete purification of the University, hereafter they may perhaps regret their torture of the Professor of Greek, and their abandonment of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. If they expect to stop the political circulation, they must try a different *nostrum*—pea-shooters are of no use against granite walls. Growth of rational opinion in their minds is typified in the natural world by the moss and the lichen, or by the aloe that flowers once in a hundred years.

But the Oxford Majority deserve credit for one Christian virtue—



PEGASUS UNHARNESSED.

self-denial. They have renewed their oath of allegiance to that party in the State which is as likely to have the command of Church patronage as the Quakers are to control the Horse Guards or the Admiralty; they have taken the vows in that political order which, though it may be tolerated by way of interlude (a description of farce), has as much chance of governing the country for long together as the POPE has of saying mass in St. Paul's.

THERE AND BACK FOR THREE-AND-SIX.

A PRIVATE EXCURSION.

It cost more than three-and-six did my Excursion to Fort Shingles. Where is it? On the East Coast. You go and see. I'll tell you how I enjoyed myself. Fort Shingles is quite out of the way. No one goes there except some country people in September: that's why I went the other day, from Saturday to Monday, to freshen myself up, as every one said I wanted it, and every one was right. I did, and I went.

The first observation I made was, that the Shingleites were a primitive people as regarded bed-time, or an economical people in the matter of candles, as, though it was barely ten o'clock, the inn was closed, and not a light was to be seen anywhere.

"Capital!" thought I to myself. "Here I shall be undisturbed." Up from below came the pleasant roar of the waves tumbling over and over one another, as if they had determined to make a night of it under the very nose of the placid oldest male inhabitant of the moon.

My driver had been ringing the bell for about five minutes.

"Sim stannin stunty," said the native.

Not knowing what he meant, I smiled, nodded, and suggested that he'd better ring again.

"Stanning stunty he is," repeated the driver.

I thought he meant that they were asleep. Further acquaintance with the language of the County leads me to suppose that the landlord was "amazing obstinate," because he wouldn't open the door.

An ostler came at last. After some conversation, in which, from what I could gather from the tones and sounds, the ostler abused the driver, and the driver the ostler, I interfered with an inquiry as to whether I could have a bed.

On this the ostler rang a bell, and in another five minutes a chambermaid appeared, who came down-stairs yawning. This made the ostler yawn, then the driver yawned, and finally I yawned, and as we all apparently took our time from the maid as long as she stood there, and yawned, we kept it up with all the faults of mere imitation. But I never saw such mouths!

In revenge for waking them up, I was shown into the "only room unoccupied, Sir." It *wasn't*, I know that now. Could I get any supper? No, she didn't think I could; and we both yawned. A glass of ale and a biscuit? No, she said, yawning worse than ever: she was certain I couldn't get that. The bar was shut up; and we both yawned again. Couldn't I get anything? No, nothing. "If I'd come," she explained, "in the afternoon, why—?" What would have happened then I don't know, as a yawn stopped her, and carried her out of the room. An attempt on my part to call her back, and say what time I wished to be called, was rendered utterly abortive by such a fearful yawn that it suddenly occurred to me that my mouth was becoming as big as theirs, and that I myself was (Darwinianly) developing into a Shingleite. So I got into bed.

Hunger is not only a sharp thorn, but an early caller. At four o'clock I was awake. Gray morning. I heard the sea, and somebody snoring. Ah! My window should be opened, and luxury of luxuries to a worn, smoked Londoner, I would lie in bed, and lazily looking at the glorious ocean, would allow my mind to expand, and bathe myself in the sweet breezes that float over the ever fresh, the ever free. (I never heard, by the way, such extraordinary snoring.)

To accomplish my wishes, it became necessary to pull up my blind. I jumped out of bed. (I stop for a second to wonder where that snoring comes from.) Now, now, *Thalatta! Thalatta!* as the Greeks said (for I was in high spirits, and hadn't quoted Greek for an age), now for it—where's the cord?—oh, here's the cord—and now—up goes the blind stiffly, and this is what I saw: the dead wall of a red brick coach-house and a pig-stye, occupied by one Sow, fast asleep.

The snoring was instantly accounted for. Was it for this that I had left my couch at four o'clock, A.M.? I broke the string in pulling down the blind. In my miserable disappointment, I said, "Awoke by cold pig in the morning," and, having sneered at my own joke, returned to my bed. No one would be up till six, I supposed. It was now a quarter-past four. I'd brought no books with me, except an Eastern Counties Railway Guide. While pondering over the outside page (yellow cover), I fell asleep, and was awake at 6'30 by somebody else's boots being brought into my room.

From that moment I commenced getting up. At half-past seven I ordered breakfast. The Chambermaid (outside the door) asked, in a faint voice, "What I would take?" I, not being prepared for this poser, answered by asking, "What there was?" She would ask. While

she was absent on her mission, I employed myself in considering what I should have when she came back. Chicken? Yes. Chicken I settled with myself, and an egg, or an omelette—yes, chicken grilled, or mackerel broiled? That was the thing—mackerel broiled, and an omelette! There we were. The Chambermaid doesn't answer my bell when I ring for her, but somebody else, represented by another faint voice outside my door, does. "What do I want?" "Oh!" I say, rather put out by having to go back to the commencement, "I rang for breakfast." "Had I ordered it?" was the next question. I considered. "No, I had not: at least, I had rung for the Chambermaid, and she had—" Getting confused at this point, I wound up with, as if by inspiration, "Order some eggs, please, and tea." The voice retired. I felt that this was not the breakfast I had intended, but I was scarcely prepared, on going into the Parlour, that did duty for a Coffee-room, to find no breakfast at all. I rang. "What did I want? Had I ordered it?" Ordered! Hadn't I ordered eggs and tea? The tea was ready—there were no eggs. No eggs! And this is the country! I had always thought that—"Will I have anything besides tea?"

Somehow or another, probably through being bothered by such an absurd question about breakfast, I can't think of any answer except "Coffee." Suddenly rousing myself, I say, "Bread, of course,"—and, as an after-thought, "Butter."

When she has gone out of the room, Ham flashes across my mind. I ring boldly, and ask what she has to say to Ham. Broiled Ham? Yes, that's it. And there's a cold pie. Oh! pie, by all means; and, while that's preparing, I'll go out and bathe.

I may go out, but I mayn't bathe. The Machine ain't down on Sunday. I can bathe without a Machine. The Landlady, who is passing through the passage, hears this remark, and stops to say it's dangerous.

"Why?" I ask. "I can swim."

"It's not swimming," she returns: "it's the boys."

I fancied she meant *buoys*, and said they could be avoided.

"The boys that drives donkeys in the season. They've got nothing to do, the young limbs!" she explains. "They think it's a game running off with clothes they see lying on the shore."

"A game! Do they? Oh, thank you! Then I shall not bathe."

Breakfast! Excellent ham! Beautiful pie! Lovely day! View of the sea from parlour charming! I will smoke a cigar outside. This is delightful!

(To be continued.)

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.

I LOVE thee for thy *chignon*, for the hoos of purchased hair,
Which thou hast on thine occiput the charming taste to wear.
Oh, what a grace that ornament unto thy poll doth lend,
Wound on what seems a curtain-rod with knobs at either end!

I love thee for the roses, purchased too, thy cheeks that deck,
The lilies likewise that adorn thy pearly-powdered neck,
And all that sweet "*illusion*" that, o'er thy features spread,
Improves the poor reality of Nature's white and red.

I love thee for the muslin and the gauze about thee bound,
Like endive that in salad doth a lobster's tail surround,
And oh! I love thee for the boots thine ankles that protect,
So proper to the manly style young ladies now affect.

I love thee for thy figure not; there may, for aught I see,
The clothes-frame of a draper's shop inside all that dress be.
I do not love thee for thy face, do but thy surface know,
The picture 'tis I value, not the canvas hid below.

I love thee for thine emptiness, thy vanity, and pride;
But, oh! too lovely, far too dear, art thou to be my bride.
So dear a wife as thou wouldst prove, to marry thee, alas!
How very rich I ought to be, and should be—what an ass!

Indignation.

"CORPORAL punishment in the aristocratic schools?" said LORD BRIGHT. "Don't tell me that the democratic schools are not just as brutal. There's the Manchester School. I myself had the severest licking there I ever had in my life, and my young brother, JACOB, whom I sent there this half, with orders that he was not to be touched, has not only been soundly beaten, but expelled into the bargain. By BARCLAY's *Apology*, I'll—I'll—well, we shall see." And his Lordship went away, meditating a Public Schools Reform Bill.

SPORTING INFORMATION.

THE Lyndhurst Races were run the other day. The sport was unusually good. A thief carried off the cup.



MNEMONICS.

Swell (in the Club Smoking-room). "WAITAR, JUST GO DOWN-STAIRS, AND SEE IF I WASN'T WEADING A BOOK AT DINNAR!"

AMENDS TO SCOTLAND.

THAT gallant and energetic Volunteer, LORD ELCHO, had to rush from Wimbledon to defend a Scotch seat, to which, in the circumstances, Scotsmen might have elected him without taking him away from the scene of his services to the national cause. But we can hardly regret the incident, as it enabled the Volunteer to display his exceeding self-possession and good temper. To appreciate these, people should know what a low Scotch mob is. It is perhaps the most ill-conditioned and spiteful gathering in the world. It is too stupid to understand fun, but, on the other hand, Calvinistic associations have made it familiar with the most awful denunciations, and these are poured out in sulphureous gales. When not under the eye of authority, it resorts to savage force. With such a mob had LORD ELCHO to contend. It yelled, howled, anathematised, and refused to hear him return thanks to the respectable electors who had placed him at the head of the poll. But he stood firm, as a rifleman should stand, laughed when the assembly was most brutal, asked whether he should smoke or speak, declaring that he was quite ready to do either, according to the taste of the meeting, and when he had done, he good-humouredly offered the mob the pipe of peace in the shape of the contents of his cigar-case. But there is none of the easily conciliated character of an English crowd about a Scotch mob, and while picking up and pocketing the costly tobacco, they cried that they were insulted, and one cigar (it must have been a damaged one), was actually hurled back at the donor, with language hot enough to light it. But our Volunteer only laughed, and came back to Wimbledon. *Mr. Punch* notices the business, to make up to Scotland for her losing, by a neck only—or rather by a nostril—the International Shield.

Oxford's last Triumph.

PROUD Oxford claims another prize,
And cheers salute her hardy crew,
Making us mournful moralise,
Her laurels look so much like rue.
How party zeal 'gainst judgment pulls
Leaving her adversary aft,
With strength of SAMSON in her skulls,
And woman's weakness in her craft.

CONSERVATIVE VEAL CUTLETS.

MR. DU WALKING STICK—no no, MR. DU CANE, said some very amusing things the other day at Braintree, to the electors of North Essex. In the first place, after having made some observations of no consequence, he remarked, with reason enough that:—

"Any one who said he was ready to support LORD PALMERSTON must be prepared to support MR. GLADSTONE also."

And then he proceeded to characterise the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER as:—

"MR. GLADSTONE, the future destroyer of the Irish Church, the future proposer of universal suffrage, and the future introducer of Republicanism. (*Cheers, Oh! Oh! and uproar.*)"

MR. DU CANE's audience took all this seriously. He should repeat it at his Club, where of course it would create a good laugh.

The honourable and facetious gentleman continued:—

"When MR. GLADSTONE first came into office, six years since, he put on a most enormous mass of taxation, which he had been for years giving back to the country in little dribbets."

That is to say, MR. GLADSTONE had to pay the bills incurred by his predecessors, the Conservatives, put on taxes to pay the bills, and, having paid them, proceeded as fast as he could to reduce taxation. This is a droll way of disparaging a political opponent's finance.

Having repeated in detail the charge against the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, which he had stated as above in general terms, MR. DU CANE went on to say:—

"A word about the manly, spirited foreign policy of the Government. When LORD DERBY left office the policy of England was respected in every European Cabinet, and the name of England was honoured on the Continent. But now that we had betrayed Poland and ruined Denmark, the foreign policy of England was laughed at, and treated with scorn in every European Cabinet, ay, and not merely in every European Cabinet, but among those semi-barbarous nations which LORD PALMERSTON delighted in worrying."

According to MR. DU CANE, a man who, being on one side of a river, which he cannot cross, and seeing a gang of ruffians robbing and

murdering a traveller, contents himself with crying, "Thieves!" and "Murder!" as loud as he can bawl, betrays and ruins the traveller. And two opposite lines of policy, pursued towards foreign nations, have had the same result, that of being laughed at; as the foregoing quotation will probably be, and that which follows actually was even by those who heard it:—

"Thus, the Maories of New Zealand murdered our missionaries and settlers, the KING OF ASHANTEE laughed at our soldiers, and the KING OF ABYSSINIA imprisoned our consul, and he (MR. DU CANE) believed that he had long since eaten him at a State banquet. (*Laughter.*)"

Now they who were the hearers of MR. DU CANE are themselves a tribe of the natives of England vulgarly denominated Essex calves. *Punch* does not call them so, oh no! *Punch* never calls anybody opprobrious names. The free and independent electors of North Essex, and South Essex too, take *Punch* in, and he would not say anything disrespectful about them for the world. But what does MR. DU CANE take them for, if not for calves, and bull-calves of the most bovine intellect? What should a North Essex elector say to blatant MR. DU CANE? Should he not say to him, "You're another?" Should he not tell MR. DU CANE that if the KING OF ABYSSINIA were to eat him, the Majesty of Abyssinia would dine on undeniable veal?

ELECTION RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

It is right to leave no stone unturned to help your friends, but wrong to pull up the pavement and pelt your opponents.

It is right to take pains, but wrong to break windows.

It is right (if you like them) to be for sweeping measures, but wrong to throw soot at those who condemn them. At all events, if you must blacken a man's shirt-front, don't blacken his character, especially behind his back.

Volleys of applause are right, volleys of stones wrong.

It is right to lay down the law, but wrong to floor the police.

It is not right to bring forward "a regular stick," but decidedly wrong to bring out a regular bludgeon.

THE NEW BRIDGE.



HANKS, my LORD MAYOR," you are very good, said *Mr. Punch*, "but the fact is that I am so busy about this General Election, that I must decline all invitations. I am sure you can lay your first stone without me."

"Mechanically, yes," said the Mayor; "but morally, no."

"Indeed!" replied *Mr. Punch*. "Well, I should be sorry if the Mayor and Corporation did anything immoral. I will come to your coffer-dam. But I am bothered. Dizzy perplexes me. Day after day the Liberal majority grows larger and larger, and he keeps on declaring that this is exactly what he wants, in order to put DERBY and himself into office. This Asian Mystery is too much for me."

"Politics are an abstruse science," said the Mayor, prudently.

"Politics be—coffer-dammed," said *Mr. Punch*, smiling. "I am speaking of Divisions. What does he mean by saying that a loss of twenty votes increases the Conservative strength? I have it. He means that

every Tory Member is a man beside himself, and counts two."

"I dare say he does," said LORD MAYOR STORMES HALE. He is a very good arithmetician. "But the state coach is at the door."

"I prefer walking," said *Mr. Punch*. "Let my people see me."

The LORD MAYOR and the LORD PUNCH descended into Bride Court, and were speedily at the foot of the temporary bridge, which the latter nobleman considers a greater triumph of ingenuity than any architectural affair could be. Let posterity know that, like MR. GLADSTONE, Member for South Lancashire, a passenger saw three courses open to him, one straight and level, and one on either hand, high up in air. To-day all were kept rigorously clear, and the solitude in the midst of the myriads was sensational, and affecting. *Mr. Punch* yielded to the sentimental influence of the scene.

"I'll race your Lordship to the Dam—you take one side and I the other. Run you for a pint and a screw."

"I don't smoke," said the LORD MAYOR.

"Well, you are quite right," said *Mr. Punch*. "It interferes with the digestion, is unpleasant to the ladies, debilitates the faculties, spoils your taste for wine, and costs an awful deal of money. I shall give it up," he added, producing an embroidered cigar-case, and lighting a huge weed, slightly larger than a Swell's umbrella.

They mounted the ascent, and gazed upon the Railway Bridge on their left, and the snaggy ruins of MYLNE's structure on their right.

"Have you pens, ink, paper, a penny patent blotter, a folding-knife, and the other essentials for writing, anywhere about you, my Lord?" said *Mr. Punch*, pausing in the middle of the bridge.

"I fear not," said the LORD MAYOR.

"I regret it," said *Mr. Punch*, as I wished to dictate to you a sonnet which would have totally eclipsed WORDSWORTH's on Westminster Bridge. But let it pass—let it pass. My LORD MAYOR, this is an occasion for profound thought and meditation."

"Only," suggested the LORD MAYOR, "that we are waited for in the bed of the river."

"Let us be waited for—let them wait—let them be waiters," said *Mr. Punch*, slowly and abstractedly.

"As a beam o'er the face of the waiters may glow,
While the landlord sits scowling and cheating below,
So the face may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
While each dish is distasteful, along of your bile."

"Such thoughts will rise," pursued the poet, "though all the earth conceal them from men's eyes. Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow: Youth at the helm, and Pleasure at the prow. Behold St. Paul's, nor deem thy time misspent: look further, and behold the Monument. Far to the west, see the Victoria Tower: likewise the giant Clock that tells the hour. Those cloud-capt towers and gorgeous

palaces: in which are jewels, cups, and chalices; Must, like the baseless fabric of a dream, be one day blown away like smoke or steam, And the New Zealander——"

It is impossible to say how long the bard might have continued to pour forth his tide of song, but at this moment a hideous shriek from the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, and a rush of one of their trains along the iron way, made him inaudible. Somewhat angrily, he seized the LORD MAYOR's arm, and hurried with him to the Southwark end of the bridge, across the road, and into the entrance to the Great Dam. There they were most politely received by blue-gowned Municipals.

"How do you do, MR. BENNETT, and what's o'clock?" said *Mr. Punch*, affably, to the celebrated horologer.

"Your own time, which is always the right time, Sir," said MR. BENNETT, with equal politeness.

They dived, *Mr. Punch* and his conductor, like DANTE and VIRGIL, into the shades, and after descending about seven hundred feet, or more, and beholding nothing but vast beams, crossing one another, and covered with pink calico, they suddenly came upon a sort of picnic party at the bottom of the river. Elegantly-attired ladies sat smiling, and partaking of champagne and confectionery which were being handed about by the Fathers of the City. In the centre was a platform, with two radiant chairs, much gilt, and with real glass knobs between the brasswork. In front hung a huge stone, suspended by a chain over a sort of abyss, made cheerful with more pink calico. There was great growling and shouting up above in the air, and these sounds proceeded from persons in the upper galleries, who could neither see, nor hear, nor get anything to drink, and who were unreasonably angry. However, some Common Council-men handed them up some wine cards on the end of wands (just as you feed the bears in the Zoological pit), and the growling ceased.

"The LADY MAYORESS will take one of those chairs, and you, *Mr. Punch*, the other," said the LORD MAYOR.

Mr. Punch made one of his own exquisite bows to MISS HALE, who gracefully took the right hand seat, and then he violently shoved the MAYOR into the other chair.

"Do you think I have no respect for authorities," demanded *Mr. Punch*, indignantly.

Then everybody proceeded to lay the first stone of MR. CUBITT's bridge. What was done in the abyss, *Mr. Punch* does not pretend to know. Aldermen and others gathered in crowds round it, and nobody could see in except MR. CRAWFORD, M.P., who is eight feet high. *Mr. Punch* fell back and conversed with a pleasing ex-sheriff, a Rhadamanthine critic, a *flâneur*, a most genial reporter, a large editor, and an epicurean contributor, and a few bottles containing fluid of an effervescing character speedily ceased to contain the same. As ARTEMUS WARD says, each man got outside a good deal of liquor. At intervals, speaking was heard, occasionally an "h" fell heavily in aid of the foundations of the bridge, and the REVEREND DR. MORTIMER read out the Latin inscription bravely, and it was kind of him, when he came to the date of the day of the month "XX" to say, frankly, "Twenty," instead of putting in more Latin, of which the Aldermen had had enough. Finally, coins chinked, the chain was seen to move, and to descend, and then a shout announced that the money had been laid away in a savings bank whence it is not likely to be drawn for a few centuries, without some slight notice in the shape of an earthquake. Music broke out—and *God save the Queen* was played. The last time the air was given in the foundation of Blackfriars Bridge it was in honour of young GEORGE THE THIRD, whose reign was not a week old.

"And now," said the LORD MAYOR, emerging from the abyss, where he had trowelled the stone like a true mason, "What are we to call this bridge?"

"The old one was named Pitt Bridge, in honour of the terrible cornet of horse," said *Mr. Punch*; "but the people, though they adored him, would never call the bridge anything but Blackfriars. Best leave it so."

"He is, curiously, commemorated in our neighbour, the Railway Bridge—the CHATHAM line," said the Remembrancer.

"Well remembered," said *Mr. Punch*.

"Somebody suggests the name of SHAKSPEARE," said MR. CUBITT.

"That would not add one cubit to his stature," said *Mr. Punch*, "beautiful as your design, Sir, undoubtedly is."

"Then," said the LORD MAYOR, "the question is settled."

All bent to listen, and several persons who had crawled to various points on the beams above, fell down and disappeared in the chasms, whence they were recovered, cussing, at later dates.

"This will be the bridge nearest to 85, Fleet Street. It will be the Bridge over which *Mr. Punch* will go when, desiring relaxation, he seeks the ocean. It will be——"

A universal shout went up from the deep bowels of the river, and startled all London. One loud, decisive, Medo-Persic shout. It proclaimed that the new Bridge at Blackfriars should be called

PUNCH'S BRIDGE.

By which name mark its ruins in thy sketch-book, O Macaulian New Zealander!



THE POLITICIAN.

Waiter (indignantly). "HE'VE 'AD A CHOP AND A GLASS O' WATER, AND HE'S READ THE STAR, THE TIMES, AND THE STANDARD, GIVES ME A HALFPENNY, AND NOW HE WANTS YESTERDAY'S ADVERTISER!"

SHABBY IDEAS OF A SHERIFF.

ANYBODY who venerates the LORD MAYOR'S Show, and would not have it abolished on any account; who reverences a Beadle all the more for his uniform, and, in short, entertains a proper respect for all that sort of thing, will be shocked and scandalised above measure by a manifestation of the reverse of that feeling thus recorded in the *Times*:—

"MIDLAND CIRCUIT. DERBY, July 17th.

"Their Lordships attended Divine service yesterday at St. Mary's Church. The Spartan simplicity of the Sheriff's *cortège* was the subject of general remark. The learned Judges were conveyed to church in a brougham and pair that had evidently seen some service. No javelin men were in attendance, nor were even the customary trumpeters present. Such an utter absence of display has rarely, if ever, been witnessed before on this circuit."

The learned Judges conveyed to church in an old brougham and pair! Why, some Sheriff of ignoble ideas will next propose to have them taken there in a Hansom cab, or to drive them thither in a dog-cart, or—who knows?—perhaps to trundle them to church in a wheelbarrow! Their Lordships will possibly be seen in some places even walking to church. Not a javelin man, not even a trumpeter! How is this? Because, in these days of an efficient county police, an armed escort appears to be an absurdity, and, when it consists of beery old men, in an antiquated garb, and bearing useless weapons, is a sham? Because a flourish of trumpets is an unnecessary announcement of a Judge's advent? Perish the base utilitarian suggestion!

The Sheriff that wishes to behave as such, and glorify the Judges in the good old English spirit that appointed him to that end, should not only organise a body of javelin-men to guard their Lordships, but should have all those merry men attired in the uniform of Foresters, or some other equally splendid. He should have, to carry the Judges to church, a State Coach, gilt like ancient gingerbread, and emblazoned with coats of arms and all manner of colours. As for trumpeters, instead of stinting his homage to two or three, let him have as many as may be required for the performance of the most pompous music. The band (all dressed

HUNTING THE (SUMMER ASSIZES) HARE.

HOLD a Court of Oyer and Terminer,
Summer Assizes; all Nature is gay.
Judge and jury, attorney and barrister,
Set to, and at it the whole of the day.
There's High Sheriff in Court attire, Justice and Country
Squire,
Witnesses, waiting about, from afar,
Plaintiff, defendant, and turnkey attendant,
With gaoler, on prisoner placed at the bar.

Officer, call away "Silence!" and bawl away,
Making the noise all yourself, with much pains;
Court Crier, kiss the book says; there are yonder, look,
Constables, Catchpols, and Clerk of Arraigns.
Now then come on, from high treason to larceny,
Ready for anything, here, boys, are we;
Misdemeanour or capital felony:
All in our wigs and gowns, comic to see.

Nisi Prius is holden hard by us.
There civil Justice sits, poising her scales,
Pondering over your actions of trover,
And trespass for having got over the pales.
Loss of service, assault and battery,
For damages suit, of indictment instead.
Libel and slander, and Goose *versus* Gander,
Breach of promise young lady to wed.

Interpleader, replevin, and right of way,
Process by Crown, information *qui tam*;
Negligence, nuisance, ejectment, and warranty,
Blue bags how full of briefs counsel to cram!
There you in costs are cast, here the Judge gives, at last,
Donning the Black Cap, with frown full of awe,
Sentence of *Sus. per Coll.*, whence grace defend us all,
Hey for old Father Antic, the Law!

The Naked Truth.

THE part of *William*, in *Black Eyed Susan*, is certainly as unfeminine a part as can well be imagined, and therefore there may be some technical fitness in the cast which has received the latest puff. But the Manager says,

"She is the only Lady who ever attempted this arduous part."

Some mistake here. The character has never yet been attempted by a Lady.

like beef-eaters) might be accompanied by a troop of dancers. There can be no doubt that the cheers of the populace would express the sentiments with which they regarded the pageant thus constituted, and a large following of little boys would assuredly attest its influence on the youthful mind. In the meanwhile, the wise that sit in the clouds and mock some people, would smile approvingly.

A NEW TRICK UPON TRAVELLERS.

AFTER the scorchingly-hot weather we have had, it is really quite refreshing to meet with anything so cool as the following advertisement:—

TO LADIES desirous of a THREE MONTHS' TOUR on the CONTINENT.—A lady and gentleman, middle-aged, intending to travel through the Tyrol, the North of Italy, and the Pyrenees, wish to meet with another LADY, as company, who would pay her own expenses and partially those of the gentleman, who is experienced in economical travelling.

"Experienced in economical travelling!" Well yes, rather so, we fancy, if it has been his practice to travel about "partially" at the cost of other people, as his offer seems to show. We wonder what percentage of expense he means by that word "partially;" for the term is so elastic, that perhaps it may embrace eleven-twelfths of what he spends. We should recommend the lady, who elects to travel in company with this experienced economist, to have this point distinctly settled before starting; for even the society of a middle-aged couple, however economical they may be in their journeys, may be purchased at a price which may turn out rather dear.

APROPOS DE L'AFRICAIN.

WHY does *Selica* remind you of a doorway? Because she is an egress.

A GREAT ELECTION POWER.—Power of Attorney.



HORRIBLE SUSPICION.

Old Gentleman. "OH, WAITER, WHY IS IT THAT A DINNER OFF THE JOINT IS FIVE SHILLINGS, BUT IF YOU ONLY HAVE MADE DISHES AND SOUP, IT'S TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE?"

Waiter. "THAT, SIR, IS ON ACCOUNT OF THE VERY HIGH PRICE OF BUTCHERS' MEAT JUST NOW, SIR."

THERE AND BACK FOR THREE-AND-SIX.

A PRIVATE EXCURSION.—(CONTINUED AND CONCLUDED.)

10 o'clock.—I shall soon hear the sweet church-bells. I will attend the service. The Landlord says I shan't hear any church-bells, because there isn't a church. Not within four miles. Oh! then I will go down to the beach, and think. If the Landlady has got a book she can lend me, I will be much obliged. After some search, she produces, with an apology for not finding a more modern work, a volume of miscellaneous poems called the *Adieu*, dated 1833.

10.15.—The sound of wheels. Visitors, eh? The Landlord says, "Oh, yes. People from Stanton on Sunday."

"Where are they going to?" I asked. "Oh, they're coming here." "To stay?" "Till about five o'clock, or later. They dine here."

"Here are some people walking up the road to your gate."

"Oh, they're Slawford folks," says the Landlord, as if you could see *them* any day of the week.

There was a *table-d'hôte* at one, the Landlord told me. Would I join it?

What, with the Stanton people, and folks from Slawford? No, thank you. Slawford and Stanton must have emptied themselves to-day, for if the number of visitors to the Inn all came from those two places, "To them," said I, "I'll leave the Inn. For me the calm beach, and my book *Adieu*, date 1833, and my thoughts."

(What bad tobacco Slawford and Stanton is smoking!)

11 o'clock.—Beautiful day—calm sea. No one here. Slawford and Stanton didn't seem devotionally inclined, or they'd have been four miles away before now. They won't come down to the beach, though. I am right. Now for my *Adieu*. I open it at haphazard—"Lines on a Daisy." "Meek and modest little flower, Simplest offering of the hour, Blooming in obscurest shade" (here I try to arrange my hat, so as to protect myself from the sun, without giving it up to the wind.) "Meek and modest"—No, I read that before. Oh—"Shade"—"Or, the sunlit verdant glade, On the rock or"—here I begin to think. I am thinking. I am still thinking. Delicious sensation! I am still thinking. I think there's something approaching. Am too lazy to turn. Think it's a Slawford person, or

a Stanton, or—a—what's that? A growl—a low growl, and a sniff! Two enormous black dogs—water-dogs. Wild, perhaps! Fierce, certainly. I say "Poo' fellow, then," but I think I'd better keep perfectly still. They are sniffing and growling slightly. Thank goodness! a whistle summons them away.

Now, for my *Adieu* again. I've lost my place. No matter—I'll think. I am thinking.

I am aroused by something falling on the tip of my nose, which is just under the apex of the crown of my wideawake. Odd. Rain? No. I think what it can be. Another! It's a pebble! Two or three. I rise suddenly, and see little boys scurrying away over the beach. I shake my fist at them. Shouts of laughter, and a defiant waving of spades. Where are their nurses? Oh! these are the Young Limbs my Landlady spoke of. Villains!

I will go in, and get something to eat.

Slawford and Stanton are gorging, it being one o'clock, and the *table-d'hôte*. In consequence of this, no one attends to me. In despair, I order bread-and-cheese and a glass of ale. At intervals the maid brings a cloth, a spoon, salt, pepper, mustard, a knife, a fork, another spoon (does she think that I eat cheese with a spoon?), a wine-glass, then a tumbler. Things remain at this stage until I ring, when she recollects the bread. And on my again appealing to her, she produces the cheese, Slawford having made a pretty good hole in it, and, finally, the beer. This takes altogether one hour.

Why don't Slawford and Stanton go out and enjoy the fresh air?

I am not so calm and quiet as I had hoped to be. Pooh! I will go out and take a good walk over the sands, far away from Slawford, Stanton, wild dogs, and Young Limbs. This reminds me that I've left the *Adieu* on the beach. I search, but it has disappeared. Very annoying! Perhaps a keepsake of the Landlady's. Dear me! I will go for my walk.

Why don't Slawford and Stanton go out for a walk, instead of sitting indoors all day?

A delicious breeze springs up. This is bracing. It blows across the sands. I fancy it is blowing the sand up. I am sure it is. Gracious! quite a simoom! I turn *up* my coat collar and *down* the brim of my hat. If I turn back, I shall have it in my face. Never mind, after all it is not so bad as a storm of rain would be. (Perhaps this is the reason why Slawford and Stanton didn't come out.) In another half-hour the wind has gone down. Pleasant walking, now. I will walk out to that rocky point, and think.

Good gracious! Thunder and lightning! Hail! Ice-stones! I must keep on running. Dear me! what a long way I've come from the beach by the Inn. Perhaps *this* is the reason why Slawford and Stanton, knowing the signs of the weather, stayed indoors.

I see some other person on the beach. No—two donkeys belonging to a lot that the "Young Limbs" drive over the sands. Only donkeys could be out such a day as this on the sands.

On returning, I have to pass in front of three windows of the hotel, whereat are congregated the Slawford folk and the Stanton people, male and female. They jeer me as I pass. I mentally despise them. I wish I hadn't gone out.

I am wet literally to the skin, and having come down for this day only, have, improvidently, brought no change. The Landlord can't lend me anything, and I wouldn't have anything of Slawfords or Stantons as a gift. So I go to bed for the rest of the day, and when the blind has been mended, I have nothing to do but to watch the Pig. I don't like to ask for a book, having lost the *Adieu*, so I devote myself to the Eastern Counties Railway Time-table and the Pig. The Pig won't come out because of the rain, so I must put up with watching the Sty. I dine in bed, smoke in bed, and meditate on the Pig. When it is so dark that I can no longer see the Pig or the Railway Guide, I ring, to ask if my things are dry. The Chambermaid is of opinion that "they none of 'em won't be dry till to-morrow morning; and as for the boots, she don't think they'll ever do again."

Slawford and Stanton filled the place with the fumes of brandy and bad tobacco, and left late.

I awoke, with a headache, on Monday morning. My clothes were dry; so, having apologised for the loss of the *Adieu* (the good lady almost cried—it *was* a keepsake), I returned to Town, having for once and a way had enough of Fort Shingle.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER II.

Of the Phenomena of BRADSHAW—His integrity—An Irishman's testimony—BRADSHAW considered Politically—Ecclesiastically—Astronomically—Mystically—Musically—The Key.



N dealing with BRADSHAW according to the plan proposed, we will commence with the exterior of BRADSHAW.

The outside is Yellow, and the inside is Read. The name of the Month of Publication at once strikes the eye, and herein, in spite of all the temptations to falsify facts, is invariably shown BRADSHAW's characteristic regard for Truth. If it is June, he writes June; if July, July; if December he follows the same inflexible course.

Does this not speak volumes for such a man's integrity? It does, twelve volumes annually; not counting the Abridgments.

Again, the Price is Sixpence. He makes this pecuniary statement bluntly. He says it's Sixpence, not a penny more or less, and there's an end of it. No haggling, no bargaining, the lowest price mentioned and nothing under that will suit the Book of BRADSHAW. Isn't this honest? Who after this can entertain doubts of BRADSHAW?

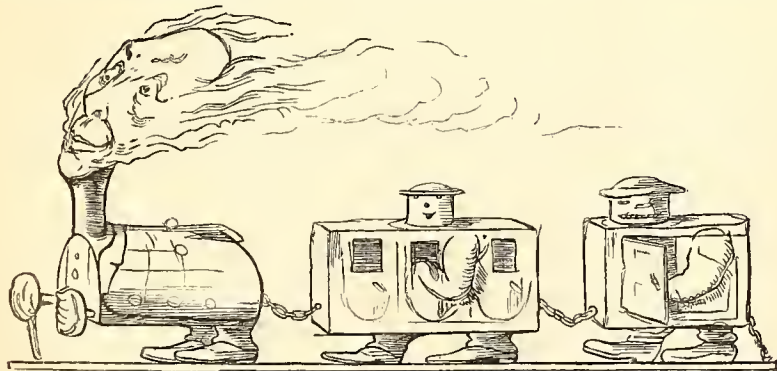
Twopence more, and down goes BRADSHAW into all parts of the Country by Post.

Who does not know the excitement occasioned by the arrival of a Box of Books in a Country House? Well, you've gone through them all, from the Sensation Novel down to the last Theological pamphlet, within a week. But in that time is BRADSHAW exhausted? You may have tired of your favourite poet in a fortnight; but how many of BRADSHAW's grandest lines remain unscanned? and as to those that you have perused, are they not fresh again at the beginning of the next month?

The urn is hissing on the table; in spite of such senseless opposition let us applaud; Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to propose a toast—I

see you are on the rack, it is . . . BRADSHAW for Ever!

An Irishman best described the Editor of this Book of Railways, when he spoke of him as "a *rare* gentleman."



Before getting at the Key, we will, while glancing at the front page of the cover, stop for a second to gather some notion of what is meant when we speak of BRADSHAW's Raillery. Observe then a notice that heads the page. "Look for Index, pages 1 to 15."

Look for it by all means; but that's quite another affair from *finding* it. Note, the sly but honest fellow doth not commit himself even in jest. In the first fifteen pages you may glean intelligence about a Rotary knife-cleaner, a Turkey carpet, or a Crystal sewing machine, but nothing about an Index.

Now that's one specimen of BRADSHAW's fun. What is the result? You must be the most crusty person and ill-bred into the bargain, if you don't enjoy a hearty laugh at the neat way in which you've been "done," and then set to work to discover the index in the place where Mr. Sam Weller fixed his abode, that is, "Varever you can."*

It has been left for the Astronomer Royal to make the profound observation, that BRADSHAW, like the Moon, changes once a month. But

* BRADSHAW may say that he never meant you to look in the Roman numerals which commence the book, and reach XXXII. "Oh, didn't you?" say we, ironically.

the book is under the Patronage of the QUEEN, the PRINCE OF WALES, the Royal Family, both Houses of Parliament, and *all* the Government offices; "Wherein," saith this Constant Reader of the Morning and Evening Star, "the book hath no little advantage over the Moon."

How often has the statement been read, and yet who has ever pondered on its significance!

What unbounded joy must the First of every month bring to Her Most Gracious Majesty, to H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES (why is the PRINCESS excluded?

—fie, BRADSHAW!), the Royal Family, and both Houses of Parliament, when The New Guide is laid damp from the Press upon the Breakfast table. This then is why the Church bells ring on the Commencement of every Month. Imagine the jubilation in both Houses of Parliament. LORD DERBY examining it for opportunities for classic metre. LORD HOUGHTON making all the Stations rhyme. EARL RUSSELL writing extracts from it, and sending it to his friends on the Continent.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, you may see, doing funny little sums, in addition and subtraction out of the Fares from Oxford to South Lancashire. MR. WHALLEY, in Peterborough, the Town of St. Peter, Anglican Rome in fact, will occupy himself in rapidly turning over its pages, lest perchance a Jesuit should lurk within them—and SIR ROBERT PEELE shouting out a playful alphabet to the effect that—

A. B. was A BRADSHAW;
C Cut it,
D Didn't,

and getting up to X, the Xpress, which would take him for a day's holiday into the Country.

For the Day of the Publication of BRADSHAW is a General Holiday omitted in the Calendar.

A century hence, perhaps, the Festival of BRADSHAW will be kept as that of St. Linus, or St. Railway Linus.

A GREAT GOOSEBERRY AT GRENOBLE.

It is sad to think of the spirit of incredulity in which the subjoined paragraph is headed by the *Times* as:—

"A DOUBTFUL STORY.—The *Courrier de l'Isere* relates the following extraordinary instance of determination which occurred three days since at Miribel Lanchâtre, in that department. A boy, twelve years of age, named DURAND, having climbed a tree to take a bird's nest built in a hole of the trunk, had just inserted his hand to reach it, when the branch on which he stood broke, and, being unable to withdraw his hand, he remained suspended by it. In this predicament, seeing no help near, he drew a pruning-knife from his pocket, and cut off his hand at the wrist. Having fallen at the foot of the tree without further injury, he walked home, whence, after a first dressing had been applied, he was conveyed to the hospital at Grenoble."

Given a very sharp boy, and an equally sharp knife, the feat which a boy of twelve is above stated to have performed on his own hand is possible enough. After having managed to cut off his own hand, severing the bones of the arm with a pruning knife, the little fellow may not have had much difficulty in falling to the bottom of the tree, from any height, without further injury. The story above related is not so wonderful as that of the Apparition of La Salette, which occurred not far from Grenoble. No reasonable person will be surprised to hear that, the boy's stump having been bathed in Salette water, he has got a new hand on it.

The Vulgar Tongue.

A FELLOW, charged with ill-treating his wife, wrote to the parish officers that for some time the poor woman—

"Had been in an uncongenial state, and of a reprehensible character."

We rejoice to say that the Magistrate gave him three months and hard labour, and we wish that it had been made six, as a reward for such villanous language.



L'AFRICAIN.



SHORT time ago your admirable Dramatic Critic, or one of your many admirable Dramatic Critics, gave us a lucid description of the plot of *L'Africaine*. The opera having been produced in nearly all its glory (it left some in Paris) it becomes my duty, in the place of your regular musical young man, who is out of town, at Felixstowe, I believe, or yachting in the offing, (where the sun never sets, or something poetical of that sort) to say a few words on the music, and a great deal can be written on that score.

The overture is beautiful. Unfortunately I got into a wrong stall, and being occupied in several altercations with the official, and in making visits to

other seats, from which I was ejected by the lawful owners, I lost the earlier part of this delicious composition, but it struck me that the delicate movement on the whatshisname, where they run up and down in the bass, is something to be heard over and over again with increasing pleasure.

There are some fine bits of recitative here and there. When I say here and there, I mean all through the Opera, which seems to me to consist chiefly of recitative and the old Irish melody *The Minstrel Boy*. The latter is disappointingly introduced, as no one ever sings the entire tune, but goes off into quite another air. The name of VASCO DE GAMA, it ought to have been VASCO DE GAMUT, goes capitally to the first notes of the Minstrel Boy.

VASCO DE GAMUT to the Wars has gone,
Tiddy um, &c., into something else.

The chorus of the Council, who emphatically repeat the two last lines of any speech that *Don Pedro* or the *Grand Inquisitor* may happen to make, is magnificent. The part that I should like to play is that of the *Grand Inquisitor*, if he might dance. HERR SCHMID should put just a little more life into his performance. The *adagio* movement for the violins, which serves as the accompaniment to something or other, whose name I couldn't note down, as I hadn't a pencil, is ravishing. HERR WACHTEL gave out his chest treble X, in a manner that seemed to surprise even SIGNOR COSTA, who looked round at his band, and said something, but what it was I was unable to catch. The sweet touching love song commencing

Al ribelli scagliani l'anatemà!

Was enchantingly rendered, and brought the curtain down with well-merited applause.

Between the Acts I went to look for my hat, which I had left under the first stall that I sat in on my entrance. It was some time before I could find the stall in consequence of people purposely concealing the numbers of the seats by leaning against the backs. Everybody grumbled at my looking for my own property, and I do believe that one or two cowardly fellows sily kicked my shins as I pushed my way along. If I could have been certain of this, I would have soon let them know who I was, and have told them that if they did it again I should give them in custody. However, I couldn't find my hat, and the search made me very warm. This necessitated lemonade iced. This necessitated a glass of brandy neat. This further necessitated sixpence to the waiter. This necessitated my borrowing that amount from a friend.

The Second Act had unfortunately commenced before I returned to my stall. I made another mistake in my row, and sat myself down by a lady, whose husband subsequently appeared, and wasn't pleased.

On the whole, the Second Act, from a musical point of view, scarcely

pleased me so much as the first. The *finale*, with its massive instrumentation and overpowering chorus is a monument of enduring art.*

Thinking that the Opera was over, I was about to leave the house, when somebody asked me if I was coming back, and informed me that there were three more Acts. So I returned and stood in the stall entrance, as, for the life of me, I could not make out where my seat had gone to.

The Mariner's Chorus that opens Act III. is beautifully conceived. The horns and brass instruments coming in with an effect that is astonishing. SIGNOR GRAZIANI's wild song and wilder laugh, struck me as being set to an accompaniment that was in itself a mastery over the greatest of all difficulties to a musician, the *arpeggio percolato*,† to speak technically.

In the Fourth Act the trombones and drums, with the occasional triangle, are produced with immense effect. The celebrated duet was charmingly rendered by *Vasco* and *Selika*, while I was having a Neapolitan ice in the saloon. Of course the great point in *L'Africaine* is that all the instruments play in unison from beginning to end of the piece, a striking novelty introduced by the composer, which seemed to me to make no sort of difference between this and any other Opera. Perhaps I am wrong.

I couldn't stay for Act V., as the ice I had taken brought on such an intense thirst as could only be allayed by a visit to the Club. Taking the thing as a whole, I think we may congratulate, whoever it is, on his success.

* A musical man said this to me, to my mind it was about as much like a monument as you are.

† This isn't the name.

SPAIN RECOGNISES ITALY.

(And the Pope sings.)

Non possumus, we can't—we can't believe it. Bosh *et* humbug *merum!* *Est omne noster oculus*, a hoax; *non potest esse verum*.

What! the Most Catholic QUEEN OF SPAIN the Realm of Italy acknowledge?

Ite, tell that to the Marines—don't tell us and the Sacred College.

In oculo nostro aliquid viride, tu, mi fili, vides?

Eh? What? A fact, and no mistake! *Heu pietas*, *heu prisca fides!*

Nefandum! Spain herself to grant the Italian kingdom recognition!

Apostate Spain! degenerate land! once country of the Inquisition!

O'DONNELL, oh, that vagabond! *anathema esto* that base fellow!

Sad blow, this, from the sceptre borne by FERDINAND and ISABELLA!

QUEEN ISABELLA, number Two, that rulest now the Spanish nation,

Oh, how on my paternal heart couldst thou inflict this laceration?

I deemed I might depend on her, my own devoted child I thought her. My Eldest Son has played me false; more false has proved my Eldest Daughter.

Alas! I fondly did believe and trust that she at least would rather Resign her Crown than recognise the spoiler of her HOLY FATHER.

Undutiful to their Papa, and reckless of paternal fury,

My Eldest Son and Daughter too, are they *de facto* or *de jure*?

The Holy See did recognise both French and Spanish revolution,

And now, the heretics affirm, is only reaping retribution.

But *surgite carnifices*, arise priest, bishop, and confessor,

Deny the sacred rites, try on the excommunication lesser:

The greater shall be my last shot. *Vae pravis animis eorum!*

Eant ad Orcum et Erebum in omnia secula seculorum!

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

WONDERS will never cease. See this scrap of naval news from the *Times* the other morning:—

"The following naval officers studying at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, have taken steam-certificates at the quarterly examinations of the present month." [Here follow the officers.]

Steam-certificates! Well, we have heard of a steam-arm, and we have seen steam-hammers and steam-rammers and steam-guns, but we never before heard of there being steam-certificates. What sort of things are they, we wonder, and in what way are they used? And we wonder if the men who are successful in obtaining them will quarrel with us much, if we speak of their success as a mere *succès de steam!*

Seaside Amusements in Town.

THE *Serf* at the Olympic and the *Shingle* at the Adelphi. Unfortunately just now there is no *Strand*, it having gone, coastwards, as far as Liverpool.



SARAH THE HOUSEMAID,

WHO IS VERY FOND OF PLAYING PRACTICAL JOKES ON JEAMES, HAS MADE A MISTAKE ON THIS OCCASION !

NEPTUNE TO THE MERMAIDS.

(*Apropos of the Atlantic Telegraph.*)

AVAST, there, nor swing on that cable,
You mischievous maidens, avast !
And I'll tell you as well as I'm able,
Why that rope in the sea hath been cast.

'Tis a link of electric connection
Between the New World and the Old ;
'Twill strengthen each tie of affection,
Give each nation on each firmer hold.

Small fear of their fuming or fighting,
While they join hands thus under the sea ;
While an instant will serve for the righting
Of any wrong heads that may be.

All the close ties of commerce 'twill tighten,
To enterprise lend a sure aid :
Many burdens on industry lighten,
And help to make freer Free Trade.

Every spark that is flashed thro' that cable
Of friendship will light a new flame,
Nor a day pass but each land be able
Of union fresh proof to proclaim.

Doubt, distrust, envy, hatred, and malice,
All will vanish ; peace, goodwill, appear ;
So avast, there, you POLLY and ALICE,
And mind that 'ere cable's kept clear !

OPERATIC.

ILMA DE MURSKA's singing in *Linda di Chamounix* has well earned for her the title of a second *Jenny Linda di Chamounix*.

A GEM.

WE are not in the habit of quoting verse, as we keep our own poets. But sometimes we see a gem that deserves re-setting. We submit, without note or comment, something of the kind which we have just noticed in a West of England journal. We reproduce the composition, because we imagine that it must be the very worst poetry ever written by anybody upon any subject, and the Extreme, either way, deserves notice :—

" LINES,

" *Written on reading the Account of the melancholy fate of the Four Tourists who ascended the Matterhorn, otherwise named Mont Cervin, on the 14th instant.*

" Eager they climb'd Mont Cervin's virgin height,
Gazed o'er the boundless prospect with delight,
And proudly thought they stood where ne'er before
Had pilgrim gaz'd that wondrous prospect o'er.
Happy, they dreamed not of impending woe !
Roll'd headlong, soon, four thousand feet below !
Patrician youth, slain in their glory's morn !
Fated to leave their memory forlorn,
Twin'd with thy far-seen crest, O fatal Matterhorn !"

" *Bedford House, Weston-super-Mare.*"

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

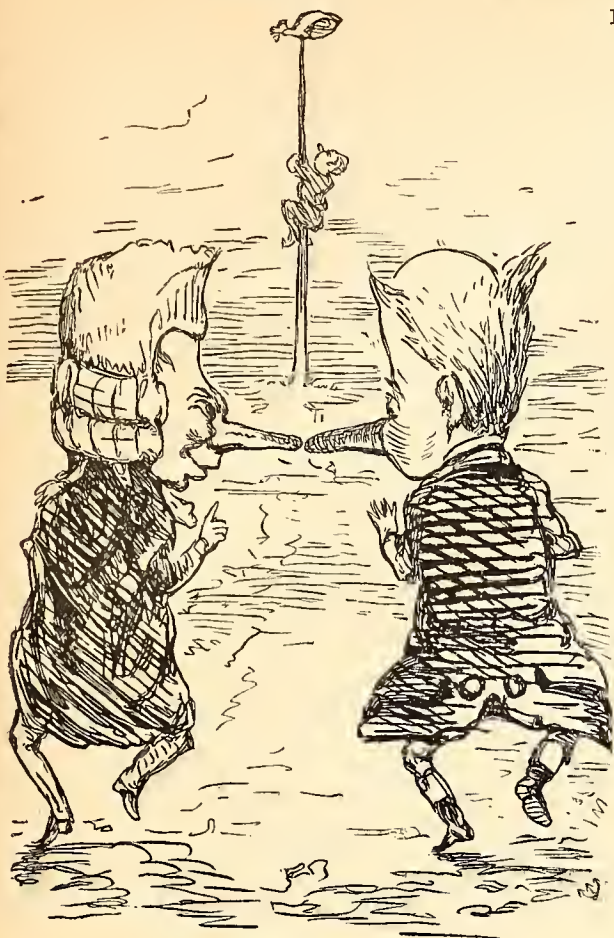
THREE grammes of hydrocyanic acid, added to twelve hectares of infusion of old boots, and mingled with twenty times that quantity of liquid manure, will, if applied to a field of onions, transform them into mangold wurzel. The salicylate of potash, dissolved in distilled water, and distributed with a hydropult, will produce a general exhilaration of spirits, similar to that which results from the inhalation of nitrous oxide. Broken bones may be united with Roman cement which has been mixed up with a solution of perchloride of iron. The caterpillar of the Death's Head Moth is converted into a chrysalis in a few hours by exposure to a highly ozonised atmosphere. The Robin Red-Breast (*Sylvia Rubecula*) and most other small birds may readily be captured by placing a small portion of chloride of sodium (common salt) on the tip of the tail.



A WORD TO THE MERMAIDS.

NEPTUNE. "AHO-O-O-O-OY, THERE! GET OFF O' THAT 'ERE CABLE, CAN'T YER—THAT'S THE WAY T'OTHER ONE WAS WRECKED!!!"

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.



ERE is a Report of two recent remarkable cases, in which the occasional advantages of Trial by Jury are exemplified.— (*Vide Daily Papers of the last fortnight.*)

CROWN COURT.

The first case on the lists taken to-day was that of one MUGGINS, charged with feloniously setting fire to a house.

In the course of the trial, the learned Judge pointed out to the Jury, that there was scarcely any evidence to connect the prisoner with the act.

MR. DOORY, for the prosecution, said that he had no more witnesses to examine.

MR. STRONG, for the prisoner, showed in a triumphant manner

the great improbability of the crime having been committed by the man upon whom it had been most unwarrantably and hastily charged.

The learned Judge summed up most favourably to the prisoner, and concluded by hinting that there would be scarcely any necessity for the Jury to quit the box in order to consider their verdict.

The Jury, after a short consultation, *Convicted* him.

He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

JOHN DORY was charged with burglary and feloniously cutting and wounding with intent, &c.

The learned Judge, from time to time, drew the attention of the Jury to the glaring discrepancies in the Prosecutor's evidence.

The chief witness, MARY SMITH, was subjected to a rigid cross-examination, in which she contradicted herself so grossly as to evoke a sharp warning from the Court.

JOSEPH DAWKINS was then examined. He knew the last witness well, and she could not be believed on oath. This statement was subsequently corroborated by several witnesses.

The Jury said their minds were made up.

The learned Judge said that of course they could but come to one conclusion, and he was glad that they had saved the time of the Court by their decision. Had they done so a little earlier, it would have been as well, for a charge brought against a fellow-creature on more frivolous unsubstantial grounds he had never heard. The foreman would formally give the verdict of acquittal and—

The Foreman of the Jury here stated that his Lordship was under a mistake. They were not agreed on an acquittal.

The Learned Judge then informed them that they must hear the Counsel for the Defence.

MR. SLY in a most powerful speech, insisted upon the prisoner's absolute innocence, and pointed to the utter failure of the prosecution to bring home the deed in any manner to his unfortunate client.

The learned Judge summed up at great length, dwelling upon the most minute portions of the evidence in detail, and explaining most lucidly whatever legal point might be supposed to affect the case. If, his Lordship said, in conclusion, it is the unquestionable duty of a Jury to give a prisoner the benefit of even the slightest shadow of a doubt as to the truth of the evidence brought against him, the obligation becomes imperative, when instead of a shadow, we have to deal with a substantial reality, with such a body of untrustworthy, suspicious testimony, as would not be individually or collectively sufficient to convict even a man whose reputation might be notoriously of the worst description, much less, as appears to me to be the case here, where the prisoner, until an accusation of this kind is brought against him, seems to have borne a character singularly irreproachable.

The Jury, however, found the prisoner *Guilty*.

The Learned Judge said he would take time to consider his sentence.

GENERAL WADE REDIVIVUS.

"Had you but seen these roads before they were made,
You would hold up your hands, and bless GENERAL WADE."

As no sane person ever goes out now (and as MR. PLANT says that the heat is going to increase, nobody is likely to go out), the condition of our thoroughfares is not one of immediate interest. But we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact, which indeed is set forth in the almanacks, that after August, September, and October, will come November, December, and January. During these latter months it is not impossible that rain may fall, and in that case London will once more become what Parochial wisdom leaves it—a sea of foul mud, which a handful of scavengers helplessly attempt, sometimes, to remove. For this fact, we hail with satisfaction the announcement that an Inverness gentleman, of the engineering persuasion, has got something to say to our Parochials.

MR. MITCHELL has had large experience, having to a great extent civilised the northern counties of Scotland by making roads therein. He has had to discover the means of road-making economically and rapidly. Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, takes pity upon London, the capital of Middlesex, and proposes to send MR. MITCHELL to deliver us from our slough of Parochial despond. We are truly and sincerely grateful. We read in the *Inverness Courier*, an oracle that never speaks in vain (your health in a dram at the Hotel, Drumna-drochit, respected Editor!) that the

"Wretched state to which the streets and thoroughfares of London are reduced in a wet day by mud and slush, suggested the possibility of adopting a material which, while it should be impervious to heat or wet, would retain sufficient resistance for the traffic brought upon it. MR. MITCHELL, therefore, contemplates constructing a road of a composition of broken stones, Roman and Portland cement, and sand, which will effect the required object, and form a complete road fit for traffic in twenty-four hours."

We can only say that if he effects his object, and gives London good thoroughfares, we will throw down, as by the earthquake of old was thrown, the old Colossus of Roads, MACADAM, and we will erect a statue to MR. MITCHELL, in Highland, or any other garb, or none, as he and his friends may desire. We will fight for him, in the meantime, against the Parochials, who, as SIR WILLIAM FRASER has shown, do their best to hinder all improvement. As we hope to see Vestries swept away, and responsibility vested in gentlemen, who shall be elected for their merits, and not for the sake of the jobbery they can do or sanction, we do not despair of seeing London elevated from a filthy marsh to the condition of a civilised town. We welcome the onset of this beneficent Highlander, whose cry is not "Claymore," but "No more clay."

GREEN AND GRAY.

HE's not what Fancy painted him, right reverend divine,
But of colour quite another, may that tint be never mine!
He threw, as prelate never threw, no end of cash away;
Oh, how green, how green a Bishop must be Cape Town's BISHOP GRAY.

He strove to squelch COLENSO, and he fought a losing fight,
Which Narrow Church did much dismay and Broad Church much delight.

Now Government he begs in vain his legal costs to pay;
Oh, how green, how green a Bishop is unlucky BISHOP GRAY!

Ah, what a sum of money to the dogs of law he cast!
The lawyers' bills have been sent in, and must be paid at last.
And while the shovel-hat goes round, the worldly wise will say,
Oh, how green, how green a Bishop was too zealous BISHOP GRAY!

The Prince of Wales in Cornwall.

WHEN the PRINCE OF WALES visited the Museum at Penzance, his Royal Highness had shown to him various specimens of the ore which constitutes the principal mineral produce of Cornwall. Winking at the Heir Apparent, a facetious bystander remarked that the Duchy of Cornwall was the richest in the world because it yielded no end of tin. "And here is some of it," said the generous Prince, presenting the utterer of a remark whose truth atoned for its antiquity with a thousand-pound note.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the last month of hot weather, a stout bachelor received, by a grace of the Senate, the highest honour that can be paid to a man here at this time of year: the degree of *eighty in the shade* was conferred upon him.

THE ITALIAN-SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

WHAT did Italy say when Spain recognised her? *Ulloa!*



THE FAREWELL SERMON.

Verger (in alarm, having been trying within to appear deeply affected but without success). "I SAY, DANIEL, GET US A HONION, THERE'S A GOOD FELLER, THEY'RE A TAKIN' ON HAWFUL INSIDE!!"

THE NAGGLETONS ON THE AFRICAINE.

SCENE—*The Breakfast Table.*

DATE (important)—Monday, 24th July, 1865.

Mr. Naggleton (who is reading the Times). I see that the *Africaire* went very well on Saturday night.

Mrs. Naggleton. I suppose that after thirty or forty performances the singers ought to know the music.

Mr. N. I dare say they will. Only as the season will be over this week, I don't see how they are to have all that practice.

Mrs. N. What are you talking about? It is more than two months since the Opera was produced.

Mr. N. In Paris, yes.

Mrs. N. (looking up with a terrible glance, and repeating, slowly). In Paris—yes. Be good enough to give me the paper for a moment. *(She takes it from his unresisting hand, and reads a few lines).* I see. I did not understand you. I could not for the moment believe it. I see. I might have expected it.

Mr. N. Expected what? That the Opera would come out? Well, you might; *MR. GYE* is in the habit of keeping his promises.

Mrs. N. (intensely). Yes, *MR. GYE* is.

Mr. N. What a tone! Is that meant as a crusher for the other house?

Mrs. N. You understand me, I have no doubt. Let us drop the subject.

Mr. N. The Irishman protested against being picked up before he had fallen down. I protest against dropping a subject before it has been picked up. I don't know what you are driving at.

Mrs. N. Your evasion is too contemptible. But you are the master of the house, and have a right to deny your family any amusement. We can only submit in silence.

Mr. N. I must quote the Irishman again, and say that pigs may fly, but they are very unlikely birds to do it. Submission in silence is one of your favourite habits, isn't it?

Mrs. N. Do you wish it? I have read somewhere that the slave's silence is the tyrant's danger.

Mr. N. You great idiot, don't talk such trash. I am a frightful tyrant *(furiously)*, I know, and you are a trampled slave. If you can't be rational, hold your tongue, and let me read the newspaper.

Mrs. N. It is a man's privilege to escape in a fit of violence, as I have read that some fish get away by making a cloud of mud.

Mr. N. (recovering). I compliment you on your zoology. The Gardens have set you studying. But now that the storm is over, will you be good enough to tell me what it was all about?

Mrs. N. (with a melancholy smile). If I could ever respect hypocrisy, it would be from its association with such perseverance. I am making no complaint, *HENRY*.

Mr. N. You always say that after giving me five-and-twenty minutes jobation. Well, you have no complaint, but only a grievance. What is it?

Mrs. N. Nor have I a grievance. But I think, as a mother—

Mr. N. (aside). Now for something pleasant. "Mother's" always the cue for malice.

Mrs. N. As a mother, I may be allowed to say that you should keep your word with the children, and not teach them to look upon your most sacred promises as idle words.

Mr. N. (aside). Said so. *(Aloud.)* Putting this and that together, *MARIA*, I gather that you accuse me of having made some promise about the new Opera.

Mrs. N. And of having broken it. That is all. But as I said, you are the master of the house, you have the purse, and our enjoyments are dependent on your will and pleasure. We have no right to murmur at your caprices.

Mr. N. (restraining himself). You are a sweet creature, and you have the gift of saying sweet things. But I begin to recalc something of the sort.

Mrs. N. I am glad of that.

Mr. N. Why should you be glad? If anybody has been disappointed I am sorry, but the whole business went out of my head. You should have reminded me.

Mrs. N. (with a laugh). O, thank you, no. I have had too much experience of the sort of reception any little hint of that kind meets. I am not always in a state to be scowled and stormed at.

Mr. N. (angrily). Tell me what I promised, and when.

Mrs. N. (submissively). It is really of no consequence, *HENRY*. What signifies the addition of one dull evening to so many?

Mr. N. May I ask you to answer me?

Mrs. N. It does seem so strange that you should have forgotten, but if you say that you have, of course I cannot disprove it.

Mr. N. (dangerously). I promised—*what?*

Mrs. N. You do not remember that wonderfully clever and sparkling thing in *Punch*—the plot of the *Africaire*, with the most extraordinary illustrations by that gifted artist *MR. DU MAURIER*? How odd! The children were enchanted with it, learned it by heart, and played it before *MR. SNOTCHLEY* and the *BALTIMORES*. It was a perfect success.

Mr. N. I was not present.

Mrs. N. Well then, perfect with that drawback. But I mentioned it to you, and you immediately said that they should see the real Opera when it should come out. I admit that I was rather surprised at such a liberal promise, but once made, should it not have been kept?

Mr. N. It went out of my head, I tell you, and you ought to have reminded me.

Mrs. N. (only smiles deprecatingly).

Mr. N. Certainly you should all have gone. At least I would have tried to get a box, though on a first night of a new work by *MEYER-BEER*, boxes were no doubt at a premium. But the truth is that I forgot all about it.

Mrs. N. Quite natural that you should.

Mr. N. I understand you, *MARIA*. Perhaps, however, you may some day discover that on that very Saturday I remembered my children to a better end than taking them to a theatre. But I have long since ceased to make confidences where they are received without sympathy and gratitude.

Mrs. N. (humbly). I am very sorry, dear *HENRY*, that you should think us ungrateful. I am sure that we are much obliged to you for food and raiment, and all that you are so good as to give us.

Mr. N. (white). I believe that I am too severe in wishing the punishment of flogging inflicted on husbands of the lower class who are nagged into striking their wives. I myself, with all the advantages of education, habit, and self-command, find it difficult to abstain from using a very strong expression. However, that is over.

Mrs. N. I will take care to remember what I have escaped, *HENRY*, and avoid such risks. I would not have mentioned the Opera, if I had thought that reminding you of a promise to the little ones would have put you into such a rage. But *(smiling)*, if you are hot, your coffee is cold. Send your cup across. I see that the season is nearly over. I will keep the papers from the children, and they will perhaps forget all about it.

Mr. N. They shall do nothing of the kind, for the *Africaire* is played again to-morrow, and I will get a box.

Mrs. N. A single stall would be cheaper, dear, and you will hear as well, and see better.

Mr. N. A stall?

Mrs. N. For yourself. We are all going to *MR. SNOTCHLEY*'s, who has promised, after tea, to read *Rasselas* to us, and he reads so beauti-

fully (not theatrically, as you do), that I want the children to have the treat.

Mr. N. SNOTCHLEY and *Rasselas*, and they are to be kept from real enjoyment for that! I shall take them myself.

Mrs. N. Not, I trust, against their own consent as well as their mother's.

Mr. N. Do you want to make me believe that they would sooner go and sit in a stuck-up room, hearing an old frump drone over the dullest book in the world, than go to the theatre and see a fine show?

Mrs. N. If my superintendence of their education has been efficient, they would prefer foregoing an amusement to committing a rudeness. But I will ask them presently, and I will tell you their answer.

Mr. N. No, don't. I am aware of what it will be. Don't teach *them* hypocrisy. It's early days for that. What night are they not liable to be hored by SNOTCHLEY? The Opera is played on Thursday, and again on Saturday, which is the last night of the season.

Mrs. N. You refused to let me accept MRS. BALTIMORE's invitation for Thursday, because you said you were engaged at a business dinner.

Mr. N. I forget what I said in my desperation, when I was driven into a corner to avoid a man who gives South African wine.

Mrs. N. That seems fastidious in a man who likes Hungarian and Greek wines.

Mr. N. Just a woman's nonsensical talk. Because I don't like one novelty I mustn't like another. I wish I may never drink worse liquid than my Hymet, or my Erlauer. SNOTCHLEY himself praised them.

Mrs. N. He is a gentleman, and would not dispraise your wine at your own table.

Mr. N. But he would behind my back, you mean. I believe that.

Mrs. N. HENRY, a gentleman puts the best construction on language, until he is quite certain that a worse was intended. I mean that MR. SNOTCHLEY could not help speaking well of what you were giving him, and, I must say, were yourself praising, which was not in the best taste.

Mr. N. I beg your pardon. I shouldn't praise my own house, or my own furniture, or my own wife, or my own children.

Mrs. N. You never did the last two things. I acquit you there.

Mr. N. If I don't talk, I'm a beggar to think, like the Welshman's owl. But as I was going to say, wine is a sacred thing, and not subject to conventionalities. If a man gives me bad, I'll tell him it's bad, and *vice versa*, and if he is offended, he is not a man whom I desire to know in this world or any other. And I will speak about my own wine as frankly.

Mrs. N. As you scarcely ever give a party, it does not much matter.

Mr. N. We've had six or seven since Easter. And you always ask the same people, who sit in the same places, and tell the same stories. And after hearing SNOTCHLEY relate for the seventh time how his grandfather picked up GEORGE THE THIRD's walking-stick on Windsor Terrace, the fierce excitement of that narrative somewhat abates.

Mrs. N. I like old friends, and I do not expect you to like the tone of good society.

Mr. N. Your good society's tone is rather a monotone—which reminds me that we were talking of an opera. I will get the box for Thursday.

Mrs. N. Believing you truthful in saying that you were engaged, I arranged to take the children to the St. Winkle and St. Welk Schools, to hear a lecture by a missionary from the South Sea Islands.

Mr. N. Have they been so *very* naughty?

Mrs. N. Who, the islanders?

Mr. N. No, the children.

Mrs. N. What do you mean?

Mr. N. Two severe punishments in one week, *Rasselas*, and a missionary! I am sorry they are growing up so demoralised.

Mrs. N. I can joke on any subject but the moral characters of my children. I do not mind being sneered at for my attempts to improve them.

Mr. N. *Rasselas* was dull enough, but the author was honest and the English is highly superior, but a fat missionary with a pack of cant about savages whom he perhaps never saw, or perhaps sold rum to, is really not a party to come between the children and the Opera.

Mrs. N. They heard you say you were engaged.

Mr. N. Then I shall say that my engagement is off.

Mrs. N. Two falsehoods—the first to your friend, the second to your children.

Mr. N. I like that from you, who told MRS. SILVERDALE that we were going out of town on Monday.

Mrs. N. That is just what I expected. A wife struggles to save her husband's credit, and her excuses are dashed in her face.

Mr. N. My credit! What next?

Mrs. N. Every person will have left town next week, except those who are detained by pecuniary difficulties. I dare not ask whether this is your case, because any reference to such things draws on me a storm of insult, but I did not desire that the SILVERDALES should suspect it.

Mr. N. (*conscious of a good balance*). Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! You should have lived in the days of the CHEVALIER D'EON, my dear. I am sure you would have beaten him when he was a fencing-mistress.

Mrs. N. (*mollified*). There is what my late uncle used to call a metallic ring in that laugh, HENRY, which does not speak badly for the children's future.

Mr. N. (*pretending not to be pleased*). That is neither here nor there. But that phrase was rather neat in the late lamented acc—

Mrs. N. HENRY!

Mr. N. Accelerator of existence. By the way, did you notice that the excellent LOCOCK is not elected for the Isle of Wight? That eminent *accoucheur* yields to a believer in the Immaculate Conception.

Mrs. N. If you can introduce an insult to my family, I am sure of hearing it.

Mr. N. Where's the insult? I can't say I respect your uncle's memory, because it was so bad that he forgot to leave you anything—

Mrs. N. Club jokes are very flat by daylight.

Mr. N. Yes, daylight has its disadvantages for old jokes and old—(*sees the chastening eye*)—old clothes. Talking whereof, we'll go and hear the grand old Jew on Thursday.

Mrs. N. I have already mentioned our engagement.

Mr. N. Then, for the last time, what do you say to Saturday?

Mrs. N. I object to going out on Saturday nights. It is usually impossible to reach this door before twelve o'clock, and then it is Sunday.

Mr. N. Riding in a carriage is not wrong on Sunday, is it? You did not say so when we were going to the Star and Garter yesterday.

Mrs. N. The Star and Garter is not a theatre, so your sophistical argument entirely falls to the ground.

Mr. N. Then we'll leave it there, and now that the subject has been discussed, we'll drop it. You will make the children understand that you and not I have prevented their seeing the *Africaine*, and that *Rasselas*, Fat Missionary, and Cant stop the way. I will tell you on Wednesday what I think of the Opera.

Mrs. N. You don't mean to say that you would go by yourself?

Mr. N. You advised it just now, and your advice is good. I mean to take it.

Mrs. N. No, take a box for Thursday, you cross old thing.

Mr. N. And the Fat Missionary?

Mrs. N. Well, if you think there is any doubt about his having been to the South Seas, we might be encouraging humbug.

Mr. N. And that should never be encouraged, Madam.

[*Winks, and exit, and they all heard L'Africaine, and rave about LUCCA.*]

MEMORY AND MUSIC.

EVERYBODY having any music in his soul is now talking of the beauties of MEYERBEER's *L'Africaine*, an opera which *Mr. Punch* so faithfully described on the Twentieth of May, that his readers are quite competent to chat about its charms.

What connection there can be between MR. JOHN PARRY and the opera of *L'Africaine*, we leave people who like puzzles to endeavour to find out. It may assist them in their effort to go and pay a visit to the Gallery of Illustration, where MR. PARRY has been brushing up his memory a bit, and, having found some funny things in it, is now making a note—indeed, a great many notes—of them. If only for the laughter they so pleasantly occasion, his "Recollections" certainly are well worth being treasured; and one envies him for having such a memory for drolleries, and still more for the skill wherewith he heightens their effect. The man who can help laughing when JOHN PARRY is singing, must have something amiss with his cachinnatory nerves. The bluest of blue devils are exorcised at the sight of him, and the lowest spirits raised to a comfortable pitch. To hear his wondrous overture, wherein he blends a hundred airs, so that you scarce know which is what, is enough to make a THALBERG split his gloves in clapping. And then to hear his recollection of the nervous tenor singer, who sang trippingly enough until a tin-tack tripped him up: or that of the young lady who flirted while she played; or of her who vainly practised singing with expression; or, better still, the recollection of a very little lady, performing her pet piece; or of the lachrymose young lady, without any ear for music, gravely playing *non più mesta* on a knocked-about piano, completely out of tune. To listen to such drolleries is enough to make a man laugh, even with the toothache, in addition to a tight boot pinching his pet corn.

The Power of the Pens.

BY A WESTMINSTER BOY.

HAIL! Potent staff of high thought-teeming Men,
A poll can be broken, or raised by a pen!
Shall not senators welcome a combatant calm,
Whose seat is secure 'neath the evergreen palm?
Who fought a fair fight, armed alone with a quill,
And won plaudits from all who love pluck in a MILL.

POST OFFICE—MINT PROSECUTION.

A JOCKEY has been recently charged with "forging a head."



BRILLIANT IDEA.

HOW WE HAD OURSELVES BLOWN UP THE RIVER, AS IT WAS A GREAT DEAL TOO HOT TO ROW.

HEROISM IN HIGH LIFE.

MY DEAR SNARLER,

WHEN we met last Monday you were grumbling and growling like a bear before his breakfast, because your wife had persuaded you to let her give a little party—just a score or so of people to play croquet for an hour or two, and finish with a dance. I endeavoured to console you by remarking that I thought you had been let off very easily, and that you should thank your lucky stars that you had not been asked to give a regular ball. And see here, my dear fellow, how much still further cause for consolation have you in the fact that you belong to Middle Class Society, and are not likely to be plagued with giving “small and early” parties of such magnitude as this, which was the other day reported in a fashionable paper:—

“VISCOUNT and VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON entertained a select party at dinner on Saturday evening at Cambridge House, Piccadilly. LADY PALMERSTON had a small and early party after dinner, which was of a private character. Only about a hundred of the principal families remaining in town attended.”

“Only about a hundred families” attended! Pretty well for a “small” party, you and I perhaps may think. I wonder how many of the members of each family were present; and, as the party was a “small” one, did any of the babies come? Just fancy, what a nuisance it would be to “entertain” them! And imagine what a labour it must be to poor LORD PALMERSTON to have to sit up entertaining scores and scores of people, when, if his comfort were consulted, he would snugly be in bed! Where, excepting in high life, can we find an Ancient Briton—I mean an elderly Englishman, who, as the poet does not say:—

“Who will sit up at night, unperturbed in his mind,
And to parties give up what for sleep is designed?”

Not many men of eighty would have the pluck to sacrifice in this way their night’s rest. How would you like, once a month or so, to have to ask a hundred families to come and spend an evening with you? And yet you are barely fifty, SNARLER—a mere boy beside LORD PALMERSTON; and you grumble at your wife for inviting once in six months

a score or so of friends. Go home, you peevish wretch, and smooth the frowns out of your forehead, and be thankful that you have no handle to your name. If you were VISCOUNT SNARLER, instead of twenty people only, you might this very evening have to entertain a hundred, and perhaps another hundred before the week were out.

Hoping, then, to see you more resigned to fate than you might otherwise have been, believe me yours in Spartan sympathy,

EPAMINONDAS JONES.

P.S. The Tory papers tell us that our PREMIER is thoroughly worn out, and has sadly little strength left in him. But one would think a man must needs be pretty strong to keep on entertaining people by the hundred.

CONSERVATIVE REACTION.

OF a truth, the Tory party has small reason to rejoice at the result of the elections. Ere Parliament was dissolved, they everywhere kept bragging of the votes that they would gain by the Conservative reaction which, they prophesied, would everywhere be notably apparent. But somehow their predictions have by no means been fulfilled, for the prophesied reaction has resulted in their losing above a score of votes. MR. DISRAELI, as it were, has been “hoist with his own petard,” or floored by the recoil of the weapon he had aimed. Conservative reaction has fairly knocked him over, while the Liberals are the stronger for what should have been the death of them. LORD PALMERSTON gains strength by going to the country, like as the Classic hero, whose name is known to schoolboys, acquired strength by falling on his mother earth.

A Senile Sally.

“WE hear,” said old MR. JOKELYN, “a great deal about paying out the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. Hey? Now, in paying out the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, the Atlantic Telegraph Company will have paid out a great deal of money; and when all that money has been paid out, let us hope the speculation will begin to pay money in.”



NO HERO TO HIS FOOTMAN.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT CAMBRIDGE HOUSE. SKETCHED FROM THE TOP OF A 'BUS.

Jeames (evidently saying to himself). "WELL, I'M PRECIOUS GLAD I AIN'T PRIME MINISTER!"

A REALLY LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.

ONE of the minor theatres is playing a nautical drama, and the play-bills announce that a Life-boat which is introduced, and certain signals and contrivances, have been "kindly lent by the Board of Trade." MR. MILNER GIBSON is one of the most amiable persons in the world, and no good-natured act that he could do would surprise us. But ought this sort of liberality to be confined to a single Department? If one Minister very properly regards it as his duty to aid in educating the people by the exhibition of something pertaining to his bureau, is another Minister to be less kind? MR. GIBSON assists this nautical drama. It is well. But suppose that MR. BUCKSTONE has in his desk, for next season, a high class comedy, to be called, *The Politician*. One scene is in a Government office. Ought not LORD RUSSELL to lend MR. BUCKSTONE a lot of swell clerks, with costumes and properties, charms, Skye terriers, French novels, and all complete, to give effect to that scene? MR. WEBSTER may have a screaming farce in rehearsal, founded on the late adroit robbery, and called *No Post Office Orders Admitted*. Should LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY be asked in vain to request MR. TILLEY to superintend the construction of a country post office for MR. TOOLE, and to supply leathern bags, sheets of stamps, and a mail cart? Or suppose that the Olympic should have a new and delightful character for that young and delightful actress, MISS TERRY, and should announce *The Ward in Chancery*. We can hardly expect LORD CRANWORTH, (exceedingly well though he looked, at the Academy Soirée,) to play the Chancellor, but he might certainly lend the Great Seal and mace, and his second best robes, and a civil usher, and perhaps HOGARTH'S picture during the long vacation. And there is one pleasant task for somebody. The late MR. T. P. COOKE'S prize for a sea drama is to be competed for. The victorious piece will probably be produced, and possibly succeed. What a delightful duty it will be for the author to go down to the Admiralty, and ask the DUKE OF SOMERSET for the loan of a captain's gig.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The Cabmen of London are to have their annual dinner during this month. The principal dish will be *Mogg* turtle, and the curious part of the entertainment will be, that each driver will be Satisfied with his fare.

PATERFAMILIAS ON THE PRICE OF MEAT.

My wife and children, we must eat ;
We can't reduce our diet.
But oh, the awful price of meat !
Who can afford to buy it ?
Alas, the good old days gone by !
I say, to their decrier,
Our venison then, indeed, was high,
But now our beef is higher.

You won't consent to try "charqui,"
Or any preparation,
Imported from beyond the sea,
Of flesh in preservation.
Have butcher's meat alone you will,
Heavy as he may weigh it,
The Bill, and nothing but the Bill
For you—and I must pay it !

The Bill, and nothing but the Bill,
My children, and their mother ?
Ah yes !—if that your wants will fill ;
The butcher's, and no other,
Except the grocer's bill, of course,
The milkman's, and the baker's ;
But spare me, with a moral force,
The draper's and dressmaker's.

Away, at least, indulgence cast
Of Vanity's poor passion,
And try to make your raiment last,
Without regard to Fashion.
Bestow less care on the outside,
Spend much less money on it,
And don't expect me to provide,
Each quarter that new bonnet.

See me ! Five years, and more, have flown
Since last this form was measured ;
Yet still these garments hold their own,
Through storm and sunshine treasured.
A mortal man must daily dine,
Stale clothes may still grow staler,
The butcher gains—the loss is thine,
My tailor, O my tailor !

Then be, my love and dears, content
With finery in reason,
Or we must keep a constant Lent,
And fast in every season :
In something we must pinch and pare
To make both ends just button.
The tarlatanes and glacés spare,
For love of beef and mutton.

A LADY ON FOREIGN WAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE always thought that foreigners have *no manners*, and though it may *suit* some persons to *live among them*, and fawn upon them, and praise them up, I stick to my belief, and it is strengthened *every day*.

In the papers it says that whenever the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has finished a sentence of his address to his nobility (*nice nobility !*) they all bawl out *Hoch !*

What should we say if at every stop in a speech by the QUEEN or the PRINCE OF WALES, our Parliament folk were to cry out for *Beer* ? Yet that is as much the national drink here as hock is of the Austrians.

Despising such *vulgarity*, of which none but *foreigners* could be guilty,

I am, Sir, your disgusted Servant,

Camden Town.

MARTHA GRUNDY.

Outbreak of Virtue.

THE Monthyon Prizes, for Virtue, have been adjudged. There are Twenty good women and Five good men in France. A farmer was told that he would be disappointed with Staffa, for there was not food for a dozen sheep on it. "I counted fourteen," he said, "and so I was agreeably disappointed." So is M. DUPIN.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

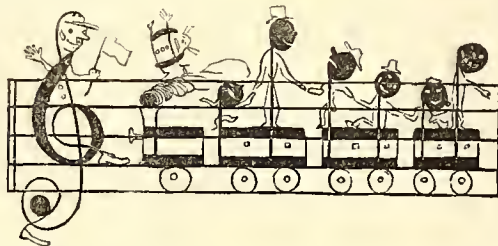


SOME mystics, failing in every endeavour to apply BRADSHAW practically, would have it to be an allegory, a modern *Pilgrim's Progress*; a guide to a Wandering CHRISTIAN, to be printed at the Press of one FAITHFULL. To which opinion we make the famous monosyllabic reply, uttered by the Turkish Sultan MAHOMMED HAFEZ, to ZULEMA the faithless favourite, "Bosh!" On which an intelligent eunuch filled up the cup of her misery with genuine Sack, and pitched her into the Bosh-phorus.

Talking of Sultans, reminds us of *Blue Beard*, the mention of *Blue Beard* recalls *Fatima*, and the name of *Fatima* brings us, by all that's blue, including Stockings and Horse Guards, to the Key.

Of course we mean the Key to BRADSHAW. This Key consists of a number of separate notes, each having its own value, and in it you will also find reference made to a Scale of charges. You will notice too that all the observations therein are perfectly natural, none of the jokes flat, and most of the remarks sharp.

1. "The first thirty-two pages," he informs us, "are advertisements." This is his gratuitous fun; the information is scarcely needed. We shall have a word or two to say on this subject by-and-by.



2. "The Map shows all the Railways open." He probably means all the carriages open. By the way, if BRADSHAW'S Key would only unlock the doors of the compartments, no Traveller ought to be without it. Note that.



THICK FIGURES REFERRING TO THE PAGE.

3. "The *Thick Figures* refer to the page on which the trains of the particular lines to which they are attached may be found." Don't bother yourself as to his precise meaning; you'll soon get accustomed to his quaint mode of expression.

Observe 'tis only the *Thick figures* who refer to the Page; so, whoever lays claim to ordinary sharpness will not trouble himself about this performance.

Note further, BRADSHAW'S caution: whatever is the subject of the above direction "*may be found*," not *will be found* in such and such a place.

If the Oracle at Delphi was not an ancestor of BRADSHAW, we're Dutchmen, and you ladies, if English, are Duchesses.

Then follows a jest about the Index, which he pretends is contained in BRADSHAW. But everyone knows that the Index is published in Rome, and by the way, perhaps, BRADSHAW figures in the List of expurgated Books; in which case the Index contained in BRADSHAW would be a "skit" upon the Papal Compilation, and herein is an example of his satiric vein.

4. *Contents*.—Under this head comes everyone who is pleased with BRADSHAW, and all the shareholders who are receiving handsome dividends.

Non-Contents are not mentioned; but we've an idea that it would include the QUEEN, the Royal Family, both Houses of Parliament, and all travellers who are so perfectly satisfied with the tender care bestowed

upon their safety, and the admirable precautions taken against the dangers of locomotion, by the Directors of the different Companies.



BRADSHAW BEING PLACED ON THE INDEX BY RAILWAY BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE.

The Male-Contents are always quiet and respectful in the presence of the Female-Contents of the Train, and to the latter every attention will be paid by the Followers of BRADSHAW.

5. *Time Tables*.—Herein BRADSHAW reveals. In treating, however, of the starting of Trains, he has omitted to propose any line of conduct to be adopted by passengers, whose Trains do not start for some time, or whose Trains have started without them, which comes to much the same thing. Of this, and divers other matters, we shall treat, by way, as we before said, of *Complement* to BRADSHAW. We shall have a word to say for Dinner-time Tables, Luncheon-time Tables, and what is most important *Refreshment-time* Tables. These will, it is most likely, have some connection with Mahogany, except on the Dover line, where we shall have to speak of Deal Time Tables.

6. *Fares*.—"In the occasional absence of these," says the wag, "an approximation may be obtained," &c. Here is all the fun of the Fares for you! But of course every one except the "*Thick Figures*" will see through the double meaning. The "*occasional absence of Fairs*" (read thus) can only occur in a *Male Train*. The "*approximation*" spoken of, is probably when you get out for a spoonful of hot soup, and a few minutes' brilliant conversation with the attendant Fairies of Swindon, Cambridge, Rugby, or Peterborough.

7. The sum of this note is that *Thick Lines* are not *Thin Lines*; that the former mean one thing, the latter another thing, and both nothing in particular. "That's the humour of it." The true meaning underlies this current of words, and what is the use of our Key to the Key if it does not assist the otherwise superficial observer? This is it:—Tourists who are going on *fishing excursions*, will use "*thick lines*" or "*thin lines*" according as their destination is the sea or the river.

8. *Indentions*.—"Those Stations which have an indention on the left hand are branches showing that travellers in going from London to Dover, do not pass through any of those places having indentions *except at the point of junction*." That is, you never pass through a place having indentions *except when you do*.

"To indent," signifies "To cut in the shape of teeth," and therefore "*indentions*" mean "*cuttings in the shape of teeth*." "To indent" is also a law term, from which is derived "*indentures*." Commentators are of opinion that here the *d* is a misprint for *t*, and that the note should have followed No. 6 on Fares or Fairs, where the question as to Intentions would have come in most appropriately. Such a literal mistake is rendered all the more probable by the fact that D stands for *dinner*, and therefore might without much difficulty have been mistaken for the next thing to it—a T. There is confessedly some obscurity in the text.

9. *Dark Lines*.—Those in embryo; those about whose arrangements there is some confusion; projected lines; and lines, like the Metropolitan Underground, or the Great Northern over ground, which, for several miles, journey through tunnels.

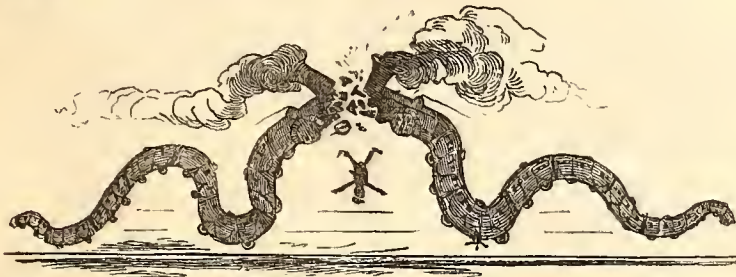
N.B. Travelling on an *over-ground* railway must be always very sharp work. Again, *under-ground* officials must be excused for their bluntness.

10. *Bold Figures* "*opposite Stations refer to other lines*," &c. Of course it does require some audacity to go to a Station that is in opposition to another Station, and refer the passengers to other lines. BRADSHAW would also include under the head of Bold Figures, that large body of men whose business it is to creep under the wheels with oil-cans, run about on the carriage tops, and so forth.

11. *Shunts*.—To shunt, is a verb derived from some Latin one, or rather from the Latin one, *sum*. When the Romans invaded Judæa, the ancient people gradually came to use the language of the conquerors, and, as is their custom, introduced the letter *h* after the initial, medial,

or final *s*. Thus, *sum*, *es*, *est*, became *shum*, *esh*, *esht*, and the plural *shumus*, *esh'tis*, *shunt*. This last, signifying a change, came gradually into modern use. Now, in this note we fall upon a grim jest, for which we cannot praise our otherwise estimable writer. He says:—"The Train leaving London at 6.50 A.M., runs only to Watford; but, by the train being shunted at this station *into the next train*, he (the traveller) is enabled to pursue his journey onward to Stafford or Liverpool." We have quoted *verbatim*. Gracious! here is a direction, taken perhaps from some manuscript work, some unpublished Chapter of Accidents. Here is "How to do it" with a vengeance! "*Shunt one train into the next train*," says BRADSHAW, quietly, "and the traveller is enabled to pursue his journey," &c. Aye! but how? On foot? And wou't an action, or several actions, for due compensation lie against the Company? Of course. Let us sincerely hope that in all future editions the blot upon the well-known humanity of BRADSHAW may be erased.

12. *Wave Lines* ~~~~~.—This is B.'s hieroglyphic, and here is our explanation.



Under this bead should also come

No. 14. *Wave Rules* ~~~~~ See BRADSHAW, p. 21, by which hieroglyphic BRADSHAW signifies that he is a loyal Englishman, and that Britons never, never, ne-ver sha-a-all be slaves.

13. *Dotted Lines*.—The epitbet alludes to their appearance from any elevated situation, as, for instance, from the top of St. Paul's, from a balloon, the Monument, Primrose Hill, or the Wellington Statue. From any of these positions the Railways appear mere dots, or, we may more correctly say, "mere specs"—and disastrous specs, too, sometimes.

15. *Branch Lines*.—To proceed from a Branch Line to a Station on the Main Line (this is the substance of BRADSHAW's note) *lying in an opposite direction* (italicised in Bradshaw), the following is all that is required:—

Example.—From Maidstone to Dover.



This is so simple that no explanation is needed.

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

SIR,

THE other day you allowed an idiot to state in your columns that reason and not faith ought to decide in questions of medical science. That is as much as to say, that medical science is founded on reason; whereas it is founded on experience.

Experience is the basis of homœopathy; as is plain from the fact, that homœopathy is rejected by all men of eminence in the medical profession, whilst it is supported by such men as the late ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, an eminent logician.

To demonstrate the efficiency of infinitesimal doses, I need only say that force is force whether in physis or physics. As an infinitesimal dose of physis will arrest acute inflammation, so an infinitesimal quantity of physical force, properly applied, will reduce a dislocation. I am ready to produce a hundred proofs of this assertion, on affidavit if necessary, and am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Hoaxham, August, 1865.

VERITAS.

TAXES MADE EASY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WILL you publish the following correspondence? It really seems to me that I get the best of it, and at all events, that there was no excuse for MR. GLADSTONE's asperity.

Yours, very sincerely,

MILDMAY DIDDLETON,
(Late of the Army).

Mr. Punch.

I.

MYSELF to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you upon your election for South Lancashire. It would have been a matter of much regret to me had a gentleman of your ability been excluded from the Senate.

I write, however, chiefly for another purpose. I have noticed for some years, and with great pleasure, that you are kind enough to receive Income-Tax, in the lump, at whatever time the payers like to send it, and that you politely acknowledge the same in the columns of the leading journal.

It is very disagreeable to me to be waited on, as at present, by a coarse-minded and conceited Collector, who is vulgarly peremptory. It is also inconvenient to me to pay the Income-Tax at all. Hereafter, when I shall have accumulated a fortune, I shall not object to contributing to the burdens of the State.

I have therefore to request your official concurrence in my present proposition. If you will kindly order the Collector for our district, (I enclose his card—I have a pack of them) to discontinue all applications to me, I will undertake, at my own time, to forward to yourself (or should you be Premier, as we all expect) to your successor, the entire sum which may then be due from me, under initials to be agreed upon between us. I assure you that my Conscience will prevent my neglecting my duty, or my tax, and that the State will be no loser.

In the hope of hearing from you, assentingly, and with the addition of congratulations on the election of your talented son at Chester,

I am, dear Sir, your obedient Servant,

MILDMAY DIDDLETON,
(Late of the Army).

Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone.

II.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to MYSELF.

SIR,—I do not know what business my election or my Son's is of yours; and as I am not Premier, but CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, it is my duty to say that I have more confidence in the immediate exertions of the Collector for your district than in your compliance, at some unassigned date, with the dictates of Conscience. He is instructed accordingly, and you have three courses before you—to pay, to abscond, or to be sold up. I respectfully recommend the first, and am

Sir, yours obediently,

Mr. M. Diddleton,
(Late of the Army).

W. E. GLADSTONE.

P.S. The House of Commons is not a Senate.

III.

MYSELF to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

SIR,—It is my duty as an Englishman, to inform Her Majesty's Government that I have adopted the second alternative, and I consider your letter as absolving me from all liability in respect of the Income and all other Taxes, present or future. When will rulers be wise?

Your obedient Servant,

Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

MILDMAY DIDDLETON,
(Late of the Army.)

Bad Taste in a Blaze.

CRINOLINE has been said to be going out, but it always was going out ever since its invention. It has kept going out till it attained those extreme dimensions which may be described as out-and-out. Doubtless it has gone out of fashion amongst real ladies, but it is still as much in vogue as ever with vulgar women. As far as they are concerned it has not gone out, except in those cases wherein it caught fire, and could not be put out. Then it has gone out leaving the wearer burnt more or less nearly to a cinder. Her remains, what quantity of them there was, have then been sat upon by a Coroner's Jury, that has commonly returned a verdict of Accidental Death by Fire; which is physically true, but morally incomplete. A better verdict in such a case would be, Accidental Death by Folly.

A QUESTION FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Is there any reason why a Vestryman who apes the public Orator in speaking may not be regarded as a sort of Harangue-Outang?



A COMPLAINT.

WIGGLES THINKS HE'LL CHANGE HIS CLUB. HE JOINED THE "REYNOLDS" BECAUSE HE LIKED THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS; BUT, CONFOUND IT! IT'S RATHER HARD A FELLOW CAN'T TAKE A WINK OF SLEEP AFTER DINNER, WITHOUT BEING POITED INTO A SCORE OF SKETCH-BOOKS.

MILLINERY AND MARRIAGE.

MY DEAR MRS. SMITH,

WE conversed the other evening, when we met at LADY CLAPPERTONGUE'S (it is as well to let folks know what genteel company one keeps), upon the sadly selfish lives which all unmarried men must lead, and the cruel heartless callousness wherewith they mostly view attempts to make them change their state. You told me of your efforts to unite a wretched bachelor to some fair young friend of yours, and how their only end had been to drive him frightened from your house: and I endeavoured to console you by remarking that such cases were by no means now infrequent, and afforded mournful proof of the depravity of man. I then proceeded to point out that the reluctance which so many young men feel to "getting spliced" (as they irreverently term it) arises mainly from a notion that a wife is a dear creature, in a sumptuary sense. And just as I was showing how extravagance in dress may foster this delusion, and how prone young girls are now-a-days to be costly in costume, my argument was cut short by a carving-knife which some fiend popped into my hand, with the request that I should sever a leg and liver wing. Conversation of course ceases when one has to cut up fowls, and, being silenced then by my study of anatomy, I must ask you now to read the following brief paragraph, which affords a proof of what I was proceeding to affirm:—

"A WARNING TO LADIES.—The *Publicité* of Marseilles announces a new kind of strike—that of bachelors. Not fewer than 6,000 young men, it states, of that place, between the age of 20 and 30, held a meeting in the open air a little way out of the town, and entered into an agreement not to ask any young woman in marriage until a complete change shall have been operated in the manner of living, and particularly in the dress, of the fairer sex. The young men insist on greater simplicity in every respect, and a return to the more modest habits of a century or two ago."

There now, my dear Madam. What do you say to that? Surely you will grant that there are fair grounds for my argument that the milliners are one cause of the rarity of marriages. A girl with an extensive wardrobe wants a house and furniture and company to match; and as young men mostly cannot afford these luxuries, they prefer remaining single to getting into debt. As to the "more modest habits

of a century or two ago," I doubt if reference be here intended to customs or costumes. It would be shocking to suppose that, even in Marseilles, young ladies are less modest in these enlightened days, than they were in the dark ages, before Crinoline came in. But if by "modesty" in raiment simplicity be meant, clearly modesty is not now the aim of the modistes.

Depend on it, dear Madam, if mothers would but make their daughters dress more simply, and would encourage them to be more homely in their habits, they would soon find young men willing to take them off their hands. Many ladies now seem to live only to be looked at, and to matters of the toilette give up more than half their time. Now, a pretty face and figure are both pleasant to inspect; but a man who wants a wife wants a helpmate and companion, and not merely an ornament to decorate his house. If girls thought as much of cookery as they do of their coiffure, and were more instructed in the dressing of a dinner, and devoted less attention to the dressing of themselves, the Registrar would soon record a marked increase of marriages, and hearts would supersede the suit of diamonds or clubs.

Believe me, my dear Madam, with a chivalrous devotion to all your charming sex, even those in Crinoline not being excepted,

PUNCH.

Colonial Carefulness.

PUNCH's eyes are at once on both hemispheres, although he need hardly remark that he does not squint. He reads a journal of the West called the *St. Christopher Gazette and Charribbean Courier*. In the last number he finds that St. Christopher had just received certain good news, and that it was thus promulgated:—

"Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES gave birth to an infant Prince (a boy) on the 3rd of June."

Quite right, St. Kitts. The Prince *is* a boy. Princes often are boys, until they grow up, and then they are men. Nothing like accuracy.



DIZZY'S ARITHMETIC.

PAM. "NOW, THEN, YOUNGSTER, YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE A CHALKING THAT WALL; AND IF YOU MUST DO A SUM, YOU MIGHT AS WELL DO IT RIGHT!"

MESSAGES FROM THE GREAT EASTERN.

(From our Special Correspondent.)



stick on board, as I might not have got back again. A reporter for the *Seven Dials Delineator* was found in a cask, with a bottle of gin, and a Dutch cheese, and I am told, for I could not witness the appalling sight, was keel-hauled, and the lines on the larboard side breaking, he never came up, and is supposed to have been eaten by one of our gigantic barnacles."

"Friday."

"It was not a kink, whatever that may be. A large piece of metal pipe ran into the cable, and immediately began letting off the electricity into the sea. The fizzing and turmoil could be distinctly witnessed, I am informed, from our masthead, and my friend the young officer says that the explosion was thought to be a water-spout. The pipe has been plugged, and we are again insulated. The most bitter reproaches are being sent us from Valentia, in the name of the British public, and the Captain says, that if it were not that he has a duty to do, he would put back to Valentia, and punch the public's head. I have advised him to be pacific, but he says that would be unseamanlike, as he is on the Atlantic. It is difficult to understand nautical etiquette."

"Saturday."

"All goes well. My friend the young officer says that messages constantly arrive from Ireland. We are instructed to take great care not to let our line become entangled with the Equinoctial line, he says, and there is now a meeting in an Irish gentleman's cabin to consider this important subject. Several bottles have been sent for, I presume, glass being a non-conductor, to try experiments. I have just seen the servant come out with some scraps of tin-foil, which I know is used in an electrical machine. As the door opened I caught the word 'bird's eye,' which is the view, I presume, on some chart they are consulting."

"Sunday."

"I am told by the chief mate to put my watch back an hour, as the day has decreased 63". Looking at the almanack, I see that it is so, but I do not remember that this correction was necessary on land. Although Sunday, the process of paying out goes on. A Scotchman on board grumbled that it was not right. Presently he remarked that he saw sharks, and that they evidently mistook our line for one with a bait. 'The stupid fish are sold,' he added. 'And it's lawful to sell fish on Sunday, you know,' said my Irish friend. The Scotchman was so shocked at the laugh that he retreated to his cabin and ordered whiskey. We had no sermon again to-day—the electricians say, and the Irish agree, that the monotony of a single voice, for a long period, has some disturbing effect on the electric current, which they cannot exactly explain."

"Monday."

"Accidentally saying to-day to my Irish friend that we seemed nothing in the vast ocean, and that a single wave might send us to the bottom, he told me to be comforted, for that there was no bottom.

"Thursday."

Y reason of an accident, my messages have been stopped for a week. The details were kept a profound secret, but it was given out that a kink had occurred. I have endeavoured in vain to ascertain what a kink is. My Irish friend begs me not to ask him, but refers me to the Irish melody called 'Brien the Brave.' Happily I have the book, but can only see a statement that the hero in question 'Returns to Kinkora no more.' I wait explanation. We have quite got away, and are paying out merrily. The scene at the laying the Shore end was, I am told, very remarkable, but there is such a disposition to turn everybody out of the ship, that I thought it best to

We are now on an unfathomable abyss. No doubt this is a gigantic vessel, but what if that awful monster, the Kraken, should be enraged at beholding the largest ship that has ever sailed the sea, and should rise at her? I do not believe that he is a fabulous creature. Nor, secretly, does my friend, and he has confessed to me that he is more comfortable than he should have been, had our ship continued to be called *Leviathan*. Recommended me to read HOBBS's work of that name, as containing the very latest zoological information. I have nothing to report to-day, except that I am told that the pressure of so much electrical matter on board renders our compasses utterly worthless, and that we steer by the stars. As there are none, I do not know how this is managed. My friend, the officer says that he saw an azimuth, but did not like to shoot it, remembering COLERIDGE's albatross."

"Tuesday."

"Hearing that there was another kink in the cable, I made a formal application to see it, as I had a right to do. The Captain assured me that as soon as it was taken out, it should be brought into my cabin for me to see. I retired thither accordingly, and late in the afternoon my Irish friend came in, followed by some sailors, who brought the kink in a tub of salt water. It is a singular creature, and seemed to me to resemble a gridiron as much as anything, its head representing the handle, but I could not look closely, for the men kept it as much as possible under a blanket, stating that too much light would be fatal. I do not wonder at its stopping the current of electricity. My friends said that they had seen larger ones, one, I think, is preserved among the curiosities at a London Club called the Steaks, and another was obtained, years ago, by the landlord of a waterside inn somewhere in the East of the Metropolis, and called Dolly's. I asked what would be done with it, and they said that very likely the sailors would put it on the fire for the benefit of their supper. This seemed cruel, but we have no such scruples in the case of lobsters and crabs. I am glad to have seen a kink, but I wish I could have sketched it. I am informed, however, that a work called COBBETT's *Register* has several drawings of the creature."

"Wednesday."

"A Deputation from the Company, the Electricians, and the Captain and crew waited upon me, introduced by my Irish friend. It was respectfully represented to me that the Telegraph was really a private affair, and not the public's, and that reporters had no more right on board than they had in my apartments in Lyndhurst Square, Peckham. My presence was stated to be most welcome, but I was requested, in the event of my beholding something which might appear to me to be very dreadful, not to describe it until my return to England. I remembered the unfortunate case of the *Seven Dials Delineator*, and gave the promise, desiring to see no barnacles except those of my aged grandmother at Peckham. I afterwards endeavoured to ascertain from my friends what might be in contemplation. One looked (as always) exceedingly grave. The other said, 'You saw that kink?' 'Yes, partially.' 'Ah!' 'What do you mean?' 'The Company will not take your word.' He left the cabin, groaning deeply, and repeating, 'O, for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!' I do not understand this, but if I never telegraph again, remember that I was doing my duty, and look after my respected grandmother."

VICTORY TO THE CLASSICS.

(A Holiday Hint.)

"SEE here, girls," said their brother TOM, home from school. "Twenty-nine pounds was given at a sale for a single hegg of the great Auk."

"You might say egg, TOM," said ETHEL.

"And you might say hawk, TOM," said ALICE.

"Eggs is eggs," said TOM, with an effort, "but it ain't a hawk."

"Eggs are eggs, TOM," said ETHEL.

"Ain't, vulgar for is not, TOM," said ALICE.

"Bother," said TOM. "You great stupids, I don't mean 'hawk, as in Horkney and Shetland Isles, North Sea, but auk as in awkward, like you."

"And that's what Papa pays five-and-twenty pounds a quarter for," said ETHEL.

"And just look at his nails, and his arms on the table," said ALICE.

"Shut up," said TOM. "Which of you can say fifty lines of HORACE?" (Begins at *Humano capiti cervicem*, and never stops until the girls have run out of the room.)

Fearful Sign.

"THERE are Thirty-Nine Dissenters in the New Parliament. There are Thirty-Nine Articles. This is clearly a conspiracy. Each schismatic is to destroy one article. While we have a NEWDEGATE, we will not utterly despair, but things never looked so bad for the Church."—*Record.*



SHAMELESS IMPUDENCE.

Fat Gent. "HALF PRICE HAS JUST COMMENCED, I BELIEVE?"

THE SURGEON TO HIS SWEETHEART.

ORGANISATION'S loveliest flower,
My own that system let me call,
The heart of this is in thy power,
Chordæ tendinæ, valves, and all.
The corneæ of those globes of sight,
Diaphanous as morning dew,
Give passage to the rays of light
Reflected from each iris blue.

Above those orbits mind is there,
Anterior lobe, os frontis full,
Beneath that scalp of raven hair
Mine eyes discern a perfect skull.
With smiles those muscles wreath that face,
Matched with the lily where the rose,
Just planted in its proper place,
Right o'er the buccinator glows.

Within the white and slender hand
Which that fair female subject owns,
How lax each ligamentous hand
That binds the metacarpal bones!
Those bones, compressed, that hand, in sport,
Will let her slip that bracelet through:
Just as the HUMBAGS DAVENPORT
(Who've sloped) the rope-trick used to do.

Oh, may that hand's palmaris be
Stretched close as possible to mine!
And may our sentiments agree
Whilst our phalanges intertwine.
Let then, to bind me to my bride,
With union ne'er to be undone,
The nuptial ligature be tied,
And Hymen's suture make us one.

Pleasant News.

THERE has been a Maiden Assize at Kilkenny, the celebrated place where the two cats ate one another, and nothing was left but the two tails. Here is the pretty old fable again, only happily it is no fable. The Cats are metamorphosed into Gentle Maidens. Let us hope that they will hear no mice, Protestant or Catholic.

THE INSTRUCTIVE DRAMA.

AN ENTIRELY NEW INVENTION.
(REGISTERED.)

PROLOGUE (*which explains the novelty*).

COMPLAINTS are made, by men reputed wise,
That plays are only shows to please the eyes,
Or that, at best, they only offer folks
The shallowest sentiments and oldest jokes.
The charge is partly just. VICTORIA'S age
Shall see a novel drama on the stage:
The characters shall blend, in every act,
Passion and fiction with some valued fact,
And each spectator, newly taught, shall say,
"I have derived instruction from the play."
Kind friends, to a propitious fate conduct
Our 'umble aim to charm and to instruct. [*Exit, smirking.*]

THE YACHT.

An Instructive Drama, in Five Acts.

SCENE—*The Isle of Wight.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Will appear as wanted.

TIME—Greenwich.

ACT I.

The End of Ryde Pier.

Lord Charles Chobham (discovered, in nautical attire, with telescope. He looks through it). No sign of the Portsmouth steamer that should bring my beloved HARRIET. O glass, glass, whose invention is commonly but erroneously attributed to the starry GALILEO—

Henry (his friend). Erroneously, CHARLES. Indeed?

Lord Charles. You here! 'Tis well. Yes, HENRY, and as my loved one comes not, it may while away an idle hour to improve the mind of my friend.

Henry. Ever the same disinterested CHARLES.

Lord Charles. Know, my HENRY, that the telescope is noticed by LEONARD DIGGES about 1571. ROGER BACON—

Henry. I have heard of him. He was LORD CHANCELLOR, and made bad statues in St. Paul's.

Lord Charles. Not so. But one thing at a time. Order is Heaven's first law. ROGER BACON described, yet never saw telescopes. They were made by METIUS, of Alkmaer, and JANSSEN of Middleburg, a quarter of a century before GALILEO.

Henry. How charming is divine philosophy! I should like to go further into the subject.

Lord Charles. You shall. But at present you must oblige me by going further from this spot, for here comes the steamer bearing her whom I love. [*Exit HENRY.*]

Enter the Portsmouth steamer.

The Honourable Harriet Heatherbell (lands, and passes *Lord Charles* without apparent notice, but drops a shrimp at his feet, and says in a low voice). Watched! [*Exit.*]

Lord Charles (secures the shrimp). Dear, playful token from her hand. The Crangon vulgaris. Come to my lips, and indeed a little further. (Eats it.) Fresh as the dew on the rosebud at morn, it must have been boiled this afternoon. Watched, are we? (Sternly.) He who sets a watch on a British nobleman has wound up his own for the last time. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

The Undercliff.

Enter a villain, who is also a terribly wealthy Greek merchant, and whose name is IPOPOOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS. He looks round.

Ipp. Prep. I struggle in vain with the mixed motives that agitate my Athenian bosom. I am like this scene. In the upper part there is chalk and chalk marl in nearly horizontal strata. The centre is green sandstone. Beneath this is dark marl. Then comes ferruginous sand. The landsprings act on the marl below, and all tumbles in picturesque ruin. So it is with my blighted heart. In alternate strata are virtue, vengeance, ossification, and sentimentality. The name of HARRIET—

Henry (appearing from behind a boulder). Name her not.

Ipp. Prep. Ha! The foolish friend of the arrogant aristocrat. (*Draws a pistol.*) Die! (*Pulls the trigger.*) No report! What juggle is this?
Henry. The next time that IPOPOPOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS meditates assassination, let him be sure that his bribed menial does not load the pistol with MR. GALE's safety powder, warranted not to go off. I am unaware of the chemical components of the mixture, but they evidently effect isolation between the granulated particles.

Ipp. Prep. You are a bold man.

Henry. This is a boulder. [*They fight, and both fall into the sea.*]

ACT III.

Sea-View.

THE READING ROOM. *Enter* LORD and LADY BURNIBOOZIE, the HON. HARRIET, their daughter, SIR STUCKUP MARTINET ALDERSHOTT, C.B., who aspires to her hand, DR. DIONYSIUS DILLWATER, the toady and family doctor, and BODLEY RADCLIFFE, a young Oxonian.

Lady Burniboozie. This place is ridiculously small. Let us come out of it. [*They all come out again to the shore.*]

Sir Stuckup. Delightful place, MISS HEATHERBELL. The great charm, haw, of an island, always appeared to me, haw, to be, that it is, haw, always surrounded by water.

Dr. Dillwater. A very profound remark, indicating close observation of geographical phenomena.

Bodley Radcliffe. I've seen isles with no water round 'em.

Dr. Dillwater. Indeed, my dear young friend. Which?

Bodley Radcliffe. The aisles in church. Sold again, and bought a gallipot for twice the money. [*Hums an ode of Pindar.*]

Dr. Dillwater. Exuberant spirits!

Sir Stuckup (*in a lower voice*). May I hope, MISS HEATHERBELL, that my attentions have been neither unobserved nor unwelcome?

Harriet. SIR STUCKUP, please do not subject me to this inquisitorial persecution.

Lady Burniboozie. Who spoke of the Inquisition? When was it founded, DOCTOR?

Dr. Dillwater. My dear lady, PIETRO DA VERONA, the first Inquisitor who burned heretics, was assassinated by an accused gonfalonere, April 6, 1252.

Bodley. Serve him right.

Dr. Dillwater. Noble instinct! The holy office was re-instituted in Spain in 1480. Next year 3000 persons were burned for heresy.

Lady Burniboozie. The Papists would do the same, I make no doubt were they in power to-morrow. I will certainly vote, next session, for a repeal of the Act for letting Catholic prisoners see their chaplains.

Sir Stuckup (*aside*). Chaplains! I have a thought.

[*They go in to lunch.*]

ACT IV.

Alum Bay.

Sunrise. The face of the lofty and many-coloured cliffs, sparkling, and IPOPOPOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS in a variegated dressing-gown, yawning.

Ipp. Prep. I hate getting up in the middle of the night. To be kept awake by one's conscience till five, and to be called by one's valet at half-past, is a hideous mixture of psychology and punctuality. Minerva knows why I am here. I am as stupid as one of her owls.

Enter SIR S. M. ALDERSHOTT.

Sir Stuckup. Can you speak English?

Ipp. Prep. Can a duck swim?

Sir Stuckup. LORD CHARLES CHOBHAM is your enemy?

Ipp. Prep. What am I to get for injuring him?

Sir Stuckup. That is the style I like—that is business.

Ipp. Prep. I don't care what you like. Do you understand GOETHE's affinities?

Sir Stuckup. I never heard of the article.

Ipp. Prep. JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE was born in 1749, and died in 1832. He produced various works. That to which I alluded is among his later creations, and is a novel, called *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*.

Sir Stuckup. The word is long.

Ipp. Prep. And time is short. If you desire to know any more of GOETHE—

Sir Stuckup. I don't.

Ipp. Prep. If any of your relations desire to know any more of GOETHE—

Sir Stuckup. They don't.

Ipp. Prep. If any of your acquaintances desire to know more of GOETHE, let them read his life by MR. G. H. LEWES, the accomplished editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. Now, what do you want with me?

Sir Stuckup. You have a yacht at Ryde. She is called by a name that was not always hers—d'ye mark me, Greek pirate?

Ipp. Prep. Hm!

Sir Stuckup. Haw!

Ipp. Prep. Zoe mou, sas agapo.

Sir Stuckup. LORD CHARLES under her hatches—

Ipp. Prep. Or under her keel?

Sir Stuckup. As you will—you do not need gold, but you are a snob,

and want to enter good society. Next season you shall dine at the DUKE OF DILLYDALLYTON'S.

Ipp. Prep. Consider it done, and my compliments to HARRIET. [*Exit.*]
Sir Stuckup. Familiar beast! [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

Dusk. The deck of the Yacht of IPOPOPOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS, moored off Ryde. The windows of the Club house can be seen open, and servants bringing wine, being sworn at, &c. Pier on L., only lighted by a few wandering cigars. The sailors, in picturesque Albanian costumes, are reclining in groups, smoking balaikas, and one is playing on a tetrachordon, while the others sing,

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
 Where burning SAPPHO loved and sung,
 Where honest folks might live in peace,
 If half the brigands were but hung."

IPOPOPOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS comes on board with LORD CHARLES.

Ipp. Prep. Poor fellows, they cannot forget their own country.

Lord Charles. Why should they?

Ipp. Prep. That is a new view of the question. I must consider it. This yacht is Greece to them. Yet their beloved land is really bounded, under the agreement of the Allied Powers, by a somewhat tortuous line drawn across the Continent, chiefly along the summit of the range of Mount Othrys, from the mouth of the Surbiolico, to the village of Menhidhi, in the Ambracian gulf.

Lord Charles. I will take a note of these interesting facts. I forgot to ask who you are, or to thank you for the hospitality you so frankly proffered when I knocked your cigar out.

Ipp. Prep. Are we not all brothers, even if we have different parents? Read DR. COLENSO. Now, if you will descend into my lower cabin—my, ha, ha, parlour, you shall try my Latakia. (*Aside to crew.*) *Anchoriten upandexit.* [*They descend.*]

Sailors. We must obey.

Henry (*appearing and presenting revolver*). The first man who obeys, I shoot.

Bodley Radcliffe (*appearing and presenting revolver*). The second man who obeys, I shoot.

Lady Burniboozie (*appearing and presenting revolver*). The third man who obeys, I shoot. [*The three gentlemen conceal themselves.*]

[*Plash of oars heard. Boat comes alongside. SIR STUCKUP scrambles on board.*]

Sir Stuckup. I want a word with your Skipper, haw.

As he descends, HENRY advances, and whispers.

Henry. He has sold you.

Sir Stuckup. Do you say that? By Jove! Haw!

[*Draws a pistol, and goes down.*]

Another boat, and LADY BURNIBOOZIE, HARRIET, and DR. DILLWATER come on board.

Lady Burniboozie. Where is that dear, dear CHOBHAM? They said he was here, and I should never forgive myself if I were not the first to congratulate him on his having succeeded to the chivalric title and enormous wealth of the late MARQUIS OF LOBSTERPOTTLE.

[*Two pistols heard below.*]

Everybody. Gracious! [*The MARQUIS OF LOBSTERPOTTLE ascends.*]

Harriet. CHARLES! }

Marquis. HARRIET! }

[*They embrace. The others come forward.*]

Lady Burniboozie. You will ask what meant those shots, and many other questions. Let them be answered on shore during the splendid banquet which shall crown the eve of the marriage of the MARQUIS OF LOBSTERPOTTLE and our darling HARRIET.

[*IPOPOPOTAMOS PREPOSTEROS and SIR STUCKUP ascend.*]

Ipp. Prep. We have severely wounded each other.

Sir Stuckup. And are sincerely penitent.

Harriet. Nothing then is wanting to complete, &c., if you, our kyind, &c., will only, &c.

TAG.

Lord Ch. Yet still, to vindicate our drama's art,
 Repeat the Instruction which we would impart.

Act One made clear to all, *judicio meo*,
 That telescopes preceded GALILEO.

Ipp. Pr. Act Two revealed the Undercliff's formation
 And geological stratification.

Dr. Dill. Act Three recalled to your historic vision
 The picture of the Holy Inquisition.

Sir Stuc. Act Four to literature gave what its due is,
 And told of GOETHE and of MR. LEWES.

Lady B. Act Five to your delighted ears confided
 How modern Greece from Turkey is divided.

Harriet. To Educate, in every various way,
 Is the proud office of the modern Play,
 And while by means like these we seek success,
 "Dread deans must laud us, and broad bishops bless."



UNBECOMING LEVITY.

Fair Young Lady. "I SEE SOMEBODY IN THE CROWD OUTSIDE, WAVING A HANDKERCHIEF! I SUPPOSE THE BRIDE IS APPROACHING!"
Light Young Man. "HANDKERCHIEF!—WHITE ONE!! BY JOVE, PERHAPS IT'S A REPRIEVE!"

THE DROP IN DANGER.

PUNCH.

BLOE my Whig! Ere's a go! Summer Assizes. Ome sirkit. Croydon Crown Court. Afore mr. BARON PIGGOTT. But hear, let me Cutt it hout o the times, and Stick it Inn for yure infamation and Them hoom it may moar consurn:—

"The learned JUDGE,—JARVIS, I am about to sentence you for the charge upon which you have been convicted. You have been a convict for a long course of years. I mention this not as aggravating your case, or as a ground for heavier punishment, but merely as showing that you have for many years been an inmate of convict establishments. You made a long statement yesterday, which was calculated to produce the impression that you had been much ill-treated. It appears to me, however, that you labour under a notion that these convict establishments are places of retirement for persons who are tired with the vices of the world. That is a mistake. They are places of punishment, and those who go there must expect that the discipline must be severe, and must submit to it. That seems to be a matter you can hardly bring your mind to, and therefore you resist the discipline of these places."

Now sur i Apeal to u as the advocat of the clames of the Phew agin the egression of the Menny. Sirr i Ave the Onner to Belong to a werry limited Perfession witch Lies hunder an Holy onmarritted Stigmy bein repewter'd hojus our line witch is that of the Altar bein consider'd the choyce of a Sanguary and savidge Dispersishon. Wich the contrairy his the Case if yule beleve me for My part at enny rate I chiz Mine and Study hitt atentivley With a Vue to perform A melincoly and paneful Horfis in the Moast Dexterious maner so has to Giv the leest possibel sufferin to a Herring and unfortnight Felo creetur. Accordingly the gentalmen freeknowledgistes wot Takes the Castes of the Edds arter the boddys is Cutt down tels mee hive Gott a large Orgin of binnevalence and a Smorl wun hof destructivenis which they calls me a buteful Conformation of freeknowledgy. Wich i flater Myself I Ham.

Thank evans Bisnis is putty Brisc these Larst fue yeers there was a time wen it seamed a Dyin orf but lately Jobbs as Tumbl'd hin tolerable quick so i Aven't No grate Caws to cumplane, and no doubt but wot Work makes Work. But wot I Feers is the Coars things is takin

threatnin to Redooce hall Crimes to secundairy Punnishment. now ser i put it to yew weather the Abuv speach of barren PIGGUT hisn't werry mutch calcalated to leade to that effect.

Wot will Guvment and parliment be likely to think wen they Cums to consider that jales as now becum plases of Sewere punishment hand the criminal clarses Nose it? Wy in coarse they'll Beginn to dout if penial serwitute ain't moare likely to deter ofenders Than Angin Now they'll say there's the Mann as was ung the uther Day, and Where is E? Even supose that Mann is now Nuthin. In wich Cace e's a preshus Site beter orf than the convict JARVIS hunder Sentens hof 5 yeers penial Sarvitute. Ennyow that Chapp is a suferin for is crymes still, and continnies to Bee and a Cawtion to hevil Doers.

it's a good dele owin to yu mr. punch the change that as Took place in Prisin disiplin you dident consider the arm you mite be Doin the Interesses of hour Perfeshun. U used to kepe sayin that jales was nothin else than comfatable ott ells, till you Gott hall thatt halter'd and Now them ells his a doosed deel to ott to be Agreabel. Now the best amens you can make is keap hon sayin the Same Thing now thear ain't no more acasion to no longer and that'll bee the Way to kepe hup the cry agen the ebullition of Cappital Punishmunt witch ood be a hingery ime sewer yude be sorey to be the meens of afflictin on yure hold Friend

Hempstead Villas, August, 1865.

JACK KETCH.

p.s. ime afeard the prisien is Now hallmost has Badd as the Workus.

A Word about Oysters.

WE rejoice to see that MR. FRANK BUCKLAND is devoting his serious attention to the cultivation of oysters in the mouth of the Thames. We trust that his benevolent exertions will be duly rewarded by a large transference of oysters from the mouth of the Thames to our own.

SEASONABLE.—What sort of bath would a resident of Cornhill probably prefer? A *Cit's* Bath.

A SEASONABLE PETITION.



O the Sportsmen of Great Britain, whether Lords or Commons, in or out of Parliament, anywhere assembled,

The Humble Petition of the Grouse and other Game, now under sentence of death for purposes of sporting,

SHOWETH, That your petitioners are about to be pursued by your honourable selves, and hunted, caught, shot, wounded and otherwise maltreated, to afford you some amusement.

That your petitioners have, from their birth, been fed and taken care of with a view to this maltreatment; and, nurtured as they are, unhappily it is not in their power to escape it.

That your petitioners have heard from their grandfathers and grandmothers, who happen to have survived, or from their parents, aunts or uncles, with whom they now reside, what tortures these their relatives have received in former seasons, through being hunted by bad sportsmen, and fired at by bad shots.

That your petitioners have friends who have been mangled, maimed, and mutilated, instead of being bagged, and who have suffered frightful anguish and the loss of limb or eyesight, by the clumsy way in which they have aforetime been attacked.

That such agonies have specially been suffered in battues, where, in the fuss and fluster of what is called a "flush," guns have been let off without sufficient aim, and volleys have been fired at so many birds together, that some of them are certain to be wounded by stray shot.

Your petitioners would therefore humbly pray that battue-shooting be in future discontinued, as being barbarous and cruel beyond the common run of sport.

And your petitioners would further pray that, as far as may be possible, all bad shots be excluded from all future shooting parties, and that sportsmen be instructed how to judge their distance rightly, and to hold their weapons straight, before they be permitted to come into the field.

And your petitioners would further pray that loaders be appointed to load for all unskilful sportsmen, and, to prevent such mutilation and mangling as aforesaid, that these loaders be directed to put no shot in the guns.

And your petitioners would also pray that, inasmuch as what is sport to you is death to them in most cases, care should be humanely taken to make that death quite certain, and, where your petitioners are picked up before dying, they be put out of their misery ere being put into the bag.

And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.

[Here follow the foot-marks.]

AN "ENGLISH BENEDICTINE" IN PARIS.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, BROTHER IGNATIUS has written a letter from Manchester, dated on the "Feast of St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary," wherein having stated some remarkable particulars relative to certain of his make-believe monks:—

"With regard to ex-Brother STANISLAUS, Brother IGNATIUS adds, that that individual went with his (IGNATIUS') money to Paris. There he was to have spent his time in meditation and penance for his sins, while the hope was held out to him to return to Norwich."

Paris is just the very place of all others in the whole world to send a sham friar to with money, and a commission to spend his time in meditation and penance for his sins. Accordingly, none but persons of the snowiest innocence will be surprised at the following account of "STANISLAUS";

"He, however," says Brother IGNATIUS, "entirely falsified his word, and yet at the same time writes to ask me for more money."

Very likely. STANISLAUS most probably assured IGNATIUS that he

meant to flog himself three times a-day, and to subsist on *soupe maigre*. Of course, what he did was to go and dine every day at the best restaurant that he knew, and drink as much champagne and Burgundy as ever he could. In the evening he may reasonably be supposed to have generally repaired in his monk's habit to a *bal masqué*. And then no wonder that he soon wrote back to his Superior to ask him for more money.

The Lost Pleiad.

THE following extraordinary advertisement appears in a Sheffield paper:—

FOR SALE—SIX PRESSING VICES.

Are these the same as the Seven Deadly Sins; and if so, where is the missing one?

THE PRACTICAL VETERINARIAN.—Pen cows affected with cow-pox together with sheep that are threatened with small-pox.



THE DOUBLE JANUS GUARD, FOR CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

We will now devote a few moments to a consideration of the special wit and humour of BRADSHAW, as exemplified in the preceding extract, to which please refer:—

"Miles from 1½" (*Vide Notice lengthways at the side of Fares*).—This mode of stating the distance, leaves the commencement of the computation entirely at the option of the Passenger. Instead of beginning with the unit, he starts with a unit and a half. You will read on until you get mixed up with the fares, when stop, go to sleep, and begin again by-and-by.

"Fares from"—is a joke similar in kind to the above.

"A."—The first column is a specimen of BRADSHAW'S peculiar vein of humour. The trains here belong to Class 5.

"Gov."—The second column is marked neither *morning* nor *evening*, and may start, therefore, just when it likes. This is a Government train, intended for members of the Government only. It partakes of the *Meteoric* character.

Here you go on until, as in a children's game, you come to a "Stop." The Passenger for Pigwaldsen will be all right. The Passenger for anywhere else must either make up his mind to walk, stop at Pigwaldsen, or, having paid forfeit, to return to Town.

The third column represents a train that doesn't start from London at all. You will see "*Felton Station*" written in the column. Recent discoveries lead us to suppose that either a place of that name once existed here, or is in the contemplation of the Directors. Some learned men consider it as a hint thrown out to the authorities by BRADSHAW.

"Little Withem."—Here the traveller is referred to several pages, in which he'll have great difficulty in finding anything about Withem. If he does discover any particulars, they will be given in the following simple fashion:—

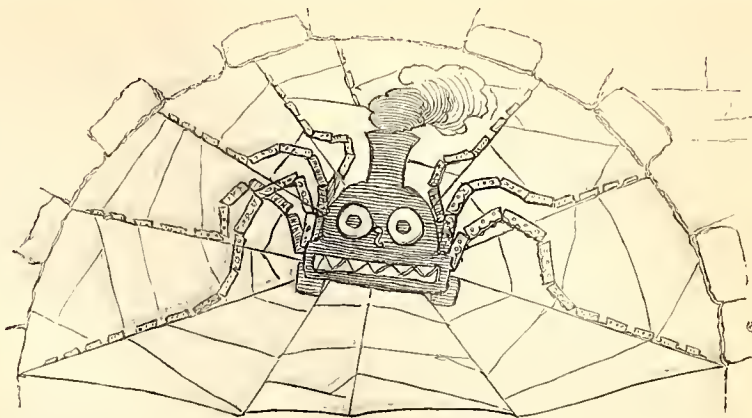
NORTHAMPTON AND PEDLINGTON.—(Sundays only.)

	mrn.	1, 2, 3	1, 2		aft.	aft.	Gov.
Pickershill Junct., }	1:55	..	mrn.	Wyntanton, p. 100, 89	3:4	1, 2, 3	1:0
p. 88, 55, 100, 102 }	2:30	..		Maltby	4:3	...	
Maltby	3:0	..	5:0	Pickershill Junct., }			
Wyntanton				p. 88, 55, 100, 102 }			

The point being that if you look at page 102, you will be informed that there is *no* train for Withem from Pickershill junction; and so you'll have to begin all your calculations over again.

Now, just take a simple case, and, having once mastered it, you'll never have any more trouble with BRADSHAW again. Say you want to go from London to Wagton. Take the first column: there's nothing to suit you there, as you don't want a local train, even if you knew what it means. Column 2, Government train. That sounds well, and arrives at Wagton at three. Just the thing. But it starts from Horbury! How do you get to Horbury? Well, say in a cab. Ah! but then this train runs on Saturdays only; and you *must* go on Wednesday. Give up Column No. 2. Column 3 is a puzzle. Where is Felton Station? Ah, no! Look back at Column 2. Observe the train that

leaves Horbury at 6:45, runs into (*absit omen*) the train that gets to Mottleboro' at 2:55. No, don't you see that it has previously arrived at Pigwaldsen, and stopped there? Of course. So give up Columns 2 and 3.



Now for Column 4. This is sufficiently plain sailing—starts at 9:45, goes regularly through all the Stations, and you see arrives at Wagton at two o'clock. Stop! here's something written, "Passengers for these Stations remain all night at Stopford." What Stations? Ah, a mysterious hand points back again to London. But *we* are not for these Stations (though if we were, *why* remain at Stopford? this is tyranny), and this regulation doesn't concern *us*. Howbeit, the train "*dep.*" (that is, *leaves*) Wagton at two. It never *has* arrived! Evidently it belongs to the 3rd Class of our *Visibilia*.

Such is the puzzle offered to the anxious voyager. He will simplify his trouble thus:—Go early to the Station, and ask the Guard. Do not leave his side; remunerate him with the price of two *Bradshaws*: it is well worth your while. Get into the train, and trust implicitly to this Guard. You may depend upon BRADSHAW for the names of the intervening Stations: here neither Guard nor Porter will be of any use to you.

(To be Continued.)

HANG THE INVENTOR!

(To the Right Honourable LORD STANLEY.)

MY LORD,

I AM glad to see your Lordship giving your adhesion to the proposal for the abolition of patents for the public good. It is true enough that if you appropriate a man's invention you, as MR. MILL says, steal it. But stealing is no crime when it is legalised. Railway companies are accustomed to take away a man's garden or house against his will. It is true they give him a certain compensation, which he is forced to be content with. The law allows him that compensation. That is the mistake. He ought to be entitled to no compensation at all. Even if the seizure of a man's possessions by a great mercantile company for public uses were a crime, the number of parties engaged in it would subdivide its criminality so as to share it in proportions which, for each person, would be infinitesimal. The Income-Tax is a confiscation of the property of the few for the benefit of the many. But the fact is, we are beginning to discover that morality is a mere term.

The only sound principle of legislation is that of the greatest happiness, which means the greatest profit, of the greatest number. Individual interests must be sacrificed to those of the majority. Individuals themselves must be sacrificed to majorities. It used to be thought a man's duty in some cases to die for his country. Duty is all stuff; but death for their country is a necessity which some men must submit to. I don't advocate capital punishment as punishment, because that implies justice, and I don't believe in justice. I simply maintain that it is for the interest of the community that some persons should be hanged, as it is that other persons should be shot. In a general sense of the phrase, I say, "Hang individuals!" Deprive them of their inventions, their property, their skin, if required for the public convenience. What are the odds so long as the community is happy? Individuals must grin and bear the privation and ruin which are demanded to gratify Society at large. Let them make up their minds and submit to be crushed quietly under the triumphant chariot-wheels of Prosperity, Progress, and

CAPITAL.

Juggernaut House, August, 1865.

A Remarkable Sea-Weed.

THE last new thing in Naval Architecture is a yacht, which an American gentleman is having constructed, called the *Cigar Ship*. The motive power, however, of this vessel is no such novelty as her name would seem to imply. She is worked by steam and not by smoke.



AGONISING ORDEAL.

POOR ROBINSON HAS BEEN REQUESTED TO REPEAT THAT LOVELY AIR IN *FAUST* FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD AUNT GRIGG, WHO IS AS DEAF AS A POST.— (*Pity him, for he is not a Comic Man.*)

WANTED, A LADIES' TEMPERANCE-IN-DRESS SOCIETY.

THE latitude of ladies has decreased of late a little, but a considerable extent has been added to their longitude. Their dresses have made up in length for what they may have lost in width; and though their hoops are cast away, their tails are nearly as protruding. Of course, the larger a dress is, the more material it requires, and the larger is the bill which, in due course, is sent in for it. Besides, they who wear extensive dresses must have extensive rooms wherein they may exhibit them, just as a peacock must have space enough in which to spread his tail-feathers. Moreover, costly habits beget other costly habits, which add to their expensiveness: for ladies cannot waste their finery on the desert air of home, but needs must gad about for the purpose of displaying it.

Heaven gave us Lovely Woman, and the devil gave her fashion books! This would many a man be tempted to exclaim, when pulling a long face at the long bill which his wife wants him to pay for her adornment. Perhaps in the new Parliament the question of Reform may take this social shape, and a bill be introduced to limit the expenditure of women on their wardrobe. It may seem to many minds that the extension of the franchise is not nearly of such consequence as the reduction of wives' finery. "Reform your milliners' bills" would, many men may think, be a far more needful cry than the cry for a Reform Bill.

In the French Senate the matter has been subject of debate, and a speech of MONSIEUR DUPIN has attracted such attention as to justify its being published as a pamphlet,—"*On Ladies' Unbridled Luxury in Dress.*" Ladies bridalled or unbridalled would do well to read this treatise, and they would do still better if they carried out the notion MONSIEUR DUPIN thus propounds:—

"People have founded temperance societies. For my part, I should desire to see founded a society of mothers of families who, without ceasing to dress and to present themselves with the decency, and even the elegance, suitable to their fortune and their station, should set the example of pitilessly retrenching superfluities. By

so doing they would relieve the lower classes, who, through a love of imitation, are ever striving to climb to the height which it is not given them to attain."

Dear creatures as they are, in a sumptuary sense, ladies would be even dearer, in a right sense, to their husbands, if they would be a trifle cheaper in matters of costume. With beef at twenty pence a pound (which seems probable ere Christmas) extravagance in dress must lead in many houses to short commons in the larder; for the love of imitation, that M. DUPIN speaks of, tempts women with small means, to dress like wives of millionnaires, regardless of the ravage thereby made on the cuisine. To people with short purses, fine clothing means cold mutton; and now mutton is so dear, it may shortly mean *soup maigre*, and well nigh prison fare. Husbands, whose finances are somewhat at low water must all turn vegetarians, if the price of meat increases, unless their wives submit to some diminishment in dress.

When a woman is possessed with the mania for millinery, it is hopeless to attempt to reason with her on the point. She will turn a deafened ear to any words of wisdom, even though they be conveyed to her by *Mr. Punch* himself. Still, having the true interests of Womanity at heart, *Mr. Punch* will simply echo the desire of M. DUPIN, that ladies should establish a Temperance-in-Dress Society; and *Mr. Punch* will be most happy to reward with his best smiles every lady who has pluck enough to go and take the pledge.

What shall I do with it?

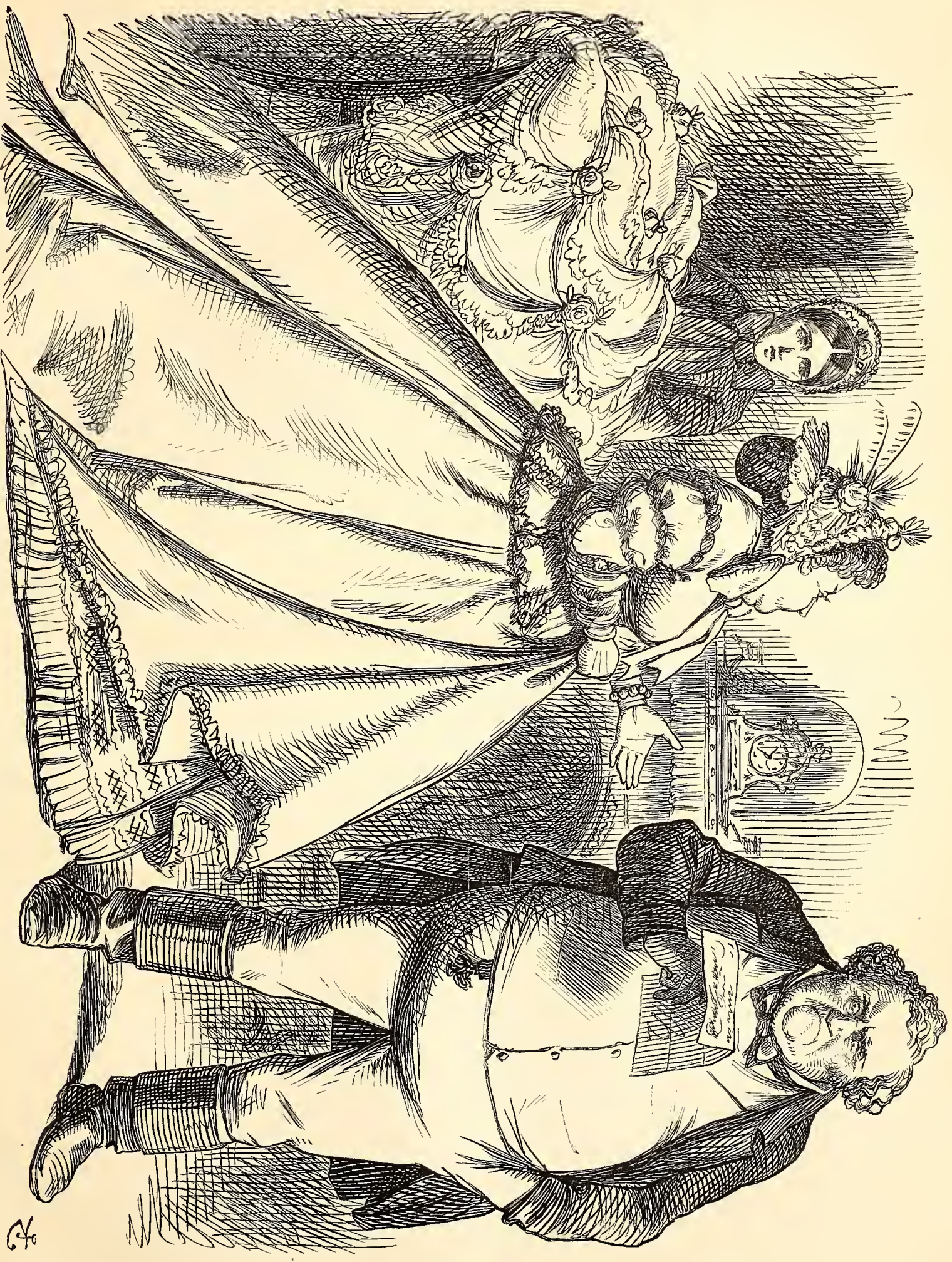
(*Conundrum made on the Beach.*)

WHAT is the difference between a couple of Mermaids and Summer and Autumn?

The former are two Sea-daughters, and the latter two Sea-sons.

ELECTION BULLETIN.

MR. DISRAELI is recovering from his indisposition—to believe in the Liberal majority, and is again able to leave the house, and take a Constitutional. The reaction that was expected did *not* take place.



HOUSEKEEPING À LA MODE, OR FOOD VERSUS FINERY.

MRS. BULL. "NOW, MY DEAR B., DON'T BE CROSS. YOU SEE THE COMPLETE DRESS ONLY COMES TO—"

MR. BULL (*reads Milliner's Bill*). "SIX HUNDRED POUNDS OF BUTCHER'S MEAT, MY DEAR, THAT'S ALL!"



A BYE-LAW.

Guard. "SMOKING NOT ALLOWED, GENTS."

Swell. "O! AH! WHAT'S THE FINE?"

Guard. "A SHILLING, READY MONEY, TO THE GUARD, SIR. FORTY SHILLINGS TO THE COMPANY, PAYABLE BY INSTALMENTS AND AT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE."

RETIREMENT.

"And, all impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea."

EUREKA! which is *Græca, subaudi Lingua*. This as a beginning, my dear Mr. Punch, looks classical, and may be, like the classical dresses on the Parisian stage, somewhat incorrect. What I mean to say is this, I have found the place where "quiet reigns all around," as the gentleman sings in the elegiac verses, addressed interrogatively to one Benjamin Bolt concerning a sweet Alice, with hair so brown, surname unknown. Yes, my dear Sir, I can now offer you and your friends all the advantages, and none of the disadvantages, of a Fashionable Watering Place.

I will not tell you the name. I have a house, which I will let out in apartments to the quietest people who enjoy the distinguished honour of your acquaintance.

My house is to be called the *Hôtel de Lullaby*. It will be conducted by a Company, Limited, so as to ensure quiet, to myself and MRS. LULLABY, that is, my grandmother, aged eighty-three, who seldom leaves her room.

There will be a *table d'hôte*, if all agree to dine at the same hour. During dinner there will be no conversation, and the motto over the looking-glass in the *salle-à-manger* will be, "Speech is silver but silence is golden." No pianos allowed, in case any one should arrive who was given to "practising," or preferred performing with one finger only. No instruments, musical or unmusical, of any description permitted. The attendants will be dumb waiters. There are no Volunteers anywhere near. There must be no laughing among the visitors. They will please to notice the inscription over the front door, "All jokes abandon, ye who enter here."

A policeman from the nearest market town, six miles off, calls at Glumborough once a fortnight to see if anything's happened. With him comes a man to wind up the clocks. The latter, being a gossip, has been warned. All daily transactions with the butcher, the baker, the man with shrimps, the woman with fine fresh somethings just caught, will be conducted in whispers, until such time as they are able to converse fluently on their fingers, at which just now they are very poor hands.

There is a Reading-room in the Hotel, and we get the weekly papers second-hand from the market town.

Ladies of Sunday School tendencies may teach the digital alphabet to the scholars.

TOAD IN THE COAL.

OUR contemporary, the *Scotsman*, generally shows himself worthy of his name, that is to say, wide-awake. But *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*—and what more could be expected of any one, even the most distinguished of his modern countrymen? Everybody knows that the seven cities that contended for the honour of having been the birthplace of HOMER had equal claims to it: that is to say, just none at all. There was an eighth city to which that distinction must be ascribed; either Edinburgh or Glasgow: which of the two historians have not decided. However, as the weasel may sometimes be caught asleep, so also may the "weasel Scot," as he is called by SHAKESPEARE, with a patriot's appreciation of national vigilance, sometimes be caught nodding; and so the *Scotsman* publishes the following statement:—

"LIVE TOAD FOUND IN A COAL-FIELD.—A miner, while working in Lochty-side coal-pit, on the Balgonie estate, exhumed a live toad which was embedded in the coal at the depth of 60 fathoms from the surface. The animal lived a considerable time after being liberated."

Will the *Scotsman*, on consideration, believe that anybody worthy to bear the name of Scot, who had really found, and could prove that he had found, a live toad embedded in coal at the depth of 60 fathoms from the surface, would not have taken good care to preserve a curiosity so valuable? Of course, the toad, duly authenticated, is not forthcoming, and of course it would be if the story of its discovery were not one of those which incredulity rightly refers to WALKER.

MISSING THE GROUSE.—What a pity it is that ABD-EL-KADER left England before the 12th instant! The gallant Emir, who is doubtless a good shot, would have found himself very much at home among the Moors.

In the Classes at present we only number one, of whom we take good care. He is a nice quiet steady-going boy, and says he prefers his book to marbles, hoops, or any other game of noisy childhood.

There is a Smoking-room in the Hotel, but only quiet pipes and cigars are tolerated.

Families will not be permitted in Glumborough. Glumborough is not the name. There are no shops; residence at Glumborough is economical.

You can wear what you like: all fashions are the same to Glumborough. Quiet ties, quiet colours are mostly in vogue. Nothing loud allowed.

There are four houses besides my own at Glumborough, all "to let." I have never seen their owners, and there is nobody in charge of any one of them. My impression is, that a person coming down here with furniture sufficient for a Bed-room and Parlour, might walk in and occupy the ground floor, until undisturbed possession gave him a tenant's right.

My advertisement, which offers peculiar advantages, will shortly appear. I think this will do:—

SEASIDE.—GREAT ATTRACTION for the SUMMER MONTHS!

This is specially addressed to Gentlemen engaged in the City, in Literature, in the pursuit of Art, and to all sufferers from Organs, Brass Bands, Men with Monkeys, Street Singers, dwellers in the Quiet Streets of London, and so forth. MR. LULLABY'S Hotel de Lullaby, Glumborough. NO TELEGRAPHIC STATION WITHIN EIGHT MILES, and with this, the means of communication can only be obtained on certain days in the year, and even then their employment is attended with great expense, risk, and considerable difficulty. POST ONCE IN EVERY FIVE DAYS, and that uncertain. No Steamboats from anywhere to Glumborough and *vice versa*. No Rail within eight miles, where train will stop if signalled two days before the time required. There is a temporary Iron Church at Glumborough, full choral service without organ by the visitors (if they like) on the first Sunday in every other month. MR. LULLABY writes to ask the nearest Clergyman to attend when there are more than two people (not Dissenters) staying at Glumborough. Anybody wishing for rooms in the Hotel de Lullaby, will at once communicate with the proprietor. Silence gives consent.

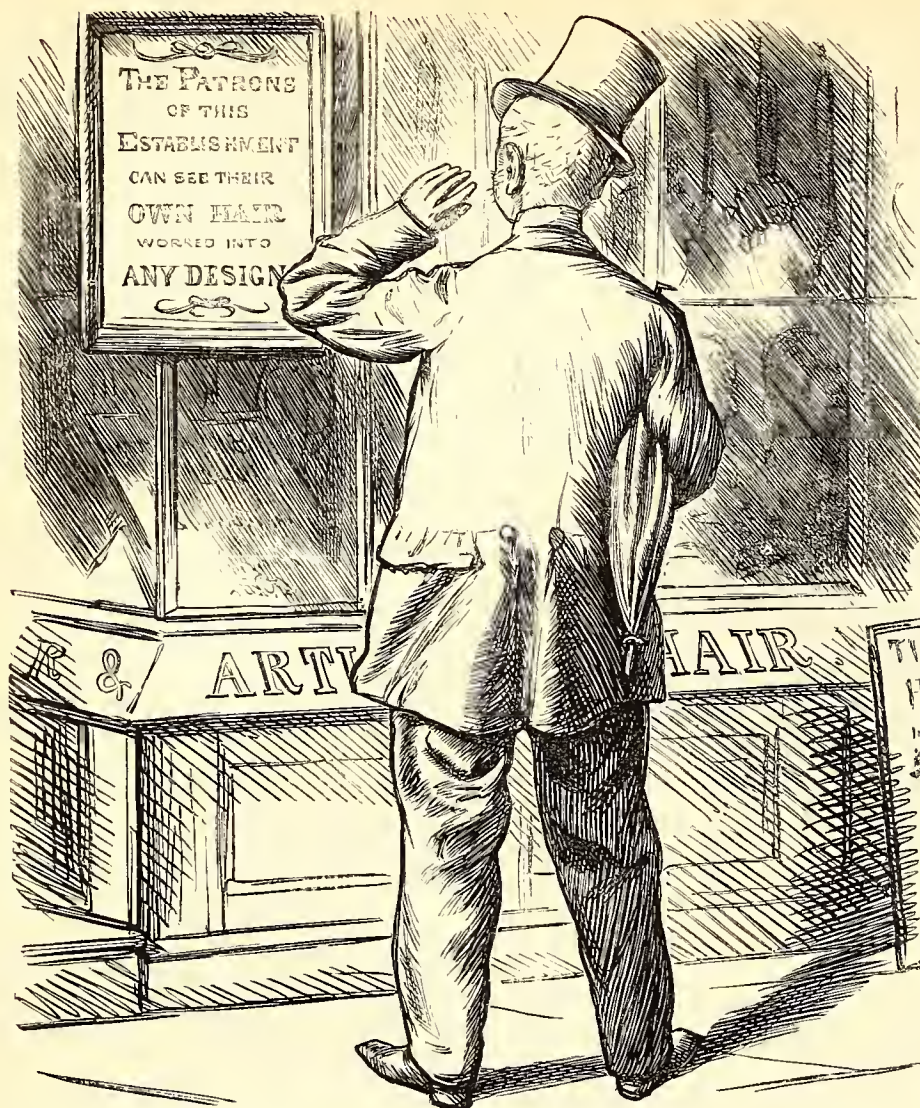
There, Sir, that will do, I flatter myself. I shall be delighted to see you, Mr. Punch, or any of your numerous friends, as soon as you like. Say when, and I'll send you word where Glumborough is situated.

The waves are not wild, and don't say anything down here. Glumborough looks out upon the silent deep. Come unto these yellow sands, do.

I remain, yours noiselessly,

Hotel de Lullaby, Glumborough.

SAMUEL LULLABY.



SELF-EVIDENT.

LINES TO AN OLD LADY.

(BY A YOUNG MAN ANXIOUS FOR THE CERTAINTY OF THREE MEALS A-DAY.)

THEY tell me of the price of meat;
I care not what its cost may be.
It matters little what I eat,
If I can feast mine eyes on thee.
The primest joint man ever saw,
In festive trim at Christmas shown,
These longing eyes could never draw
Away from gazing on thine own.

Oh, Love! They talk of mutton-chops,
And praise the tints of white and red
Contrasted in the butchers' shops;
I'll contemplate thy cheeks instead.
They smack their lips when they survey
The tempting steak with eyes that shine:
But nought could make me so display
Emotion, save that mouth of thine.

Ah! what is veal, though matched with ham?
Thy whiter hand withdraws my mind.
Oh! can I, in a leg of lamb,
Aught like thy foot and ankle find?
Shoulder of mutton, what is that,
Although with onion sauce allied?
The fairest cut of lean and fat
To me is nothing by thy side.

The sirloin may be dear or not,
The ribs, the brisket, and the round,
I know not, and I ask not, what
Those joints are selling at per pound.
I do not sigh, I do not weep
Of meat's ascending price to hear.
I hold it altogether cheap;
Thyself, alone of all things, dear.

NO OFFENCE MEANT.

WHERE ought a hoary tippler to live? In Gray's Inn.

THE NAGGLETONS ON RETURN FROM THE COUNTRY.

MR. and MRS. NAGGLETON have been spending a few days at the House of a Friend in a Southern County. They have returned to-day, and converse after a late dinner.

Mr. Naggleton (holding up his wine-glass). I drink your health, MRS. NAGGLETON, and congratulate you upon your safe return to your household gods.

Mrs. Naggleton. Don't talk nonsense, and above all, heathenish nonsense.

Mr. N. Well, we will say your household gods. There's no harm in that, especially as furniture is one of your idols.

Mrs. N. I have no idols, and I do not see why a woman is to be sneered at for wishing her house—her husband's house—to be properly furnished. You certainly lose no time in throwing off the mask which you have been wearing for three days.

Mr. N. I only wish I had worn one, for I am scorched worse than the sole we have been trying to eat.

Mrs. N. It was not the cook's fault. She had not known that we were coming, and then she was ordered to get dinner in a hurry.

Mr. N. And why did she not know?

Mrs. N. Because she was not written to.

Mr. N. And why was she not written to?

Mrs. N. Because you, with your usual ridiculous indecision, could not say which day you would leave MR. APPLIEDRAM'S.

Mr. N. I like that. I do like that. When you yourself were watching and dodging to find out whether the APPLIEDRAMS were going to give a dinner-party while we stayed. You only agreed to go when you found that it was a hopeless date—next week, or you would have stopped till now.

Mrs. N. Of course I misconducted myself. I always do. Of course I scorched the sole.

Mr. N. Never mind about misconduct. The sole, yes, because when you had actually succeeded in making up your mind, you would not let me telegraph.

Mrs. N. Telegraph to a cook!

Mr. N. Why not. Ha! ha! She has a battery de quizeen of her own. Ha! ha!

Mrs. N. We are at home, HENRY, and there is no further excuse for the childish nonsense which you have been drivelling for three days.

Mr. N. Well, we must all laugh sometimes. I thought that we had been tolerably jolly.

Mrs. N. To be laughed with is one thing, but it is another for a wife to sit and hear her husband laughed at.

Mr. N. (getting angry and rude). He deserved to be laughed at for taking such a wet blanket into the country with him. No, I retract. I did not mean that—I take it back. But you are a refrigerator, you know, or what it is now the fashion to call a thermantidote.

Mrs. N. Don't resume the mask; be as insulting as you please.

Mr. N. What nonsense you talk about masks. What do you mean?

Mrs. N. Hypocrisy, HENRY, has been described as the tribute which Vice pays to Virtue. But the tribute is too often paid in bad money.

Mr. N. My wig! but that's an epigram of the first water. I saw that you were reading a good deal in the country.

Mrs. N. I can smile at such a taunt, HENRY. I don't affect smartness. It would not do for both of us to be pretenders to wit.

Mr. N. (floored). Very good, I'm sure, very good, and very affectionate and wife-like.

Mrs. N. How you fly out at the slightest attempt at retort upon your eternal attacks. But I am told that such is the way with joke-makers of a certain order; they are the most thin-skinned creatures going.

Mr. N. I am not flying out, though I was never much more inclined to go out.

Mrs. N. Pray do not let me detain you. I hope I can make allowance for what you must have undergone in being obliged to be civil to your wife from Saturday to Wednesday.

Mr. N. I should always be civil to you, and a good deal more, if you would let me, but your temper is so extraordinary that you construe a kind speech into a wrong, and turn it off with a pleasant mixture of sarcasm and ice—not delightful even in weather like this.

Mrs. N. Remember that you are drinking your own wine, which is fiery, and not like MR. APPLIEDRAM'S.

Mr. N. Do you mean that I am excited?

Mrs. N. I simply mean to give you a caution, as you are speaking fast, and with needless violence.

Mr. N. (self-conqueror). APPLIEDRAM'S wine is very good, but it is neither better nor even dearer than mine. Shall I fill your glass?

Mrs. N. No, I thank you. If your taste does not detect the difference, mine does; and after taking his for some days, I would rather keep to water for a time.

Mr. N. (smiling). No, no, MARIA, second MRS. NAGGLETON, M'm—you shall not stir me up again on the wine question. You are a first-rate authority, of course; your esteemed aunt, from whose house I had the honour of marrying you, keeping such a splendid cellar at the bottom of her wardrobe.

Mrs. N. The remark is manly. And you are perfectly well aware that my aunt has ample means, and that it was upon conscientious motives that she would not lay away money in a cellar.

Mr. N. I respect her motives, but cuss her Marsala.

Mrs. N. You are not asked to drink it.

Mr. N. No, I have that luck, certainly.

Mrs. N. Though a father might have been unselfish enough to put up with the harmless whim of an old lady who could do much for his children, and he might have paid her an occasional visit.

Mr. N. I have heard and read a good many odd things, but I know no nation that makes it incumbent on a father to poison himself for the sake of his offspring. But I have frequently told you that you could visit the old creature whenever you pleased.

Mrs. N. I trust that I need no permission to visit my relations?

Mr. N. But you don't go.

Mrs. N. That is my business.

Mr. N. What's the good of talking stuff? You know, as well as I do, that her idiotic will is made.

Mrs. N. Wills may be done away, I believe.

Mr. N. Good gracious, partner of my bosom and expenses! Do you suggest to me a terrible crime? Are you a *Lady Macbeth*? Would you have me go down to your devotional but disagreeable old aunt, make her Marsala worse than it is by an infusion of laudanum worse than her conversation, discover her will in a disused nightcap, and destroy aunt, will, and cap at one fell swoop? No, it is tempting, but tempt me not.

Mrs. N. If you have finished that ranting, which is not in the least like MR. BUCKSTONE—

Mr. N. It is an excellent imitation, now.

Mrs. N. You think so, and are told so, I dare say, at the Club, when you have provided drink for the members, but you really have no power of imitation.

Mr. N. It is a great story, for I imitate one person to perfection.

Mrs. N. Who may that be?

Mr. N. Job.

Mrs. N. I request that you will not be wicked.

Mr. N. My dear, it was not JOB who was that, but another member of the household, according to SHAKSPEARE.

Mrs. N. SHAKSPEARE had better have avoided such topics, and many others; but you will fly out again if I venture to say that *he* was anything short of perfection. MR. SNOTCHLEY says that is an article of faith with people who get sentimental in taverns.

Mr. N. MR. SNOTCHLEY is an ass and a prig. SNOTCHLEY on SHAKSPEARE is a treat. Don't quote his folly to me.

Mrs. N. (smiling). I said so.

Mr. N. Said what?

Mrs. N. That you would grow violent if a word was said against your superstition. Never mind, I will be more considerate of your feelings than you are of mine, and not make fun of your idols.

Mr. N. (seriously). The woman who speaks lightly of SHAKSPEARE is—

Mrs. N. Your wife, and not in the habit of being shouted at, nor will she bear it.

Mr. N. I wasn't shouting.

Mrs. N. You don't know what you are doing, I think. Do put the stopper into that bottle.

Mr. N. We have had three pleasant days, MARIA, and I think you need not have finished the out with a row.

Mrs. N. The Out with a Row. I don't know whether it is true that we always return to our first loves—

Mr. N. I wish some of us did!

Mrs. N. Gentlemanly! But I am sure that we return to our first language. You must fancy yourself in the time of my predecessor in the dignity of your wife.

Mr. N. No, my imagination is not so strong as that, in the presence of evidence to the contrary.

Mrs. N. Yes, surely, you must, and that you have just returned by a twopenny boat from Greenwich, after an elegant repast on tea and periwinkles. Don't weep at the sweet recollection. The Out with a Row.

Mr. N. (condensing his rage). My first wife had her faults, I dare say—

Mrs. N. I really have no desire to enter into the biography of that person.

Mr. N. But you shall hear, Madam, once for all. She was considerate, affectionate, and playful—

Mrs. N. Playful darling.

Mr. N. And as unlike you in manner and talk as possible.

Mrs. N. I trust so. I hope so. I am delighted to hear it.

Mr. N. She was a very good wife, Madam, mind that. You are—

Mrs. N. I am—what, Sir?

Mr. N. (with a vast effort). The wife of a very good husband, Madam, who will be d—d if he will stand this sort of thing. I do not know what time I shall be home to-night, but I have the key, and if *anybody* is up when I return, I will discharge *every servant* before ten to-morrow.

[Leaves the house.]

OUR YACHT.

I AM in Wales. This is an answer to your most unreasonable telegraphic message. Do not think, for one moment, that I am here for my own selfish gratification. Perish the thought. I am here for *your* good. I am taking exercise in the fresh air for *your* benefit, and am about to embark in a perilous enterprise in order that *you*, not I, may reap the profit of a hazardous experiment. By this I give you to understand that I am going out Yachting. At the present moment I am thinking what costume I shall adopt. Before I left I saw MENKEN dressed as *William*, though, somehow or other, I quite forgot to send you that admirable nautical drama Menkenised, an omission that shall be rectified next week, when my more intimate acquaintance with a mariner's life will enable me to enter into details upon which I could not otherwise venture. MENKEN, as *William*, shall be my model.

Never having had any Yachting experiences, I look forward to my trip with much pleasure. Steamboats for short distances disagree with me, I mean by sea, for I have never suffered much by the river, except from a sort of nervous uncertainty as to what might happen on nearing Gravesend, where the river begins to get mixed up with the sea, and there's a bit of a disturbance.

One of my friends has just asked me to come and see the Yacht.

If I don't return from the inspection in time for post, you'll have a full, true, and particular account next week.

I re-open this to say, that I *have* returned in time for post.

We've been over the Yacht, and approve of her. That is, my two nautical friends approve of her, and I agree with them, having promised to go.

I will describe her to you. "Her" is the Yacht.

She is a large boat, at least I should say ship, only when I *do* say ship, understand me that she's not like the *Trafalgar*, or *Victory*, or, for instance, the Floating Police Barracks on the Thames. She's much bigger than anything you've got on the Serpentine, or at a shilling an hour at Brighton, but not so large as a vessel carrying coals, or stones, or cattle.

She's two storeys high, one being a deck and the other down-stairs, where you eat and sleep. She weighs about twenty-five tons. I didn't see her weighed myself, but my authority was a sailor on board, whom we are going to take as one of the crew. The crew will consist of this man and another, the other being the Captain. I saw the Captain. He was not in uniform, and except in name there didn't appear to be much to distinguish him from the above-mentioned crew.

She draws a good deal of water, several feet, in fact, but is, notwithstanding, quite safe.

The owner will warrant her a good sea-going boat. The owner is a grocer, on shore, and anyone less nautical I never saw. He has offered to have her painted, and something else'd, which I won't attempt to describe, lest my sea-faring phrases should be misunderstood.

The Captain requested me to inspect the tackle. I did so. The Captain asked me if that wasn't all right? I said, yes, that was all right.

He took me down-stairs and showed me the rooms. I asked where we were to sleep. He showed me two recesses, in the ship's side, opposite one another. They struck me as capital places for storing coals, or odds and ends. He explained that this was where "us three Gents was to sleep." He showed me a small room, I mean cabin, in the front part, about two foot by three, with a stove in it. This was where the crew would cook. I asked where *he*, the Captain, was going to sleep. He pointed to a recess on one side of the stove, and said, "here." As he didn't appear discontented with his lot, I made no further observation.

My friends, one is a very nautical fellow, a regular sailor, said, "They supposed they could go almost anywhere in this Yacht?"

The Captain said, "Ay, a'most anywhere."

That was all right, then. We settled terms, and I am looking forward to something like a voyage.

I have never seen America, nor New Zealand, nor Norway for the matter of that, and I can imagine nothing more pleasant or independent than landing in America from your own Yacht. I don't know where you get out in America, but of course the sailors are acquainted with the chart.

Farewell for the present. We christen the Yacht to-morrow. I propose calling her the *Saucy Polly*. Fancy the *Saucy Polly* gaily anchoring off the American coast!

P.S. I re-open this to say that I hear we *can't* go to America in the Yacht. This is very disappointing. The Captain has not given any opinion as to Norway. What's the good of a yacht if you don't go some distance? One might as well be at Ramsgate.



THE SEASON OVER,

OUR ARTISTS GO TO NATURE, AND THIS IS THE CHEERFUL STATE OF THINGS AT THAT SECLUDED AND DELIGHTFUL PLACE, BETTWS-Y-COED, NORTH WALES.

THE QUACK IN THE STRAND.

O THE Quack in the Strand he has just come to grief!
Though 'tis less than the due of a scoundrel and thief.
He plundered one patient, who took him in hand,
And sued for malpractice the Quack in the Strand.

He two hundred pounds damages having to pay,
His intent was to sell off his goods, and away!
But the plaintiff did prompt execution demand;
It was granted at once 'gainst the Quack in the Strand.

The vile Quack in the Strand, who has met with mishap,
Kept an odious Museum, weak fools to entrap.
'Tis the last resource now, of the Quacks' obscene band;
May they all come to grief like the Quack in the Strand!

A DOUBLE KNOCK.

SIR,

To one versed, as I am, at once in the newspapers of the day and in the history of my country, it certainly does appear that electoral pugnacity, as displayed in front of the hustings, has on recent occasions attained a development until then unrivalled in the annals of British valour. The Parliaments of old times are known to chroniclers by a variety of nicknames. We have had the "Long Parliament," the "Short Parliament," the "Unlearned Parliament," the "Addle Parliament," and other Parliaments whose appellations I decline to mention. Why should not the Parliament inaugurated under these pugilistic auspices, have its own appropriate title also? In memory at once of the distinguished philosopher who represents the spot where it will meet, and of the striking scenes which attended the election of its House of Commons, I propose that it be known and described as the "MILL Parliament."

Yours, HISTORICUS JUNIOR.

INNOCENCE OF A PAPAL DOVE.

THE correspondent of the *Tablet* at Rome is a genius whose letters will occasionally repay perusal with diversion. The style of these effusions has a peculiar volubility of utterance which affects the mental ear of the reader with the impression of an audible brogue. Their author appears to be a rollicking religious Irishman, with a reverence equally profound and comical for the POPE and the Sacred College, and the Hierarchy, and all the rites and ceremonies and parade of Popery, and the Majesties, and High-and-Mightinesses, and Grandees thereof. A phrenological artist would depict him, from imagination, with an immense organ of language, prodigious organs of veneration and marvellousness, and not any of conscientiousness and causality at all. Subjoined is a specimen of this genial and ludicrous writer's *naïveté*:—

"The *Italie* states that M. DE SARTIGES will not return to Rome to resume his functions as ambassador. He will be no particular loss, but we have had worse, merely to cite LAVALETTE. It is a singular fact that the principal qualification of all ambassadors of France to the Holy See, seems to be that the ambassador should be a Protestant; MADAME DE SARTIGES being the third since 1865."

Surely the penning of the last sentence of the foregoing extract must have been accompanied with a most solemn wink of the writer's eye. There is humour in his affectation of not seeing that the French Government, in selecting an ambassador to deal with the Court of Rome, would naturally prefer one who would have no trouble to keep his wife out of the Confessional.

Slippery Cards.

THE subjoined item of information is derived by a contemporary from the Report of the National Revenue:—

"THE CARD DUTY.—The duty on Cards last year produced £8,927 3s."

We wonder how much duty on every pack of cards was paid by the knaves.



SNOBS AT THE SEASIDE.

MESSAGES FROM THE GREAT EASTERN.

*From our Special Correspondent.**"Lyndhurst Square, Peckham.*

"I HAVE again embraced my aged Grandmother. I committed her to your charge in the event of aught happening to me, and now, with thanks, I relieve you of that care. I am sure that *Punch* would have been more than a Grandson to her, but I rejoice that I am still able to fulfil the duties of that individual. Oh, Sir, I have gone through much for you.

"I need not tell you that we have put the cable at the bottom of the sea, or as near thereto as circumstances would permit, and that we have stuck an exceedingly elegant flag on a buoy over the place where we last couldn't fish it up. It is possible that those who go out on the next expedition (I respectfully, and by anticipation, decline the engagement you are meditating for me) may find that flag, and if the buoy remains fastened to the cable, and the cable can be pulled up and is not damaged, and a new end can be put to it, and the fresh piece be laid to Newfoundland, we shall have an Atlantic telegraph. But I shall be satisfied with perusing the story, and the telegrams, when they come. In poetic language—

"Down, venturous feelings! I have learned to check 'em,
And sit contented in my room at Peckham."

"I am not yet, Sir, in a state of mind to narrate the incidents of the voyage, from the time at which my despatches broke off. I believe that a person of more iron nerve has written the Diary of the Telegraph. I do not envy the unnatural self-possession which, while the seas are roaring, the breezes blowing, and the elements in confusion, can calmly note down each circumstance. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*, and I consider it only respectful to common humanity to be frightened, sick, sulky, irritated, and nervous, upon proper occasion. However, if the Pen of the Telegraph is a steel pen, so much the better for readers. Mine is a goose-quill, and avows that my flesh has been gooseflesh."

"I became once more excessively ill, just after my last despatch, and remained in that condition, and in my cabin, until we made Crookhaven, wherever that may be. I hear it was called so from the crooks of the shepherds who used to sit upon the rocks, and feed their flocks,

as mentioned in the pretty poem. But my friends the Irish gentlemen and the merry young officer brought me constant news of what was taking place. I heard with my own ears, at 4 in the morning of the 24th, the gun go off which was fired at the great sea serpent, who had several times risen in all his terrors and stared hideously at those who wandering near his secret bower molested his ancient solitary reign. I was duly informed of our successes, and heard the shouts when all was found right, and we had let go the equinoctial line which entangled us. The enormous oyster shells brought up by the cable from a depth of ninety miles were laid upon my bed, and I have sent them to be polished and inscribed. I will offer one to each of your intelligent young men. I have also two or three of the messages from shore, which had become crystallised and electrotyped, and looked like copper nails, and which were expressly picked off the cable for me by the kind young officer. I heard the Catholic sailors, in their loyal ardour to aid, performing the religious rite called Holy Stoning, and I honoured their zeal, if my own enlightenment forbade me to believe in its efficacy. I was duly informed of all else that went on: how carefully the cable was painted with white lead to poison the sharks; how the attendant *Sphinx*, that was ordered to sound, sounded so loud that clouds were brought on, as in a cannonade; how the log was found to have been made of wrong wood, and sank below the level of the horizon; how the Captain had to remonstrate with the officer who took some Observations ill, though not so intended; how some one had played on the bow-drum until the parchment had grown quite crinkled and limp; and how the bights would not bite, and it was thought that we should have to vary our course, and borrow the Bight of Benin. The same kind friend brought me the dynamometer to look at, and though it seemed to me to resemble only a sailor's huge watch, such as I have seen for sale in Houndsditch for thirty shillings, it was gratifying to behold such a triumph of mechanism. I have, in short, done all that I could, under disadvantageous circumstances, to obtain the best information for you. I have my own conviction as to the cause of the failure. I may be wrong, but I believe that I am right. I deliberately consider that the disaster is entirely due to the wilful carelessness of those who had charge of the library of the *Great Eastern*. The most important duty of all was to be perfectly informed as to the sufficiency of the Tests, and yet you will hardly credit it, there was not on board one single copy of the Test and Corporation Act! Need I add more!"

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)



LD BRADSHAW's day is a puzzle. Column 2 is neither morning nor evening — perhaps twilight. Then we come to morning, then to afternoon, then, without any night (with the exception of the one during which all passengers must remain at Stopford), we get back to morning again. This is an express train, and only stops once until it reaches Nark at 2.10. How and when the third-class is suddenly joined on, and how it is dropped again at Snailsborough, where the train doesn't stop, is one of the deep things of BRADSHAW.

Here is one key. Observe Column 5. Compare "Gov." with the stoppage of "Gov." at Column 2. Note that

the times are similar. The trains are identical. And yet, on second thoughts, they're not, as we have omitted the intermediate Stations, extending over nearly a hundred miles, in our calculations. These trains are *Meteoric*, and become absorbed, as above mentioned.

After a time you'll observe BRADSHAW becomes tired of marking fares and distances, and so, beyond a certain point, these matters are left to the imagination of the traveller.

The sum of it all is, When in doubt, ask a Guard, or ask a Porter, and pay for your information.

In order to divert the mind from too protracted a study of the above curious and remarkable Time-table, we will ask our reader to consider one or two of BRADSHAW's isolated jokes, cast up by the volcanic power of his exuberant humour, and scattered, far and wide, over the broad fields of his book of Railways.

Take the Newcastle Line. He avoids all mere punning about Newcastle *under line*, and so forth: he despises *that*, and startles you, chucklingly, with a thoroughpaced, practical, knock-at-the-door-and-run-away kind of joke,

"On Saturdays this train stops at all stations, up to and including Walker."

You may be annoyed with him at first, but you can't choose but be infected by these high animal spirits. There is a poetical feature in the above line.

Place "On" as the termination of a line immediately preceding, and "Walker" at the commencement of the line following, and we have a neat Hexameter, viz.—

"On
Saturdays this train stops at all stations up to and including Walker."

By a very natural transition from one line to another, we drop the meter and come to Hexham, on the North Eastern.

What says BRADSHAW? Passengers, (the direction with regard to some trains is to this effect) can book to *any* Station on the line, *but* the train only goes to Hexham. A new form of an old joke, of course, which we would advise our author to omit in a later edition, if indeed he has not already done so. To recur to the Time Tables.

The following is what BRADSHAW calls *Irish time* :—

(From Ireland)		A	B	C	Runs to the North. See key, p. 21.
		1 2 3 only at live	1, 2, 3 aft. 1:50 morn. 3 45		
Dublin	1 2 3	1, 2, 3		
Holyhead	1 2 3	1, 2, 3		
Leeds	1 2 3	1, 2, 3		
Huddersfield	1 2 3	1, 2, 3		
Rochdale	1 2 3	1, 2, 3		
Stockport	1 2 3	1, 2, 3		

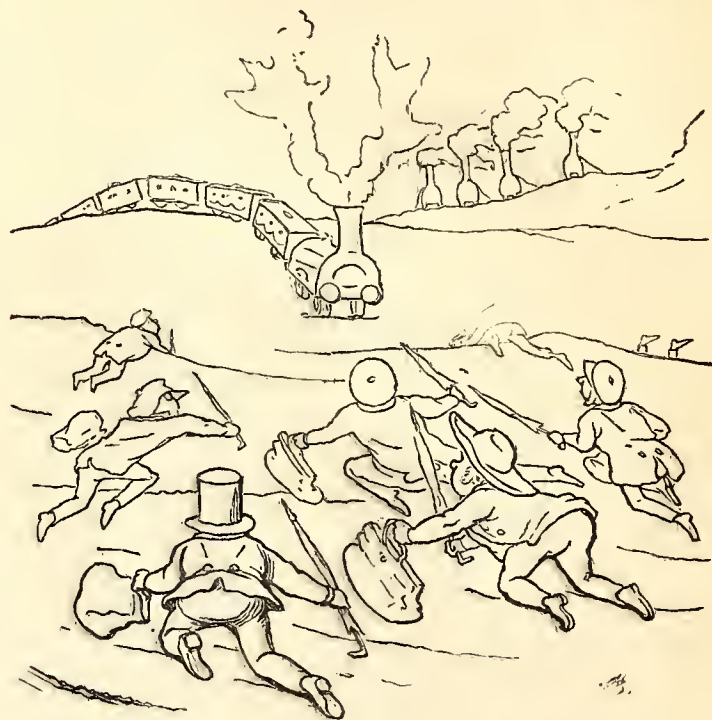
"A."—This train contains a first and second class, and comes under the head of No. 2. in our "Visible" division. It arrives, but never starts. Yet it is an exception even to this rule, for the *Third class*, which *did not belong to it*, is the only one that arrives. The fearful question must be asked, *What becomes of the other superior compartments?* Why do the Third class *only* arrive?

BRADSHAW is at all events open and above board in the announce-

ment, and first and second class passengers will, with their eyes open, book themselves at their own peril.

How many such have started years ago, and are wandering about England to this day?

The third class *only* have arrived! But the third class passenger must possess no ordinary acuteness, in order to know at what point he may get into the train; and when he *does* catch it, having waylaid it after a night's watching, he must be prepared to go to Stockport, or Nowhere; he must, moreover, be prepared to give up the entire day to this sport of "*Train-stalking*," as 1.45 may be A.M. or P.M.; BRADSHAW being evidently, in this case, not "up to the time of day."



WAYLAYING THE TRAIN FOR STOCKPORT. ("TRAIN-STALKING.")

"B."—Afternoon train from Holyhead at 1.50 gets to Huddersfield at 3.45 next morning, which is a rather tedious journey, considering that only one station, *Leeds*, has to be passed. But it may be that you pass the whole day and night as well at Leeds. Walking would perhaps be preferable, if fine. This is one of the trains for allowing time to passengers to see the country.

"C."—This train "runs" to the North, and belongs to the sixth class of the second division "*Invisibles*."—a sort of pauper, or orphan train.

Where it goes, or what are its fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

The hand that should indicate North, is clearly pointing South, and the hand that points North, only attracts attention to the key, p. 21. where there is rather less about the Dublin, Holyhead, and Stockport train than in the above quoted page, which, however, is saying a great deal.

Anybody who did not *know* BRADSHAW would be angry. But it's all his fun.

His "show of hands" is an electioneering squib, which might have told pretty well this year.

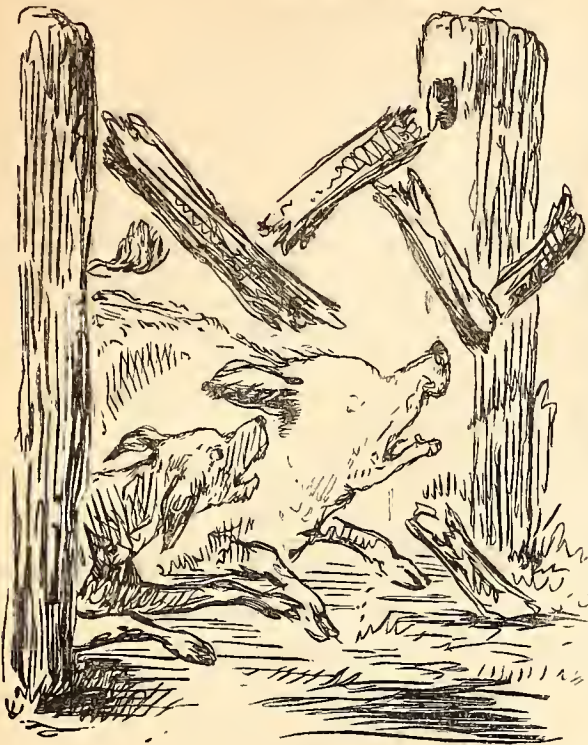
If the reader remembers that this is *Irish time*, the whole joke is explained.

The Train (C) is eminently adapted for that large section of the British public, who, in the summer time, go *nowhere*; or to those who, having a partiality for travelling express, care about going *Nowhere* unless they can "go in no time."



ALLEGORICAL. NOBODY GOING NOWHERE IN NO TIME.

THE PLEA OF DRUNKENNESS.

From the Police Reports.

WILLIAM JONES was charged with having set fire to Westminster Abbey on the 5th ult., and thus caused the conflagration in which that famous edifice perished.

The prisoner said that he was drunk, and knew nothing about it.

The worthy Magistrate said, that though he could hardly call intoxication an excuse, he should be ashamed to deal with a drunken man as if he had been sober. He hoped that the having been locked up all night would be a caution to the prisoner not

to burn down any more public buildings, and discharged him.

JAMES BROWN was charged with having scuttled the Gravesend steamer *Periwinkle*, when full of passengers, on Sunday. The boat sank, but the majority of the passengers were saved.

The prisoner said that some friends had treated him, and he hardly knew what he was about.

The worthy Magistrate said that the fault was more that of the prisoner's friends than his own, and as not many persons had been drowned, he would only hold the prisoner to bail, in his own recognisances, not to do it again.

WILLIAM BUGGINS was charged with having laid a large log across the Great Eastern Railway, in order to overturn the express train. By some accident a look-out was kept, and the train was stopped.

The prisoner said that he might have done it, he could not say. It was his grandmother's birthday, and he had taken a drop too much.

The worthy Magistrate remonstrated with him, in the kindest manner, against letting his meritorious family feelings induce him to exceed the limits of moderation, and as no one had been hurt, of course could not think of detaining a man who had erred unconsciously.

JONATHAN JARVIS was charged with rushing into the street on Sunday last, just as people were coming out of church, and knocking down a congregation with a large stick.

The prisoner hoped he should be forgiven. He had only just returned from abroad, and the wine of this country soon intoxicated him. He hoped to get used to it in time.

The worthy Magistrate asked whether any complainants remained in attendance. Being informed that there were several, he said that it was not very creditable to their charity, after the explanation that had been given. However, he must enforce the law, and should fine the prisoner five shillings.

SILAS FLETCHER was charged with knocking for two hours at the house of a gentleman in Baker Street, pulling the bell, kicking, and declaring that he would murder the inmates. A medical man said that a lady who had recently become a mother had been made dangerously ill by the nuisance.

The prisoner said that his own wife had caused him to be turned out of doors because he was drunk, and this naturally infuriated him.

The worthy Magistrate said that it would infuriate anybody, and she ought to be ashamed of herself. As for the house in Baker Street, was the knocker properly tied up?

The gentleman said that the white glove had been removed.

The worthy Magistrate said that this was culpable negligence, and discharged the prisoner with an earnest caution.

BARNABAS BRIGGS was charged with rushing among the bathing machines at Sandpiper, frightening the ladies, dragging away the horse, beating some gentlemen who endeavoured to interfere, and drowning an aged bathing-woman.

The prisoner, a very athletic man, said that he had been a sailor, and having met some old messmates they had drunk together until he hardly knew what he did.

The worthy Magistrate said that he did not like to be hard upon a

man who had sailed the deep, and on his assurance that he had been drunk, would overlook the offence this time, but BRIGGS must keep away from the seaside, except when on duty.

[*Mr. Punch* has, as yet, named no names, but as certain of his friends the Beaks (and some higher judges) seem resolved to regard intoxication as an Extenuation instead of an Aggravation, those distinguished individuals must accept the above as a hint that he means, unless he sees reform, to take special note of magisterial offenders in this line.]

THE SURPLICED BEGGAR.

TALK of the Mendicant Monks! They may have known a few dodges in their day, but they would have been beaten hollow by the Clergy of the Church of England as by law established. No one can say that these gentlemen do their work negligently. There is, we firmly believe, no incident that can occur in human life, that will not give a Parson an excuse for suggesting the disbursement of money.

One might have thought that the frightful accident on the Matterhorn would have been regarded as too awful to be connected with a begging process. No, an Irish chaplain writes to the papers to suggest that it would be an elegant thing to Endow a Church at Zermatt, to the memory of the unfortunate adventurers who fell from the mountain.

But when a mountain accident does not help a Parson, he easily finds another peg to hang the begging box on. Here is an advertisement which has been sent to us. It is from a place in the east of England.

AN OPEN AIR SERVICE

Will be held in the RECTORY MEADOWS in this Village next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock (D.V., and if the weather permits), to implore a blessing on the coming harvest. A collection will be made afterwards, towards a weather-cock on the church tower.

Another and a very resolute attack on the purse is thus made. A Parson cuts out from the newspaper the announcement of the birth of a baby. He sticks the record upon a card, into the middle of a little painted wreath of rosebuds, violets, or lilies. He writes some sentimental lines comparing the baby to the flower, and he addresses the affair to the newly-made mother, accompanying it by another intimation that if the rosebuds have pleased her, she should show her gratitude to the Supreme Being who has given *her* a rosebud, and to the author of the poem, by enclosing a shilling to help to pay for—something or other of a clerical kind. *Mr. Punch* has no doubt that this bait, thrown out at a moment when a young mother believes that the greatest event in universal history has just occurred, catches much fish.

Yes, many of the Parsons are good men and also capital fellows, but some of them are the most pertinacious and accomplished of beggars. *Punch* admires their ingenuity too much not to hold it up to public notice, and has some more specimens in hand.

ODE TO GAMGEE.

HEY, PROFESSOR GAMGEE!
The great outcry, may be,
'Gainst diseased foreign cattle's all fiddle-de-dee.
If the truth's to be said,
Isn't murrain home-bred
In the pen of uncleanness, and close-crowded shed?

Meat is awfully dear,
'Twould be much more severe
If we had no more of it than all that we rear.
Look, with careful inspection,
Out for alien infection;
But don't stop importation with view to Protection.

An Impossibility Accomplished.

STUART MILL demolishes SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, and MR. SPENCER demolishes MR. MILL, and the *Saturday Review* demolishes MR. SPENCER, for aught we know; but we got no further, in a truly admirable and perfectly incomprehensible article, than to this illustration of what the reviewer thinks an impossibility:—

"Try and form an idea of motion without a moving body."

Well, here. Imagine the Conservative body, supporting a motion against progress.

Quite Contrariwise.

WE are told that "like cures like." We wish our clever homœopaths would invent a much more valuable system to Society by which "dislikes should cure dislikes."

AN ACUTE ANGLER.—The Judicious Hooker.



ANOTHER BRILLIANT IDEA, ONLY BRILLIANTER!

(Vide "Punch," August 5th.)

CURIOUS QUESTION IN RAILWAY LAW.

DEAR SIR,

WE all know the law of the Railway Carriage Window, and that it is under the undisputed control of the person who sits in the corner with his face to the wind.

But, Sir, the Great Western Carriages, as you may know, are divided in the middle by a door, which separates the two compartments.

MRS. GRUNDY and I were on this line the other day, and I had reason to believe that the lady in question had some remarks to make to me of a somewhat incisive character. I may or may not have deserved them. I admit that it was three o'clock in the morning when I got home, at least I think so; but on the other hand I don't often do it, I had met friends, my watch had stopped, the cold punch was good, and the night was very hot. However, I was clearly going to catch it, for Mrs. GRUNDY desired me to close the door in the middle of the carriage, and then she herself pulled up its window in rather—I must say—a menacing manner. I do not usually read on railways, all doctors say that nothing is more ruinous to the eyesight, but on this occasion I plunged, head over ears, into the Cherbourg fêtes.

Before MRS. GRUNDY's warning cough was over (she caught it, of course, not waiting in the wind for the cab after ALFRED MELLON'S Concert, but sitting up in a comfortable room for me) a gentleman in the other compartment put the window down again.

I was obliged, at MRS. GRUNDY's instance, to commence a row, in the course of which I called him names, but I hereby privately signify to him that I was very much obliged to him, as the wrangle prevented the lecture, and took all the steam out of MRS. GRUNDY.

But, Sir, as one may have pleasant things to say to a lady, as well as unpleasant ones to hear from one's wife, in a carriage, please inform me what is the law of the Middle Window on the Great Western, and oblige

Yours very faithfully,

DEMOCRITUS GRUNDY.

Pembridge Terrace.

THE SALUTATION AT CHERBOURG.

AIR—"The Death of Nelson."

Recitative.

O'ER good Bordeaux, at moderate cost possessed,

BRITANNIA cracks her filberts with a zest;
May those light wines be hers no end of years,
And in exchange France take our ales and beers!

Air.

'Twas we, in Cherbourg gay,
That with the Frenchmen lay,
Each heart was jolly then,
Amid the fire and smoke.
Our ships were iron and oak,
And ditto were our men.
Our DACRES marked them on the wave;
Three cheers their friends our seamen gave,
Nor thought of war and booty.
The Captains had an extra can
Of grog served out to every man,
And hollaing was a duty.

The harmless cannons roar
Along the crowded shore—

Our DACRES led the way:
His ship the *Edgar* named,
Long be that *Edgar* famed!

No man got drunk that day;
We drank no more than what we ought.
Our brave allies' good-will we sought,
And not their lives and booty.

From mouth to mouth the saying ran,
"This is the way for every man
To have to do his duty."

No death, nor any wound,
From guns that did but sound,
A single breast received;
No harm on either side.

"Hip, hip, hooray!" we cried,
"To see what fun we've lived!
Hate between French and English past,
And French and English friends at last;
Free trade for war and booty."
So GLADSTONE ends what PEEL began,
And England will confess that man
Has rather done his duty.

A Slight Confusion.

A PARAGRAPH in a contemporary, relating the bold attempt of a nurse to collar a burglar, is headed, "Burglary and Courageous Conduct of a Woman." Is not this rather putting the cart before the mare, to the mare's wrong? The woman distinguished herself by courageous conduct, but did not commit Burglary.



THE MORAL OF CHERBOURG.

“THEY'RE JOLLY LOVING, THEY ARE; IF THEY WAS ONLY IN JOLLY EARNEST, WHAT A JOLLY LOT OF JOLLY NAVY EXPENSES THEY'D SAVE—THE JOLLY BOTH OF 'EM!”

OUR YACHT.



EALLY, I own I was disappointed on hearing that in our Yacht we could not go to America.

The other evening we held a Council as to what sea course should be taken.

My two companions I will designate as DICK and TOM, these being in fact their real names, and the third in the party being HARRY. It is not a conundrum, but after the information already given, I leave you to guess who HARRY is.

DICK said at the meeting that there must be a Commander. We assented. I proposed DICK, and this was seconded by TOM.

DICK said he had the casting vote. We agreed that such a privilege was right and proper in a triumvirate.

DICK consequently voted for himself and was elected Commander *nem. con.*

The Commander then took the chair, and in due discharge of his authority made TOM his first Lieutenant. I proposed myself for Mate. After some deliberation between the Commander and the Lieutenant, as to whether I should be subjected to an examination in nautical matters, [against which they decided, owing to their inability to frame a sufficient number of questions,] I was elected a Mate.

The Commander asked for what point should we make first.

Somebody said (I forget whether it was TOM or HARRY) that we ought to have a compass. I remember I added "and a chart" as an amendment. Being asked, "a chart of what?" I said I didn't know. On second thoughts I suggested, "Of the sea." The Lieutenant inquired, "Which sea?" I was a little annoyed at this, and said "The sea," emphatically. The Commander interrupted the discussion. "The question before the house, he meant the Admiralty Board—"

The Lieutenant observed it wasn't exactly the Admiralty Board. With this, in my character as Mate, I coincided.

The Commander wished to know, rather sarcastically, "What it was, then?"

The Lieutenant said he didn't know; but it wasn't the Admiralty.

I voted with the Lieutenant. The question then arose, as to whether a mate had a vote, that is suppose we were on board a man-of-war. The Lieutenant said "Suppose we weren't." This remark threatened to lead to a rupture, as the Commander rose and said, that "if we couldn't agree, we had better give the whole thing up." The Lieutenant said he was only joking. I told him that if he'd sit down again it would be all right. My tone was conciliatory, though my meaning was, perhaps, not sufficiently clear.

The Commander impressed upon us the importance of settling the point of our first voyage. The Lieutenant thought that Puffin Island would not be had fun. Having no very distinct notion as to the geographical position of Puffin Island, I expressed myself to the effect that it would *not* be bad fun. I had some idea that it was in Bantry Bay: I was going to say as much, but a doubt crossing my mind as to the existence of Bantry Bay, and as to whether, after all, I didn't mean the Bay of Biscay, induced me to hold my tongue on the subject altogether.

"Puffin Island would do to begin with," the Commander said.

So it was settled that we should start for the island the next morning. I have good reason for remembering the next morning, because my sailor's dress came down from town. Such a sailor's dress! Short blue jacket, with silver buttons marked with an anchor, and facings of white silk; striped white and blue shirt, with open collar, and light blue tie. White trousers, very loose over the shoe; striped stockings, patent leather shoes and buckles, and a belt with ornamental clasp. A straw hat with a ribbon, having the name *Saucy Polly* inscribed on it completed the costume.

I came down to breakfast in it, and reported myself to the Commander. He objected to the *Saucy Polly*, that not being the name of the Yacht. It was to be christened that morning, and called the *Nautilus*. He said that this wasn't the dress for a mate. I said I thought it was, and appealed to authority. The Commander asked what authority? I replied, MENKEN as *William*. The Commander said, if I was going to have any tomfoolery, we'd better give the whole thing up. (He was always giving the whole thing up on the slightest provocation.) The Lieutenant was sure that I was only joking. I said, yes, that was it, though it wasn't. It ended by the Commander lending me a P-jacket, which quite obliterated MENKEN as *William*. (I have since discovered that the Commander was right, at least practically.)

The two sailors, our Captain and the Crew, were both waiting for us on shore

with a small boat. The Crew said that he had taken necessary provisions aboard. It struck me that he had taken something more than necessary, as his voice was husky and his gait unsteady.

TOM the Lieutenant explained to me that all sailors rolled more or less in their gait. I asked if all sailors were more or less intoxicated, to which he replied, pooh? that intoxication was not allowed on board a man-of-war, and that a gentleman's Yacht was as strict as a man-of-war. I had to select one of two conclusions, either ours was not a gentleman's Yacht, or the Crew was sober.

It is due to the Crew to say, that adopting the latter alternative, his civility and politeness were perfectly oppressive. He would see every one into the boat before himself, although he had to pull the how-oar, and ought to have been first, finally tumbling in head foremost at the stern, and having to be picked out by myself and the Lieutenant. I believe he wanted us to understand that that was his usual method of getting into a boat.

With the exception of a slight delay caused by the Crew's oar missing the water, whereupon he fell back with his heels in the air, we reached the Yacht without any mishap.

Once on board, the Crew disappeared into the "hold." I think it was the hold, and we saw nothing of him for the next half-hour.

The Boots, in another boat, brought our luggage and a bottle of wine.

The Commander here called us on one side, and said that he thought it would be advisable in the presence of the Captain and the Crew to call him Commodore. What did we think? The Lieutenant said he'd call him a Barn-door if he liked, to which the Commander replied that, "If he was going to play the fool, why there was an end of it all, and we'd better give the whole thing up at once."

The Lieutenant explained that it was his fun, and observed he "Never knew a fellow" (meaning the Commander) "take things so seriously." The Commander said pointedly, that it was just as well to be serious *sometimes*; to which we agreed. I was the first to call him Commodore, and he then said, "It was all right."

Our provisions, which we forthwith inspected, consisted of a leg of mutton, potatoes, a chicken, eggs, several loaves, butter, a corkscrew, four bottles of brandy, two of rum, two of gin, knives and forks and plates. We would go on shore and take in fresh things as we wanted them, the Commodore said. I asked if we should be able to get anything at Puffin Island? He replied that there was only one house on Puffin Island. I thought of ROBINSON CRUSOE, and was going to question him concerning the religion of the natives, when the Lieutenant said that we shouldn't land at Puffin, and proposed that we had better get on our way, or "under way" as he expressed it (which is a nautical term, meaning starting,) at once.

The Commodore here said, that an idea had struck him; we must keep a log. A log is a nautical term meaning a log-book, or a book in which you keep the log. The book is about the size of a moderate-sized account book, and in it you note down what happens during the voyage. I shall introduce these explanations from time to time, as though BRITANNIA rules the waves, Britons in general are quite at sea, practically, as regards nautical manners and customs.—N.B. "Quite at Sea," and all about BRITANNIA was entered on the first page of the log when I got it, but scratched out by the Commodore, who said, "if foolery was to be introduced, we'd better drop the whole thing." I promised not to introduce foolery, and the log was confided to my care. I have, clandestinely, restored the text.

Boots, being still on board, was sent on shore to buy a log-book. He returned in an hour's time with it, and we then thought of getting "under way." (See previous note.)

Lieutenant asked if we were going to christen the ship. Commodore said he'd quite forgotten it. The name decided upon was the *Nautilus*; I still stood out for the *Saucy Polly*. We subsequently fixed upon the *Saucy Nautilus* as a compromise.

The Commodore was then referred to for instruction as to the method of christening a vessel. He said you broke a bottle over her bows, (this is a nautical phrase meaning the front part of the vessel, I think, called *bows*, because she *bends* to the waves,) and named her whatever it was.

The Lieutenant thought that the Commodore meant a launch. The Commodore said it was all the same thing. The word was passed aft, (this is a nautical phrase, used when you send for somebody who's in the after part of the vessel,) for the Captain and the Crew to come forward.

The Crew came up, looking as if he'd just pulled his head out of a bucket of cold water, as indeed was the case. When we were all assembled, the Commodore addressed us in a neat speech, and saying that the vessel was to be called the *Saucy Nautilus*, he broke the bottle of sherry (brought by the Boots) on the capstand (this is a nautical phrase; its meaning is evident, though practically it's not much used for this purpose).

He then asked us to give three cheers for the *Saucy Nautilus*. This we all did with the exception of the Crew, who became melancholy at seeing this waste of good liquor.

After the ceremony, which was not quite so impressive as I could have wished, the Captain, who had been cheering lustily, came forward and informed the Commodore that his master (the Grocer) would be very much annoyed if we changed her name, as it was only yesterday he had had a new one painted on her stern. Getting into the small boat to look at it from behind, we found that the name of our Yacht, painted in large white capitals, was THE GREEN GROCER. Owner, D. EVANS, Bangor.



AN UNKIND CUT.

Amateur. "IT WAS VERY KIND OF YOU TO COME TO OUR PERFORMANCE THE OTHER NIGHT; BUT WHAT DID YOU THINK OF MY *HAMLET*? PRETTY GOOD?"

Professional (feigning ecstasy). "OH, MY DEAR FELLOW, 'PON MY WORD YOU KNOW, —REALLY I ASSURE YOU, GOOD'S NOT THE WORD!"

"LIGHTLY TREAD."

MR. PUNCH,

You have been present at a variety of entertainments during the past season, balls, dinners, drums, *fêtes*, garden-parties, private views, *soirées*, and *conversaziones*; you will, therefore, anticipate the train of thought into which I am about to fall, and be prepared to hear and sympathise with a complaint touching the lengths to which ladies go in their dress, and to issue a grand remonstrance, on behalf of yourself and your long-suffering fellow countrymen, addressed to the whole female population of these happy isles.

I am, by nature, a meek, modest, bashful, retiring, nervous man, but when I do overcome my constitutional timidity, and go out to struggle with Society, I would rather not be obliged to keep my eyes fixed on the carpet four-fifths of the time I am in the saloons of fashion, lest I should put my foot in it by tearing some beautiful

brunette's dress "out of the gathers." I do like now and then to look at a picture on the walls, or a Wedgwood vase on the table, or the tall blonde with blue velvet in her amber hair, who has just been singing SCHUBERT'S "*Adieu*."

I hasten to make the most comprehensive apologies when I know I am really in the wrong; but to ask for a free pardon twenty times in an evening, when you feel that the plea for mercy should come from those who persist in a clumsy fashion; and to be looked at as though you deserved the treadmill; and to see sweet creatures whom you have fancied it would be impossible to ruffle, flounce about with vexation, because with all your care and contemplation of the floor you have failed to pilot yourself safely between the Tulle shoal and the Tarlatane sand-bank, and have made a hole in your manners, and another in a well-fed matron's gauze, is a great discount off settled enjoyment and a heavy drawback to cheerful amusement.

Crinoline is bad enough, particularly in an omnibus on a wet day, when there is the full number, with a young child and a small wheel-barrow over; but these hostile encounters which we poor men are now constantly having with female train-bands, drag down our spirits, and cause us to gnash our hair and tear our teeth *nocte dieque* (translation by the LORD MAYOR'S Chaplain)—night and day.

Is it to go on? Is it to become an institution like roast beef and the *Latin Grammar*? Then some domestic BRADSHAW ought to publish a *Guide* and foot-book to the trains, or the culprits should be compelled to uphold the fashion by retaining train-bearers, like the LORD CHANCELLOR, the SPEAKER, and other great functionaries. (Happily for them, many already possess purse-bearers in the person of their husbands.) Is the growing generation to be a trailing one? Are our daughters to be trained up in their mothers' steps? Not, *Mr. Punch*, if you pass a sweeping censure on this dirty fashion; not, though it may pain your gallant heart, if you give its followers a good trimming—I might say a good dressing—and delicately hiut (for this is the long and the short of it), that it is a bad sign when skirts lengthen and bodies diminish, and that too much of the human back may grow monotonous.

I have now tried to put the matter in train—you know how to explode it.

Yours obediently,

A DWELLER ON THE OUTSKIRTS.

P.S. Can you tell me whether it is an old fashion revived? I have heard it was first introduced, in France, by the celebrated NINON DE L'ONGCLOTHES.

P.S. (2.) My note must have another "tuck" to it. Not a moment is to be lost. I have just read the following from *Le Follet* (Is there not an English word very like this in sound?)—

"Skirts are made very full and very long, and the Crinolines as large as ever!"

UNCOMMON VERDICT OF A BRITISH JURY.

AN almost unprecedented case occurred the other day at the Leeds Assizes. It was that of LORD v. HUMPHREY, an action of Breach of Promise of Marriage. The plaintiff is a widow only forty-eight years of age, the defendant a widower of full thirty-six, and a boiler-maker, earning as much as £2 a week. They had been betrothed for two years, and their wedding was put off from time to time on account of an inflammation of the eyes, which the interesting plaintiff was afflicted with. The defendant had indeed more than once proved himself ready to lead the plaintiff to the altar, but she thought proper to postpone the marriage ceremony from time to time, until he, at last, unreasonably got tired, and went and married somebody else. In this clear case of faithless desertion and trifling with the feelings of a confiding woman, a British Jury, for once in the way, actually found a verdict for the defendant!

A Deceptive Likeness.

THE zealous French student is warned against translating literally "*au pied de la lettre*" into "foot-note." In the spirit he might be right, perhaps, but he would certainly be wrong in the letter.]

THE BLACK ELECTOR.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT FOR OUR AMERICAN FRIENDS.

The newly-constituted *Elector*, SAMBO, is sitting on a stump, and playing a small banjo. Enter an American gentleman, MR. RUFUS X. SMART.

Mr. Smart. Well, MR. SAMBO, how do you do?

Black Elector (with dignity). Massa SAMBO am berry well, tank you, Sar.

Mr. Smart. Glad to hear it, MR. SAMBO, rejoiced to hear it. Hope your crop's coming on well.

Black Elector. Pretty well, Sar. Dis white trash ain't no good much at work, but we'll soon kick 'em into a better knowledge ob things, and ob deir privileges in serving a kind coloured genelam.

Mr. Smart. They ought to be glad to take your money, and do your work, MR. SAMBO. By the way, you must mind and exercise your rights as a citizen.

Black Elector. Hate exercise like the debbil, Massa. What's your name, Sar? What for you obtrude on a coloured genelam taking his music lesson?

Mr. Smart. No intrusion, Sir, I trust. My name is RUFUS X. SMART, and I am a friend of the Honourable HOMINY BUSTER, who hopes to have your distinguished support at the coming election.

Black Elector. Sar, if you cheek dis nig—dis coloured genelam, you'll make 'quaintance wid him boot on your dam skin. What you mean, Sar?

Mr. Smart. No anger, MR. SAMBO. The Government of this almighty and everlasting country has thought proper, in its extraordinary enlightenment, to invest you with the franchise. You understand, I am sure. It has given you a vote.

Black Elector. Dat a lie, Sar. It hab given me nuffin of de kind. Where is it? Dere's my house. I give you leave to go into a coloured genelam's house and look. If you find de vote, bring it here directly minit.

Mr. Smart. I have not made myself quite clear.

Black Elector. You seems a stupid hoss, dat's clar—yup, yup, yup, yup, yup.

Mr. Smart (aside). I'd give five dollars for five minutes leave to canvass him with this strip of hippopotamus. I'd obtain a genuine expression of his sentiments. My dear MR. SAMBO, you are a gentleman of America.

Black Elector. Ah! Now you talk sensitive, Sar, quite sensitive, and me proud to know you. Sit down, Sar, and don't be bashful, we are all alike and equal—all cakes out of the same oven, only de coloured genelam a cake which am better done. Like cake and molasses, Sar?

Mr. Smart. Delight in it, I assure you, Sir.

Black Elector. Den steal some, come to me, and I'll lend you a stool to eat him on. Yup, yup, yup, yup, yup.

(Sings) Massa's name MANASSES,

Hugly little Jew,

Steal him prime molasses,

Put him in a stew.

Jiggle joggle jumpacross,

Dat am berry fine,

Den dis nigger steal a hoss,

An off to Caroline.

Jiggle, joggle, &c. (for ten minutes, with banjo accompaniment.)

Mr. Smart. Admirably clever, MR. SAMBO. I have heard nothing so good at the theaytre. You would realise fifty dollars a night on the stage.

Black Elector. Dam low dem actors, Sar. And they am tied to de clock, obligated to go and sing whether in the humour or not, and whether 'em drunk or sober. Dat a slavery which no coloured genelam could smit to, Sar.

Mr. Smart. You are right, MR. SAMBO, and I am truly glad to hear you proclaim such unhesitating enmity to tyranny of every kind. I am sure, therefore, that you will give your vote to my friend, the Honourable HOMINY BUSTER, whose maxim is that freedom should roll over the Universe like the boisterous air, and be bounded only by the firmament and by the ecliptic.

Black Elector. You talk jolly well, Massa. You make dam good pious preacher, Sar. 'Tand up on dat stump and preach, and dis coloured genelam give you half a dollar.

Mr. Smart. I'll come to-morrow, and do it for nothing; to-day I have an engagement, and I must go; for I am not like you, Sir, a free and unfettered gentleman who can do as he pleases and who has no master but himself.

Black Elector. Dat berry elegant compement, Sar, MASSA TART, and dis here coloured genelam am equal in politeness. You shall hab his vote when you can find it about de house, or anywhere. Suppose some of dem young monkeys hab took it, and dropped it in de drain, may be, but I'll give em a crack over and make 'em find it.

Mr. Smart. Thank you, MR. SAMBO; I'll call to-morrow and drive

you to the place of voting, and show you all about it. I rely on the promise of an independent American gentleman.

Black Elector (loftily). You may do so, Sar (*Exit MR. SMART*). Civil beast, dat am, for a white, but not know polite manners. But am now time for some rum, and some sleep. Coloured genelam too precious to danger him health over working.

POEM BY EARL RUSSELL.

WHEN a universe is busy in paying tributes to his merit, *Mr. Punch* need care little for individual praises. Still *laudari laudato* is pleasant, and the quiet "hear, hear," of one judicious friend in the boxes is more gratifying than the shouts of a theatre full of groundlings. *Mr. Punch* recently lighted upon the following verses, contributed by EARL RUSSELL (LORD JOHN, when they were written) to a Lady's album, and the poetry is so charming that *Mr. Punch*, albeit blushing at the praise of his own loveliness, cannot help inserting them in his pages. The FOREIGN SECRETARY will be as pleased to see them again as *Mr. Punch* was.

"ON PUNCH."

"To distant worlds a guide amid the night,
To nearer orbs the source of life and light,
Each star, resplendent on its radiant throne,
Gilds other systems and supports its own.
Thus we see *Punch*, upon his fame reclined,
Enlighten all the universe of mind;
To some for wonder, some for joy appear,
Admired when distant, and beloved when near,
'Twas he gave rules to Fancy, grace to Thought,
Taught Virtue's laws, and practised what he taught."

Woburn.

JOHN RUSSELL.

"KINGS BEGGED OF A BEGGAR."

O WORLD, in other days Old England raged,
Tore off your royal purples, seized your flags:
Now to one Mill alone she stands engaged,
The Paper-Mill, and humbly begs your Rags.

Yet think not that one feather quits her cap,
Or that she bates a jot of power or will:
For what those Rags, transmuted, shall enwrap
Are Truths. Take those, and own her Mistress still.

Ingenious Ichthyological Discovery.

WE are more than pleased to have it in our exclusive power to state—and the statement will probably allay the fears of many an over-excited, fervid member of the Church—that the much-talked of and much-dreaded "*Seal of Confession*" turns out, after all, to be no other than that harmless creature known to all showmen, such as BARNUM and the like, as "*THE TALKING FISH*."

Gammon, if True.

By accounts from Hampshire we learn that fitches of bacon in that porciferous county now fetch, wholesale, 1s. per pound, and that a breeder in the New Forest last week refused a guinea each for a litter of pigs seven weeks old. It may well be feared, as it is, that bacon in the South of England will soon be 2s. a pound; for what can you expect but precious bacon when Forest pigs of seven weeks old are guinea-pigs?

THE WORST CON. OF THE SEASON.

When you dine with your friend, and you both have HARVEY'S Sauce, why is it equivalent to your riding Pillion with him?
Because he'd HARVEY'S Sauce (*halve his horse*) with you.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

THE Child's mind is like a virgin sheet of letter-paper; and its address in after-life will depend entirely upon the way in which you direct it.

"C'EST ÉMIRABLE!"

ABD-EL-KADER is very fond of the English and their institutions, but still he confesses that he has found many countries much more *inviting* than England.

CLAP-TRAP MOTTO FOR A FRENCH *CLAQUEUR*.—"Bis dat qui citò dat."

A BATH CHAIR.—A Sitz-Bath.



"ROOM FOR A SMALL ONE."

Testy Passenger (only just in time for the Train). "IF I HEAR ANY MORE REMARKS ABOUT 'ROOM FOR A SMALL ONE,' OR SUCH-LIKE, I'LL—I OBJECT TO YOUR SMOKING!"

[Has him there, and the Funny Passenger makes an abject apology.]

A DROP FOR THE DRAMA.

THE plan of sinking the stage into a vehicle for puffery is one that all good judges must assuredly condemn; and we are, therefore, not surprised to find that MR. BARON BRAMWELL has lately thus denounced it:—

"This was an action for not exhibiting an advertisement of the plaintiff's for fifteen minutes each night in the drop scene in the pantomime of *Mother Goose*. The verdict was for the defendants, his Lordship saying that most people would avoid dealing with a tradesman whose advertisement appeared for fifteen minutes each night on a pantomime drop."

Not merely "most people," but all people who are endowed with common sense assuredly are not to be attracted by shop puffery, and doubtless would be found to act as MR. BARON BRAMWELL hints. Unluckily, however, "more geese than swans do live, more fools than wise," and tradesmen, knowing this, try to catch the silly birds by all the traps that can be set for them.

Where their pockets are concerned, it is of little use appealing to the good taste of the advertisers, and attempting to persuade them to abstain from this defacement of the stage. Men, who do not even scruple to spoil a lovely landscape by sticking up shop placards there, will never hesitate to plaster mere stage scenery with puffs. Still, it may be worth the while of managers to speculate a little as to how many of their audience these stage puffs may disgust. Sensible folks, certainly, are not very likely to be tempted to a theatre by the knowledge that a play is used for purposes of puffery; and a theatre must surely sink in public estimation by an advertising "drop."

A Question of no Value Whatever.

THE Roman Catholics are very wrong and extremely stupid to be seriously annoyed at anything the M.P. for Peterborough may choose to say. On the contrary, they should judiciously take every allegation he makes for "*Quantum WHALLEY-at.*"

EXTRAORDINARY ASSUMPTION.

THE *Western Daily Press* announces the following intelligence respecting "The Benedictines in Bristol":—

"Monday being known in the Calendar as the Feast of the Assumption, the Bristol Branch of the O. S. B. is resolved to usher it in with all that theatric display which is so prominent a feature in their proceedings."

The Feast of the Assumption is a festival of the Roman Church. It was not included by the Reformers in the English Calendar. The Assumption of the Church of Rome is one thing; the Assumption of the "English Benedictines" is another. The latter Assumption is the Assumption of the character of monks, an Assumption which is wholly unwarrantable, and would be equally gratuitous only that it earns something, namely the derision of the multitude. The Feast of this Assumption is one very fit to be celebrated by mummers who assume the name and habiliments of friars. Only they should hold it, not on the Fourteenth of August, but on the First of April, identifying the Feast of their Assumption with that of All Fools. Indeed, it may be said, that in this Assumption of theirs there is no less of the ass than of the sumption. In addition to the foregoing remarks, we may mention, on the authority above quoted, that the "Benedictines" of Bristol, under the leadership of a buffoon whom they call "Prior CYPRIAN," proceeded to march through the streets in their masquerade attire, and got up a demonstration which occasioned a row, put an end to by a policeman, who obliged the mock-monastic mountebanks to move on.

A Broken Saw.

THE Proverb declares that when rogues fall out honest men come by their own. Yet, although Austria and Prussia have quarrelled about Schleswig-Holstein, those Duchies have not been restored to the KING OF DENMARK.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—Westminster Hall.



TOO TRUE!

Gentleman incog., reading *Local History*. "OUR COASTS HAVE QUICK SANDS, ON WHICH MANY STRANGERS HAVE INCAUTIOUSLY WANDERED—AND BEEN LOST FOR EVER."

HIS NEXT HOLINESS.

THE *Nazione*, of Florence, has prepared Europe for an event which, coming unexpectedly, would create a little astonishment. According to our Italian contemporary, there are those who declare that PIO NONO, reduced to extremities by the fast approaching term of the convention, whereby the French will quit Rome, "has taken a heroic resolution," *videlicet* :—

"Following the example of POPE CELESTINE, he is said to have the intention of abdicating the Papal power, in order that the successor nominated during his life, and under his own eyes, shall not be bound, as he is, by any oath in matters affecting the property of the Church. Finally—and here the wonder increases—the choice of the new Pontiff is said to be already determined, and PIUS THE NINTH is only to abdicate after having obtained a secret promise, signed by all the members of the Sacred College, to the effect that their votes shall be unanimously given to an illustrious layman, who at the same sitting shall be created priest, bishop, and cardinal."

The correspondent of the *Post* at the Italian capital (*pro tem.*), with reference to the foregoing statement, observes that the readers of the *Nazione* "must rack their brains in conjecture whether GARIBALDI, or CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT, or SIR GEORGE BOWYER is the individual referred to," and reasonably enough, asks :—

"May he not be, after all, the successful electioneering tactician who recently went to the country on the watch-word which ought surely to recommend him to the highest post in the Romish hierarchy—that he and his always sided with the angels."

In order to become Pope it would, of course, be necessary that the distinguished politician referred to in the foregoing query, should go over to Rome. It is probable that he would hesitate to take that step until he felt quite certain of his election to the Poppedom, and if, having gone over to Rome, he were not made Pope after all, perhaps he would come back again. The triple hat would no doubt very well fit the head of the enthusiastic champion of that ancient race, of whose members so many were once accustomed to wear something of the kind about the streets. If the leader of her MAJESTY'S Opposition were elevated to the Papacy, he might

feel sufficiently comfortable at that altitude; but there [are] wretches who would call it a Dizzy height. Should *Il mio Ben*, as his present Holiness may playfully call the "illustrious layman," for whose feet he is said to intend vacating his white satin slippers, succeed the Holy Father in the chair of Peter, what name is it likely that he would adopt? That of Innocent would suit him very nicely. Semitic predilections, however, might induce him to prefer Shadrach, or Sidrach, as it is rendered *à la Romaine*. On the same grounds, our illustrious author, made Pope, might gracefully choose for himself the name of Sidonia. Or Michael, Gabriel, or Raphael, might be that which would be chosen by one who sides with the angels.

But what is the use of pursuing speculations such as the preceding? Of course there is only one illustrious layman in existence that could possibly be created priest, bishop, cardinal, and Pope all in a day. And he would rather not be. If he were offered the Tiara he would decline it, because he prefers his own cap-and-bells. He would scorn to say *Non possumus* under any circumstances; but, if requested to accept the situation of the potentate who says that, he would answer *Non volumus*, or *Nolumus*. There is no truth in the suggestion that the individual engaged to be the next Pope, *vice* PIUS THE NINTH, abdicated, is *Mr. Punch*.

Seaside Literature.

A NEW Political pamphlet has been published at Nancy, called *Décentralisation*, which has created a great sensation at Paris and elsewhere. Might not the Ramsgate authorities take a dip profitably into its contents, with the view of seeing whether they could not bring their bathing regulations a little more within the limits of "Decentralisation?"

THE HORNS OF THE ALTAR.

WE hear that his Holiness the POPE has given positive orders that all his Bulls shall be kept within the precincts of the Vatican while the cattle disease is rife.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER IV.

Treats of the Art of Mural Decoration—its Origin—Pictorial Examples.

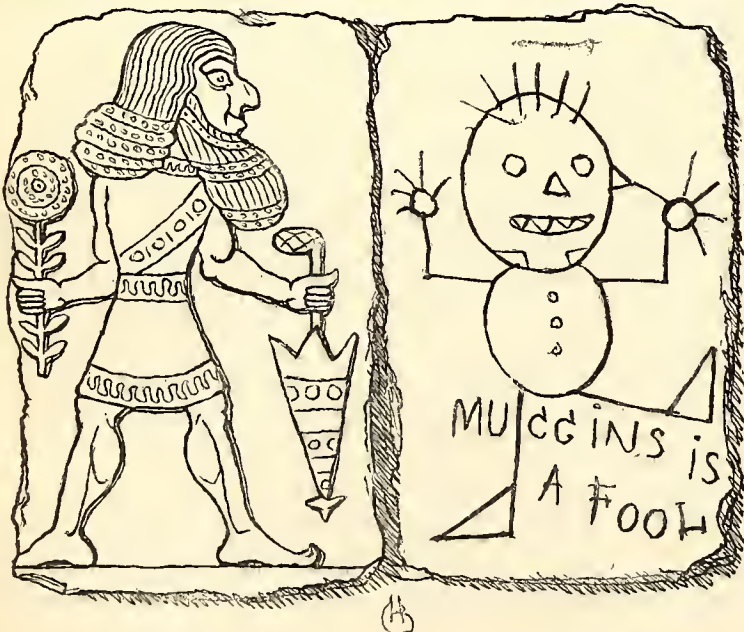


RADSHAW tells you at what time to be at the London Terminus, but he does not show you how to pass away an hour or so, should you happen to be too early, or, what comes to much the same thing, too late for your train.

These supplementary suggestions it is ours to offer.

The art of mural decoration has made great progress of late years in England, and more especially, as is natural, in London. This art in its crudest form was originated by some idle genius, who, being pos-

sessed of a piece of chalk or charcoal, was led to inscribe his opinions of men and things, pictorially or in writing, on the walls of our public buildings or aristocratic mansions. This juvenile genius was doubtless a descendant of the Ninevite, Egyptian, and Assyrian little boys, whose works have caused so much trouble to modern antiquarians.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1 may be seen in the British Museum and the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. No. 2 may yet be found on some of the London walls.

The juvenile genius above mentioned grew up, and found himself, by a stroke of bad fortune, penniless—an outcast from society. His only property, with the exception of the rags on his back, was a small piece of chalk. With this it struck him he would write on a flagstone his melancholy epitaph. It was to have been, "Walked his Chalks, ann. æt.," &c., but scarcely had he begun to write the second letter, when a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would sell his chalk, and himself into the bargain. To whom? To the tradesman who owned the shop opposite to where he was lying down. What put this into his head? The complaint of the Shopkeeper himself, whom our genius overheard informing a friend, that, if he could only get himself and his wares talked about, he would be a made Tailor.

Our Genius jumped up. Advertising, except in a small way, and this only confined to wealthy establishments, was as yet comparatively unknown.

"You shall be talked about!" cried the Genius.
"Who are you?" asked the Shopkeeper, superciliously.
"Never mind who I am, MR. MUGGINS," returned the Young Man, as if inspired: "I'm going to make *your* fortune, and my own too."
"Better begin with the latter," sneered MUGGINS, turning on his heel.
"I cannot, or I would," replied the Genius, proudly, yet sorrowfully. MUGGINS paused. He liked honesty, and this had the ring of the true metal.

"We are necessary for one another," continued the Genius.

MR. MUGGINS eyed him with pity.

"I am no lunatic," said the Young Man.

"Umph!" said MUGGINS, doubtfully, "I've only your word for that."

"This," cried the Genius, "is the Talisman."

He held up a piece of chalk.

MUGGINS looked at the chalk, then at the Young Man, then at the chalk again. He could evidently make nothing of it.

"Well?" said MUGGINS, beginning to think he was wasting his valuable time. "What next?"

"Look!" was the reply of the Genius, as he began to draw upon the wall a hieroglyphic.

"What's that?" asked the Genius.

"That?" said MUGGINS, adjusting his spectacles. "Why—eh—bless my soul! *them's trousers!*"

"And what's that?" continued the Genius, writing something underneath the strange picture.

"My name and address!" exclaimed the astonished MUGGINS, "and the price of the article!"

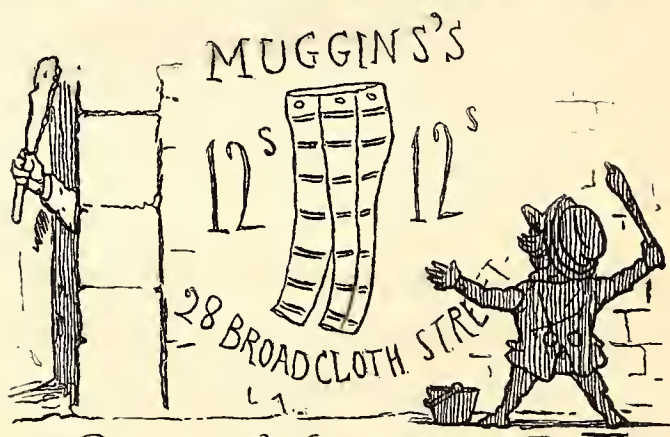
"There are so many walls in London," whispered the Young Man in his ear—"so many walls in the country, and—"

"Hush!" said MUGGINS, "walls have ears."

"And mouths," quoth the Genius, closing one eye.

"Come you within," said MUGGINS, cautiously, and they entered the shop.

In less than a month all London was chalked over with



And MUGGINS's "twelve shillings" became necessary to the existence of all the fashionable young City Clerks, Government Clerks, and go-ahead Shopboys in the Metropolis.

This was the history of the rise of Mural Advertisement Decoration all over England.

Need we say that the hand that carried MUGGINS through the length and breadth of the land, was that of the Genius upon whom we first stumbled, chalking his farewell address to an unsympathetic world.

Now, on the walls of nearly all Stations are works of art, not to be merely glanced at as advertisements, but calling for criticism based upon those canons that govern our connoisseurs in their remarks upon the annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

HARLEQUIN SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

A PANTOMIME at the present time of year is about as seasonable a phenomenon as snow would be in harvest. Yet Europe is now being entertained by the outrageous absurdities of *Harlequin Schleswig-Holstein*. The peculiarity of this piece is that, contrary to the usage which uniformly prevails on the boards of a British theatre, the two principal personages concerned in its comic business are an aged Clown, and a youthful Pantaloon. It is very funny to see how, in dividing the plunder of the Duchies, the old rogue takes the lion's share, pretending to buy Lauenburg, and cribbing out of his accomplice's portion the harbour of Kiel, exactly as the zany on our own stage at Christmas apportioned fish or sausages to himself and the other thief on the principle of "one for you too, and two for me too."

THE SANDS OF "LIFE."—Scarborough's.

MUSICAL BENEVOLENCE.



THE Season being over, there is nobody in town now, as everybody knows, at least nobody excepting some three millions of poor wretches who cannot get away from it. How we who are thus prisoned here contrive to pass our time, and manage to amuse ourselves, must doubtless be a puzzle to more fashionable people. Both the Operas are closed, and few theatres are open, and nobody can give a party when there is nobody to come to it. It is true there are the Music-halls; but it is not every person who is gifted with a relish for vulgar comic songs *plus* bad beer and tobacco. How therefore can *les misérables*, who are kept in town at Autumntide, contrive to kill their time without committing suicide?

Happily, however, to prevent this sad necessity, MR. MELLON has the charity to give his pleasant

Concerts, where, for the small sum of a shilling, the connoisseur may hear MOZART and MENDELSSOHN performed well nigh as well as they are played at the guinea Philharmonic. He may hear, too, sweet-tongued LIEBHARDT, and clear-throated CARLOTIA PATTI, and he may hear such lively dance-tunes as will set his toes a-tingling. Moreover, just at this dull season, when people kept in town so sadly need amusement, MR. GERMAN REED invites them to his Operas di Camera, and any one who wants to pass a pleasant evening cannot well do better than accept his invitation. Light lively little works are they, and tastefully produced: the wonder being, how a stage so small can show us so much scenery. If the singers have small voices to match the stage they sing upon, they at least have no big band over which to bawl and bellow; and their notes can reach the audience without the latter, so to speak, having to put their ears on tiptoe.

THE YOUNG LADY'S HOPE.

SOME Gentlemen and Ladies of the Archæological Institute that met in Dorset the other day visited the Norman Chapel of St. Catherine, at Milton Abbey. The REV. C. W. BINGHAM told them of a legend, according to which the young women of Abbotsbury used, on a certain day, to go there and pray to St. Catherine for husbands. Whereupon, says the *Building News* :—

"MR. BERESFORD HOPE, who at these gatherings is always equal to any emergency, modestly proposed that all gentlemen and married ladies should retire from the Church, so as to afford the young ladies present the opportunity of using so desirable a prayer."

If this very hopeful suggestion of MR. BERESFORD HOPE's was adopted by those to whom he proposed it, the proposer himself, however, did probably not retire along with them. He perhaps considered that HOPE should remain behind, in Pandora's box, as it were, with the young ladies. It is to be hoped that hope, on this occasion, told many of those fair archæologists a flattering tale, which will be shortly realised.

Temperance in Liquor.

THERE is perhaps more than one remark which may have occurred to most of those who read, one day last week, the following announcement :—

"The Teetotallers are to have a grand *fête* at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday next. Excursion trains will run from upwards of 500 stations."

Many doubtless remarked, that of course the fountains would be all set playing for the accommodation of the multitude of water-drinkers. Some, possibly, expressed a hope that plenty of stretchers would be provided to take them home.

LENIENCY.

BETTING men and their betters are squabbling over a rule which says that the Bet should go with the Stake. An awfully tough one was brought us up by ELIZABETH, the ugly cook, at a Margate boarding-house, the other day. But, as the rule seems in doubt, we gave her the benefit thereof, and only threw the stake out of window.

AN IRISHMAN'S JUST REMONSTRANCE.

SIR, MR. PUNCH,

TOUCHING us Irish and your Cattle. (If I may take the liberty of naming us in the same line with them.) I have been expecting the usual insult, Sir, and the Saxon taunt that Irishmen might be supposed to know the right way with Bulls. Taunt away, Sir, we are accustomed to be trampled on. Meantime, Sir, read this, if you can, and if you can't, when you come to this passage, tell somebody to read it to you. It is an extract from the *Narrative of the Great Fire of London*, your own overgrown and demoralised miserable metropolis. It is in the works of your famous DE FOE, but was not really written by the Unabashed One. But it is authentic, Sir. *Vide* BOHN's edition, Sir, page 221.

The Great Fire reduced your howling citizens to want and dismay, and what was the course of poor old trampled Oireland?

"At the news of the fire, all the good subjects (O, we are good enough when you want to come over us) in Ireland were seized with the utmost consternation (that's a lie, anyhow) upon that deplorable accident. The Lord-Lieutenant, the DUKE OF ORMOND (he was an Irish Juke, mind ye) set on foot a subscription for the relief of the sufferers. It rose to a higher value than could have been expected in so distressed a country (Ah!) where there was not money to circulate for the common necessities of the country (listen to that now, and then abuse our posterity because they did not always pay their dirty debts), or to pay the public taxes. (Do ye see that? Wise English statesmen, lay on taxes, and make us no money to pay 'em—yah!) Therefore the subscription was made in Beeves, thirty thousand of which were sent to London."

Beeves, Sir, means Oxen, and is the plural of beef, and quadrupeds of the bovine species. That's the way poor old Oireland, in all her distress, treated your hungry Cockneys. And now your Cockney newspapers abuse us because we won't have your unsalutiferous old cows. Blush, Sir, if you can, and anyhow believe me

Your indignant well-wisher,

THE O'BLUNDERBUSS.

A SONG FOR THE SMALL GERMANS.

GERMAN Students and professors, smoke-beclouded, steeped in beer, Sing, as we request our WHALLEY; sing a song good fun to hear. Poor deceived, bamboozled, petty kings and dukes of Germany, Sing your song of Schleswig-Holstein, sing it in a minor key.

On you, diddled done and dished ones, for your favourite song we call. Schleswig-Holstein sing, new version, sing it, ye small Germans, small. Schleswig-Holstein, sea-embraced, a Oneness ever vowed by you, Prussia's King and Austria's Kaiser in your teeth have split in two.

Ye tobacco-cloud-compelling drainers of the beery pot, Sing by "Federal Execution" all the good that you have got; All the dirt that can confederates with a pair of robbers soil, All the infamy of plunder, with no portion of the spoil!

Sing AUGUSTENBURG thrown over, OLDENBURG kicked far aside; Sing the future Prussian navy that shall in Kiel harbour ride. Sing your aspirations, so accomplished, for a German fleet; Sing "Hurrah for HOHENZOLLERN; here we are at BISMARCK's feet!"

A PRELATE IN PLAY.

THE possibility of being at the same time serious and lively was illustrated the other day, at Salisbury, on the occasion of the meeting, in the Guildhall, of two great missionary societies, by a distinguished Prelate, whose brother of Sarum occupied the Chair. According to *John Bull* :—

"THE BISHOP OF OXFORD, who, it is needless to say, was loudly applauded, said that the Christian grace of obedience had been eminently practised that evening. He did not hear the commencement of ARCHDEACON HARRIS's speech, but he had no doubt, he said, he would not have risen had it not been in obedience to his diocesan. MR. WALPOLE preluded that noble oration of Christian statesmanship (Cheers) with a protestation against speaking at all. MR. HUXTABLE made a spasmodic effort of obedience; while the startled guest, MR. HUBBARD, fresh from palatial hospitality, was also loth to speak."

Hey? What? "Fresh from palatial hospitality" and "loth to speak." Well; so a man naturally might be in the state ascribed to MR. HUBBARD by the BISHOP OF OXFORD. Was DEAN CLOSE present in the assembly to which BISHOP WILBERFORCE addressed the foregoing observations, and if so, what did he say? Of course we know that the Right Reverend SAMUEL was only joking, and we cite his words merely to show how the grave can be combined with the gay in episcopal eloquence, as oil and alkali are in soap.



ACCOMMODATING.

Lodger. "AND THEN, THERE'S THAT COLD PHEASANT, MRS. BILKES"—

Landlady. "YES'M, AND IF YOU SHOULD HAVE ENOUGH WITHOUT IT, LOR', MR. BILKES WOULDN'T MIND A EATIN' OF IT FOR HIS SUPPER, IF THAT'S ALL."

A PLEA FOR CHILDREN'S DINNER PARTIES.

THE Hospital for Sick Children is a most excellent institution, and kindly care is taken of small invalids admitted there. Very many are the ills which, especially in London, infant flesh is heir to, and the hospital has always all the patients it can hold, while there are even children waiting to obtain an entrance. Scores of little ones now die for want of such assistance as this charity provides, but its funds are insufficient to permit of its enlargement. Need another word be said to stir the organs of benevolence, and extract a tenpound note from the pocket of the charitable?

Meanwhile, until the hospital be doubled, trebled, and quadrupled, as speedily it ought to be, surely something may be done towards diminishing the numbers of those waiting to be inmates. Prevention of an illness is still better than a cure, and many ailments of poor children come from causes which, by proper care, are easily preventible. For instance, want of nutriment, of course, occasions weakness, and becomes a sadly fruitful source of suffering. Many a young life might be saved by a timely change from cottage fare to more substantial diet. A good meal twice a week, even, may keep a child in health, who would otherwise be sickly; and surely this is no great gift to grant, Oh, ye philanthropists! Surely, most of us can spare a few shillings a-week to help some such a scheme as this, announced in the *Spectator*:—

"There is a MR. G. M. HICKS somewhere in Bloomsbury, who, we take it, is about as sensible, kindly, and practical a philanthropist as exists in England. This gentleman and his wife have organised in Woburn Buildings, Clare Market, a daily dinner for sick children, who are provided in a pleasant room with a full and healthy meal. About twenty-five children, all rickety, or cripples, or more or less ill, are here fed at twelve o'clock on good food, under the careful supervision of a matron, and amid pleasant sights and sounds. The effect on the children, half of whom are perishing for want of nourishment, is said to be extraordinary, and the entire cost of the place is under £237 a year. One poor lad had at first to be carried in a cripple, then hobbled in on irons, and now walks in, sickly but independent, the cure being mainly due to the food."

Bravo, HICKS! we must exclaim, however vulgar it be thought in us to make that exclamation. Bravo, HICKS of Bloomsbury! May your

good example be followed out wherever it is anyhow found possible, and surely there are few places, indeed, where it is not. Let children's dinner parties be given in all poor neighbourhoods, and let all little weakly ones have standing invitations to come and sit together twice or thrice a week. A doctors' bill may be prevented by a timely bit of beef; and pills and powders may be saved through a slice of batter pudding. The rich, who are more troubled to get appetites than dinners, can hardly put a proper value on the hunger of the poor, or rightly estimate the consequence of insufficient nutriment. Were an alderman to give up turtle, venison, and champagne, and for a month or so live on mutton broth and toast-and-water, he might form some faint conception of what hunger really is, and might entertain some sympathy for those who are half starving. Men who eat too much commit a wicked waste of food, and, indeed, a worse than waste, for over-eating brings on illness. Let them only spare the food they would be healthier without, and how many a poor child would be the healthier for having it? If old DIVES would but make a rule to lunch on bread-and-butter, he would relieve his digestion from a needless mutton chop, which might better serve to strengthen and to keep in health young LAZARUS.

A Generous Offer.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT says he would not in the least mind accepting MR. DISRAELI's proposition of "lateral reform" upon one condition—which is, that he would make it "equilateral" instead; and that simply means, as propounded for us by the Member for Birmingham, "equality on all sides." However, he is going to America where he will find it to his heart's content! Example teaches a great deal more than theory, and we should not be at all surprised if JOHN BRIGHT returned to England completely dis-Americanised.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE FOR LADIES.—The Chignon is placed at the poll of the head.



THE GREEN-BACKED MONSTER.

IAGO. "O, YOU ARE WELL TUNED NOW!

BUT I'LL SET DOWN THE PEGS THAT MAKE THIS MUSIC."

Othello, Act II., Scene 1.

A NEIGHBOURLY NUISANCE.

IF we were Emperor of England, and could do just what we pleased to do with property and people, we would issue a decree that the horrid street of Holywell be instantly pulled down, and that prompt measures be taken to purify the Haymarket. Next, we would give orders that bill-sticking be prohibited, and heavy penalties imposed on people who deface the public streets with their big posters. Then, after issuing our commands to have the Van Demons exorcised and all street music suppressed, and the pavement cleared of betting brutes and small brats selling pipe-lights, we would increase still further the comfort of our subjects by prohibiting, on pain of death, all playing on pianos in all houses where a door or window is left open, or where, through scanty bricks and mortar, the sound is found to penetrate into the next house.

If one lives within thin walls, such as most houses have now-a-days, one is certain to be tortured by the noises made next door, and the music there is often more tormenting than a barrel-organ, for you cannot order it away or tell policemen to get rid of it. What is one man's treat becomes another's torture; and when JONES at Number One gives what his friends are pleased to call a "charming *soirée musicale*," poor BROWN, at Number Two, is driven half distracted by it. Or say that SMITH, at Number Twenty plays the fiddle like an angel, and that his wife, when she accompanies him, plays most angelically too. But these two angels in the house of SMITH are esteemed two perfect demons by poor ROBINSON next door, who has haply a bad headache, or is writing a prize essay on the Uses of Retirement or the Benefits of Peace.

Then, besides the playing, there is what is worse, the practising. Where the family is a large one, and the girls are taught at home, the practising is pretty certain to commence at seven o'clock, P.M., and to continue with but little intermission until night. Oh, the torture of residing next door to such a family, and of hearing those eternal scales and everlasting exercises, and that never-ending air, with variations, which is the elder girls' stock piece, indeed their joint-stock piece! Every day you hear the same notes played out of tune, the same flounders and full stops; and every day you wish you never had been born, or else that, at any rate, you had been born stone deaf. The *peine forte et dure* was a bad torture enough, but worse still is the pain of the *piano forte et dure*, when strummed upon next door, and, thanks to your thin walls, you cannot avoid hearing it.

FOOLS' PARADISE.

It may not be generally known that the greatest fools in the Metropolitan Police Force are made to do penance in Covent Garden Market, and contribute greatly to the confusion and impassability of that thoroughfare. We have been favoured with Portraits of three of the incapables on active duty.



A Question of Popular Science.

IN a paragraph headed "Iron in Blood," the *Mechanic's Magazine* states that M. PELOUZE, who has been engaged in making investigations respecting the quantity of iron contained in the blood of animals, finds that, whereas the blood of man, and that of mammiferous animals generally, contains from five to six parts per 10,000 of iron, that of birds contains from three to four. Has M. PELOUZE analysed the blood of the ostrich? It might interest some minds, especially amongst our rural population, to know whether or not an exception, as regards the comparative quantity of iron in the blood of birds and mammals, is presented by that alleged ferrivorous individual of the feathered race.

VERY LIKELY.—A skeleton, the remains of a man who had been buried many years, was discovered the other day at that once celebrated resort of TURPIN and other highwaymen, Shooter's Hill. It was perhaps that of somebody who was shot there.

MRS. ST. STEPHENS' IDEAS OF HOW TO MANAGE A HOUSE.

(From her Correspondence.)

WHEN parties get into a new House on their return from the country, they often declare they have so many things to do, they don't know which to do first. It is so natural for novices to make this excuse, in order that no one may be surprised at finding them in a muddle.

On first entering the House, be particular to notice that the seats are free from dust. I have myself seen many seats (I shan't mention names, that wouldn't be polite) where you could write B-r-i-b-e-r-y with your finger. They were literally covered with what looked like gold dust. Everything that harbours corruption should be at once removed from the House.

You will find MR. GLADSTONE, whom I recommended to you, a very excellent Butler. He had a situation at Oxford, but left in consequence of his employers, who are very close and fidgety, wanting him to wear a cast-off livery; you may safely trust him with the keys of the cellar. He is an excellent judge of Wines, and will economise in every way consistent with the respectability of the family he has the honour to serve.

By the bye MR. G. has a son whom he wants to apprentice—perhaps you could do something for him—he might, I think, be of assistance to his father in drawing the corks.

MR. WHALLEY, or some other inquisitive gentleman, will be sure to want to peep into the Laundry where the young ladies with Italian-irons are getting up their veils. It's no use trying to laugh them out of it. Irons have great attractions for some minds, especially the flats.

Schoolmasters, looking at your large family, will not be backward in sending in their prospectuses. Before JULIUS CÆSAR came here we were spared this infliction, Parents then used to sit down quietly and teach their offspring—chiefly I suppose by kissing—under the Mistletoe bough. Goodness knows what a worry we have now with our little Britons.

One word as to your beer. I always have mine in, in nine gallon casks. Some parties wouldn't allow a drop of beer to come into the House on any consideration, for fear of the Servants making too free. If you don't chime in with their views they will make very unneighbourly remarks, but these are parties who have only one idea, and are never happy but when they are throwing cold Water at the Brewery.

As to the House you had better have the gutters looked to in time; and act liberally towards the workmen when they bring in their Bill. I don't wish you to settle any Bill without proper examination, but it's a great thing to have a House wind and water tight. Yours is well insured in the "Monarch,"—the foundation is good and so are the fastenings. Have you any idea what is the value of the fixtures?

The tax-gatherers knock will now and then disturb your peaceful dreams, but you have this consolation, they might be more frequently interrupted if your House was on the other side of the water.

In all matters of difficulty you cannot do better than consult MR. PALMERSTON the family Solicitor, and be guided by his advice. At present he has got all your Deeds, and knows better than anybody the title to the House, having held a Lease of it for many years, and on one occasion I believe (if my memory don't fail me) he entered an action of Ejectment against a party that came from Derby.

CALL A SPADE, A SPADE.

TORIES often now-a-days attempt to win support by going to the poll as "Liberal Conservatives," and protesting that their principles are almost identical with those of the old Whigs. Say they, "There really is no difference between us and the Liberals. We are quite as eager as they are for Reform, and we of course go in for Progress and all that sort of thing. In point of liberality, there is not a pin to choose between the Government of LORD DERBY and the Government of LORD PALMERSTON. In fact, to use the phrase of Shopkeepers, it is 'the same concern.'"

Now, Mr. Punch is not so green as to be gulled by talk like this. It is true that, by time-serving coalescence with the Radicals, the Conservatives have passed a liberal Act or two, of insignificant account. But whenever a test question has been brought before the House, the Tories all have voted on the side of their traditions, and have done their very utmost to oppose Reform. However "liberal" at the hustings Conservatives have called themselves, they have proved Tory to the backbone when called upon to vote. To talk of liberal Conservatives is much the same absurdity as the mention of "hot ice and wondrously strange snow," and people who make use of so ridiculous a term, thereby, to Mr. Punch's thinking, simply make themselves ridiculous.

THE LOVE OF A WEED.—Ladies, when being courted, ought not to object to the moderate use of tobacco. They should recollect, that where there is a flame, there must be smoke.



SUCH A CLEVER DOG!

MOP HAVING BEEN TAUGHT TO RING THE BELL BY THE YOUNG LADIES, SOMETIMES PRACTISES THE ACCOMPLISHMENT FOR HIS PRIVATE AMUSEMENT. THE "HINDIGNATION" OF THE "HUPPER" SERVANTS MAY BE IMAGINED!

THE NAGGLETONS ON GREENWICH.

The SCENE is the Coffee-Room at the Ship, Greenwich. The London Season is over, nevertheless nearly all the tables are occupied. The Distinguished Couple have the little table near the large one in the bow-window.

Mr. Naggleton. Is the flounder zoodje to your taste?

Mrs. Naggleton. O, of course, I like everything. I come to such places far too seldom to presume to be critical.

Mr. N. That is the true secret of enjoyment.

Mrs. N. I hate secrets.

Mr. N. You keep one very well.

Mrs. N. What may that be?

Mr. N. *Il segreto per esser infelice.*

Mrs. N. What a torture it is to hear you try to speak Italian, HENRY.

Mr. N. I beg pardon, I'm sure. I forgot that I was talking to the translator of CARY'S DANTE—of DANTE, I mean. Now, some of the salmon zoodje? I assure you it's very good.

Mrs. N. Good enough for me, I suppose, but not for you, as you turn up your nose at it.

Mr. N. I'm not very hungry, and I am reserving myself for the whitebait.

Mrs. N. I should wonder if you *were* hungry.

Mr. N. True, for I made an excellent breakfast.

Mrs. N. I don't mean that, and you know it.

Mr. N. I am sure you mean something pleasant—in return take some lobster cutlet. Your health, my dear.

Mrs. N. Pray do not take wine without eating. You are not in your own house now, and you ought to be careful.

Mr. N. No fear, the wine here is very good—your health, again, in the driest of Sherry. Don't send away that fish pudding, it looks insipid, but it's very delicate.

Mrs. N. (in a fierce whisper). I shall take nothing else, unless you behave like any other husband. What do you mean by sticking me in

my chair like a child, and telling me to take this, that, and the other, while you only look on amused?

Mr. N. Well, we came out for amusement, didn't us? However, here is something that suits *this* child,—the salmon cutlet and pickles. What a noble thing is pickles! Even as a retort, the word has great classic power.

Mrs. N. How strange it is that if there is one vulgar thing in a whole dinner, you are sure to pounce upon it. I think I have heard MR. SNOTCHLEY liken that kind of mind to a leech, which instinctively fastens on the unhealthy part.

Mr. N. If old SNOTCHLEY had introduced such a delightful illustration at dinner time, I should have suggested his walking into the garden; but as the speech is yours, I will only drink your health once more, and advise you to take some eel—the sauce is curious. I'll have some of this Spey boy, with the Tartar—an article to which I am accustomed.

Mrs. N. That is vulgarity, if you like. A piece of rudeness may sometimes be redeemed by its novelty, but there is nothing so intolerable as worn-out impertinence, particularly when one cannot escape.

Mr. N. You don't want to escape, I hope, my dear. An Admiral's great grandchild talk of deserting a Ship!

Mrs. N. (mollified a little). That, now, is one of the best things I ever heard you say, HENRY. You see that I can be just.

Mr. N. You shall hear me say something much better this moment. LOUIS! (That prompt and intelligent foreigner is instantly at hand, smiling, and listening.) Some of that Champagne. (LOUIS is already deep in those cool halls where PSILAS shuns the day.)

Mrs. N. Champagne already!

Mr. N. It can never come too early, or too late—never mind genteel conventions, which are kept up by screws to save their liquor.

Mrs. N. Liquor. Can't you say wine?

Mr. N. Easily, but it seldom is wine in screws' houses. SILVERDALE, for instance, always makes a charade of action of my conundrum, "How to make gooseberry fool—Hand your friend what you call Champagne."

Mrs. N. I don't know—CAPTAIN SILVERDALE moves in good society—

BY THE SHRIMPSTIDE WAVES.

AIR—"By the Sad Sea Waves."

By the Shrimpside waves,
I hear the organs play;
Down for fourteen days,
Half of which has passed away.
I am tall, I am fair,
I have not one grey hair,
From the parting down behind
To the beard so *negligée*:
Yet I stamp and rave,
By the Shrimpside wave,
Go away, little boys,
To Lambsgate or Urn Bay:
Go away, ragged boys,
With papers, go away!

Into dreams last night,
By something warm beguiled;
In the calm gas-light,
By organs driven wild.
Oh! that vile Mountain Dew—
Every tailor that I knew,
Grinn'd a ghastly welcome back,
With my bills around him piled:
I awake in my chair,
To a well-known air,
Go away, foreign fiends,
With *Faust* and *Africaine*,
Go away, dark fiends,
Away, away again!

A New way to Get a Fresh Appetite.

(A Real bit from Life at a City Company's Dinner.)

Young Visitor. Really, Sir, you must excuse me. I am compelled to refuse.

Old Alderman (with profound astonishment). What, refuse these beautiful grouse? It's impossible!

Young Visitor. It is impossible, I can assure you, Sir. I cannot eat any more.

Old Alderman (tenderly). Come, come. I tell you what now. Just take my advice, and try a cold chair.

Mr. N. So does a footman.

Mrs. N. And I should think, therefore, that he would make no mistake.

Mr. N. I don't say that he does—nobody wants to be helped twice, and he earns the right to his return dinner, cheap.

Mrs. N. Your ideas are fearfully coarse, HENRY.

Mr. N. Coarse things wear well, my dear, and my ideas about SILVERDALE and some other folks have lasted me a good many years. Now, LOUIS VALET, fill those glasses up to the top, and let us see the beaded bubbles [winking at the brim. Your health again, MRS. NAGGLETON. Is not that good lining for human nature?

Mrs. N. I am not partial to Champagne, especially at the wrong time. This is much better than our own, of course, but not better than we taste at other houses.

Mr. N. That's all you know about it—it's out and out.

Mrs. N. (with a steady look). The thing for an "Out," then.

Mr. N. (The fact is that he was a little ashamed of a certain scene, and this dinner is a kind of peace-offering). Let bye-gones be bye-gones, as the last horse said to the jockey at the Derby.

Mrs. N. The Derby! I wonder you recollect that, then.

Mr. N. You will survive me, MARIA, of course, but if I had to write your epitaph, I don't think I could be respectful to your Memory. Some more whitebait?

Mrs. N. Why do you give me disagreeable things to remember?

Mr. N. This is one, I suppose?

Mrs. N. Do you expect me to be grateful for being brought to Greenwich when everyone else is out of town?

Mr. N. Is it my fault that we remain in town? Are you going to throw your aunt at my head? I have told you that there's nothing serious the matter with that respectable Miss FLAGGERTY, but you insist on remaining.

Mrs. N. I know my duty to a relative whom I respect.

Mr. N. I have no objection, but do your duty without grumbling. And, as for the season, I am sure that there are several women in the room at this moment who are dressed better than yourself.

Mrs. N. That is a happy thought to console a woman with.

Mr. N. Ha! ha! More Champagne? Yes, it would have been a clumsy speech, certainly, only you can say with the vain Irish girl in the story, that this is not the dress you've got at home.

Mrs. N. (in a low voice). These persons are mostly provincials.

Mr. N. You talk of them as if they were criminals—as CORNELIUS O'DOWD describes the Cook excursionists, who, he tells foreigners, are taken to be gradually dropped all over the Continent.

Mrs. N. They are quite unlike the class one would have met here a month ago.

Mr. N. Yes, they look healthy and happy, and are thoroughly enjoying themselves, poor unhappy creatures. Let us hope that some day they may know better things, sit down without appetite, eat without pleasure, drink without laughing, and go away worse bored than when they came.

Mrs. N. Those are your radical prejudices against the manners of the upper classes.

Mr. N. Let me give you some devilled bait. The fish are not what they were, but as the hymn says, Satan finds some whitebait still for QUARTERMAINE to do. Hush! it is not wrong to joke about it. DR. WATTS was a Dissenter.

Mrs. N. You may sneer at my attachment to the Church of England.

Mr. N. I never did anything of the kind.

Mrs. N. But you cannot shake it.

Mr. N. Shake the church, my dear? I should be very sorry. But I wish the cook had given another shake of the pepper-pot.

Mrs. N. Your palate is vitiated, and requires unnatural stimulants. These fish are very hot.

Mr. N. LOUIS! Pweever! (LOUIS instantly brings pepper.)

Mrs. N. It was lucky that you gesticulated as well as spoke, as he would never have known what you meant. Why not have spoken English?

Mr. N. I preferred French.

Mrs. N. Then why not have spoken French?

Mr. N. So I did.

Mrs. N. Your pronunciation is something awful.

Mr. N. I am glad that there is something awful about me, a ray of the Olympian Jove, as it were. How jolly good this Champagne is. I could drink it in oceans.

Mrs. N. How foolish you are! I can see, now, how it is that you are led away by WYNDHAM WARING and the Club lot, until you take much more than you ought, and come home as you did last night.

Mr. N. I was home before you, any how.

Mrs. N. What a subterfuge! I was with the BALTIMORES at ALFRED MELLON's Concert. You have no taste for good music. I suppose that you would go if you were allowed to smoke in the private boxes.

Mr. N. A Spanish gentleman showed me some cigars the other day, called *entreactos*, so even the horror you invent is not unprecedented—I mean.

Mrs. N. I told you that you were taking too much wine.

Mr. N. You told me wrong then, for I was taking too little, and a sip

went the wrong way and gave me the hiccup, or hiccough, as the purists spell it. Will you have some more duckling?

Mrs. N. I want nothing more.

Mr. N. No more do I, of course; but we don't come to Greenwich to eat what we want, but what we don't want. I have given you a quiet dinner, as you said you'd dine in the coffee-room, or we'd have had a private room and all the glories of Art.

Mrs. N. As when your sister and her husband were in town; but anything is good enough for a wife.

Mr. N. As if you did not insist on my rather going a-head that day.

Mrs. N. Your sister's tongue is venomous, and I did not wish her to go back and proclaim all over Derbyshire that we had taken her to dine in a public room.

Mr. N. Her betters do so—as at this present speaking.

Mrs. N. That is an artful way of turning it off; but I am not a fool.

Mr. N. On the contrary, my dear. The woman who, having no particularly large show of what the world—mind, I only say the world—calls attractions or advantages, secured HENRY NAGGLETON, and keeps him faithful and devoted—is a woman of extraordinary talent, and I drink her health. Now we'll have ices. LOUIS! Glaziers, s'il vous play (LOUIS considers for the eleventh part of a second, and in eleven seconds brings the article). And, LOUIS, mention to MR. LAWRENCE that I shall now be glad of a bottle of claret.

Mrs. N. You will not take more wine?

Mr. N. Won't I? We don't kill a pig every day.

Mrs. N. HENRY, if you must say such things, say them under your breath. Several persons must have heard you, and fancied that you were in earnest.

Mr. N. Shall I rise and address them, my dear; explain that the words are the burden of an old song, that we do not keep swine, but are highly genteel people residing near Hyde Park, and in town at this unfashionable time only because a relative is supposed to be unwell.

Mrs. N. Oh, I am sure you have had wine enough.

Mr. N. So am I, which is why I am going to have a little more.

Mrs. N. I am very glad that there is no one here who knows us.

Mr. N. Just now you were regretting it.

Mrs. N. Just now you were sober.

Mr. N. I am as sober as could be expected in the melancholy circumstances of the case; the Ship's good wine, and your temper, which I will respectfully describe as corked.

Mrs. N. I shall remember being brought here to be scolded.

Mr. N. The kettle began it.

Mrs. N. Civil, to call your wife a kettle.

Mr. N. I only quoted. Besides, if we come to consider it, the kettle's the brightest ornament of the fireside, and the guardian angel of our tea and our grog. Sweet idea, that.

Mrs. N. HENRY, do pay the bill, leave that wine, and come home.

Mr. N. (hums). "He that leaveth wine like this,

Is a fool whom men should hiss."

Do you know that I'm not certain whether that is a line from some great German poet, or my own original inspiration. But it's truly happy; so am I.

Mrs. N. I will ask for the bill.

Mr. N. If you do, you shall pay it. I'm certain that bit of poetry is either mine or MARTIN LUTHER'S.

Mrs. N. What a condition you must be in to talk of MARTIN LUTHER making poetry in praise of drink!

Mr. N. What a condition you must be in to forget his famous hymn: "Who loves not wine, woman, and song, He is a fool his whole life long."

Mrs. N. I don't believe LUTHER ever made such stuff.

Mr. N. Tell you he did—MARTIN had a good Swallow.

Mrs. N. (justly disgusted). I am going to put my bonnet on, and trust that you will be ready on my return. (As she goes.) The bill to that gentleman, LOUIS. [Exit.

Mr. N. (hazily musing). I suppose it's her nature. We've no right to quarrel with nature, because she is the mother of us all. Somebody says that if you expel nature with a fork, she will come back. Very rude way to treat the mother of us all—as if she was an old cow trespassing into a field. What a lovely colour claret is! It's half in the eye, is wine, I believe. But it's a curious problem, and I have never been able to dissolve it—solve it—why wine always tastes better anywhere but in your own house. Man seems to be doing a foolish, undomestic thing in emptying his own cellar. Human nature again—go where you will, nature comes in like the black horseman sitting behind Care. And care killed a cat. I wish he'd come and live in the mews behind our house, where the cats flirt to that extent that there's no sleeping. I am sleepy enough now, that's certain.

Re-enter MRS. NAGGLETON.

Mrs. N. You have paid the bill, of course, and ordered the fly.

Mr. N. (arousing). All in good time. LOUIS! Bill and fly. Or stop. Fly and no bill. Send up bill to my office—they know me.

[Mrs. N. observes that this direction is perfectly satisfactory, and immediately founds divers theories as to visits here of which she has known nothing. But the business of the moment is to get away to the most detestable railway station in the world, and so [Exeunt.



PLEASURES OF THE SEASIDE.

Mermaiden. "I AM TOLD YOU KEEP A CIRCULATING LIBRARY?"

Librarian. "YES, MISS. THERE IT IS! SUBSCRIPTION, TWO SHILLINGS A-WEEK; ONE VOLUME AT A TIME; CHANGE AS OFTEN AS YOU PLEASE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE A CATALOGUE?"

KISSING AND BEING FRIENDS.

THE Italians delight in calling their Sovereign *Il Ré galantuomo*. Why shouldn't we style the KING OF PRUSSIA King Honestman, and confer the same addition on the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA? They have equal claims to it, those two models of morality, those examples of rectitude to all Europe; and although they were the other day like to become foes, they are now brothers. They were reconciled on Saturday last week at Salzburg, whither WILLIAM went to meet FRANCIS-JOSEPH; and, in the following extract from a report of the scene that occurred between the KING OF DENMARK's despoilers, see how prettily they behaved:—

"The EMPEROR was at the door when the carriages drove up, and received the KING in his arms. The two monarchs kissed and embraced each other twice in the heartiest manner, and went up-stairs arm-in-arm."

Fancy the two male Eagles billing and cooing like a pair of doves. Sweet birds! When HEROD and PILATE were made friends, perhaps they kissed one another too; and let us hope that the KING OF PRUSSIA and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA kissing each other were not JUDAS kissing JUDAS.

FROM OUR JUVENILE CORRESPONDENT,

(And Dedicated to MR. MELTON, the Literary Hatter.)

A GENTLEMAN, who is fond of going to extremes, and of making them meet, says paradoxically, "he wants a new hat like old boots." What will he do with it when he gets it? Perhaps he is going to wear it on his head?

His brother, whose French is indifferent, and whose English is very different to that of anybody else's, says he wants "a new tile, because his old one is quite inutile."

[We only print the above abortive attempt, because it is the first, and as solemnly promised to us, the last effort of a rising young man, aged 49.—ED.]

ADMIRAL ROUS'S BUSINESS.

THIS—from a letter written to the *Times* by ADMIRAL ROUS on the law of horse-racing with regard to bets—is good:—

"If the owners of the horses engaged at York, Newmarket, Huntingdon, are too idle to read the *Racing Calendar*, and to attend to their business, they have nobody to blame but themselves for not receiving the bets."

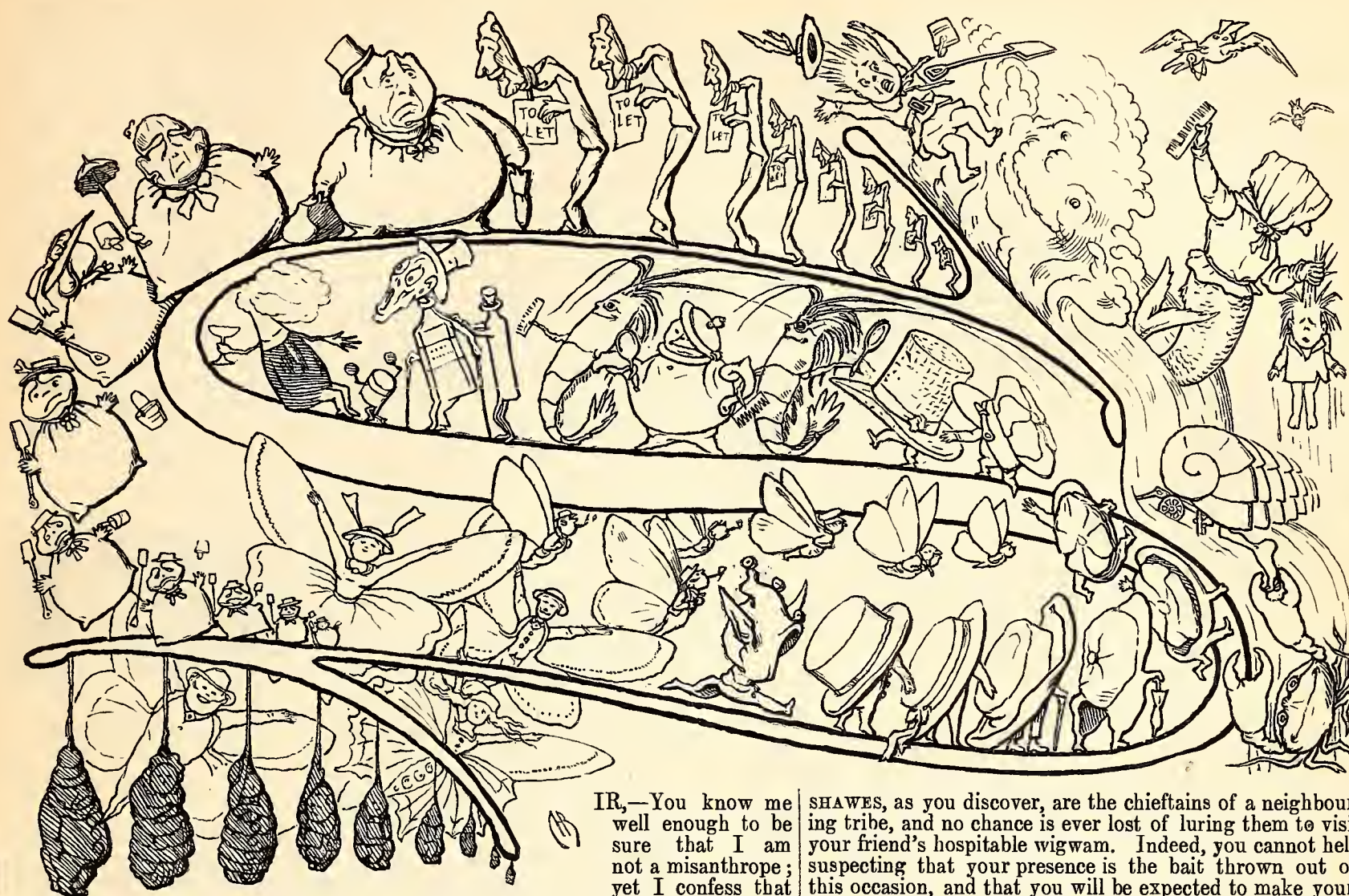
If people are too idle to read the *Racing Calendar*, one would think they must be idle indeed. "Too idle to read the *Racing Calendar*" would do pretty well for a definition of the height of idleness. Off the turf, and out of the stable, and the sporting newspaper-office, the general opinion will probably be, that the employment of time in reading the *Racing Calendar* is, in itself, idle enough. Yet ADMIRAL ROUS describes this sort of idleness as some persons' business. Industrious and useful members of Society!

For having ventured to make the foregoing observations, *Mr. Punch* hopes that he may not be warned off the Course at Newmarket.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

PUNCH, when writing an article, which appeared last week, upon the subject of Clerical Importunity, had, and could have, before him no information which should have induced him to exclude mention of the Clergyman who suggested the endowment of a church at Zermatt. He has now no reason to change his opinion that there is a better way of honouring the memory of the brave men who perished on the Matterhorn. But circumstances have come to his knowledge (and he sincerely thanks a Correspondent both for the matter and the manner of his communication) which do induce him to regret that he used, in reference to the Chaplain at Zermatt, language which certainly would not have been employed, had the writer of the article been at all acquainted with that Clergyman's admirable character, and honourable antecedents.

A SEASONABLE REMONSTRANCE.



when I hate the very sight of people. For instance, after some ten months or so of London whirl and bustle, I feel an utter detestation of the "human face divine," as some poet has expressed it. After working all that while "in populous city pent," as some other poet phrases it, I have a wish to spend my holiday upon some desert island, where I may live in utter solitude, as *Mr. Crusoe* had the luck to do, before he met his black friend *Friday*. Fagged, flurried, and fatigued as one feels after the season, one wants to rest, and would be thankful to get away from everybody. My hospitable friend *SMITH* is a good fellow enough, but to my mind, in September, a cock grouse is a better. To quote *SHAKESPEARE*, slightly altered—

"Oh, happy month that gives me to the Moor."

How I revel in the ease of my flannel shirt, my shooting coat and pair of loose old knickerbockers! How I exult in my escape from my tyrannous tight hat, and glory in the freedom of my weather-beaten wide-awake! For me, until November, no more the wretched martyrdom of walking in a chimney-pot; no more the social misery of making morning calls, or attending evening parties. Until then, I can breakfast in my shirt-sleeves, if I please; and can sit down to my dinner without having to put on a dress coat and white choker. Only they who live in town can tell the joy one feels in leaving it, and living for a while a life of utter loneliness.

You will pity, then, the sorrows of a poor young man, when I tell you I have weakly yielded to my wife, and have agreed to waste this autumn in paying country visits. Women are, by nature, more gregarious than men, and a month or so of solitude is not much to their liking. Somehow, wives don't value as they ought to do the luxury of sitting in the cottage of a gamekeeper, or the hovel of a gillie, and waiting for their husbands while the grouse are being slaughtered. Solitude *plus* fleas is little to their taste; and, after a day's shooting, the best of men assuredly are not the best of company. So, as married life is a series of compromises, I agreed, in expiation of my absence on the Derby Day—I agreed, I say, most nobly to give up the grouse this autumn, and do penance for a month or more by visiting a number of my wife's rural relations.

Now, living in a country house is pleasant life enough, even when one has a wife and one's flirting days are over, if one is only suffered to do just what one likes, and serenely to enjoy the quiet of the country. But, unluckily, when town folk star about the provinces, a most unfair advantage is taken of their advent. Dull and dismal dinners are given in their honour, and dreary evening parties are attempted for the purpose, it is said, of entertaining them. If you venture a remonstrance, "Oh!" exclaims your charming hostess, "I *must* ask a few friends, or you'd be bored to death with us. You gay Londoners could never live our humdrum country life. Besides, I really wanted an excuse to give a party. It is such an age since the *HAWKSHAWES* came to see us." The *HAWK-*

IR,—You know me well enough to be sure that I am not a misanthrope; yet I confess that there are times

SHAWES, as you discover, are the chieftains of a neighbouring tribe, and no chance is ever lost of luring them to visit your friend's hospitable wigwam. Indeed, you cannot help suspecting that your presence is the bait thrown out on this occasion, and that you will be expected to make yourself agreeable, and to trot out your best talk to entertain the *HAWKSHAWES*. *Avida novitatis est gens rustica*, you find; and although they have no interest in it, the country folk are greedy for the latest London gossip. So out must come all your old stories which you know so well by heart, and have so often told at table during the past season: and forth must come those brilliant epigrams and impromptu sparks of wit, which so repeatedly have served to light up a dull dinner party. In fact, instead of finding you can wear your oldest clothes and let your intellect lie fallow, you have to brush up your dress-coat and to brush your wits up also.

Now really this is taking a most mean advantage of a man, and clearly something should be done to put a stop to such iniquity. If I can't go to the grouse, I don't mind going to see *SMITH*, if his wife will only suffer me to live in peace and quiet. But wearied as I am with London work and worry, I don't want to be trotted out to entertain *SMITH's* neighbours, and be expected to amuse them, and to twist my wits about as though I were a mental acrobat. One does such work in London, in the season, it is true; but there one is accustomed to it, moreover there are other acrobats to bear one company. But in the country this is not so, and, besides, one's wits want rest, and forcing them to work then is sheer cruelty to intellect. Moreover, in the country one is gifted with an appetite, and it is absolute barbarity to make men talk when they are hungry. In the country, moreover, one is out shooting all day, and one comes home more disposed to take a nap after one's dinner than to make oneself agreeable.

So let us keep one's wits for London, and one's withers for the country; and don't let us outrage Nature by working both together. My jokes will be the better, when I return to town, for the rest my brains have had; while my lungs will have had quite sufficient work to do, in whistling to my dogs and taking "breathers" through the bean-fields.

In the hope that you will help to save me from my friends by publishing this letter, I sign myself,

Yours gratefully, JOSEPH MILLER JONES.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

WE will begin with THE CHARING CROSS GALLERY, Admission, *gratis*. Admission to Waiting Rooms and Refreshment Rooms, *gratis*. No charge is made for persons entering the New Hotel and not ordering anything. Of the amusements in this Station we will speak in due course, at present we will deal with pictures only, a very profitable business, by the way, in these days of enormous prices and energetic speculations.

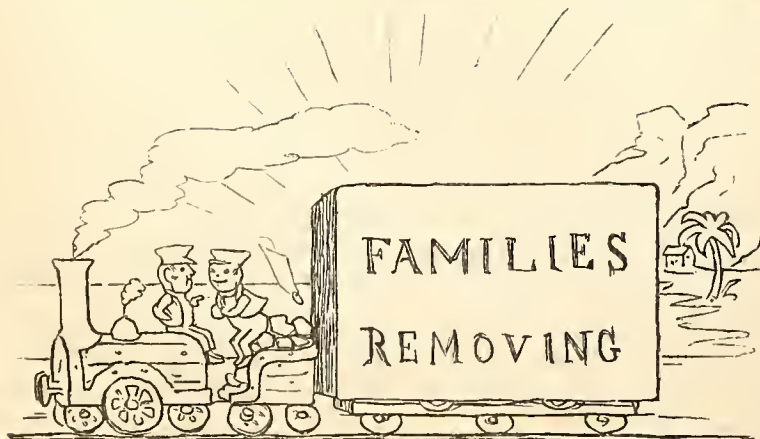
The South Western Side.

No. 1. *The Travellers' Bag*.—We cannot congratulate Mr. Bussy this year upon his treatment of an admirably chosen subject. The Tourist has evidently only just laid aside his bag, and the straps are falling into a quaint yet graceful shape. This is the best part of the picture. The curves formed by the straps are most natural and life-like. There is, however, a want of depth in the colouring that is eminently unsatisfactory. The artist evidently intends us to understand that the warm light of a beautiful sunset, is resting upon the Tourist's Bag. The idea so far is excellent, and highly suggestive,

but the colouring is dry and harsh; and instead of a sunset effect, it has all the appearance of having been rubbed against a red brick wall. The lower portion of the picture reminds us of the worst faults of TURNER, whilst in no part of it can we detect any approach to the master-touches of that great artist. Let Mr. Bussy spend more time over his productions; it is a sad thing to see a young man of his promise wasting the paint-box oil in this frittering work.

No. 2. *The Corsican Brothers*.—This is, perhaps, a reminiscence of the well-known figures in the younger KEAN's picture, exhibited at the Princess's. The story is familiar to all, and great mastery in drawing or power in painting could alone reconcile us to its supernatural horror. The imaginative quality of his work cannot be too highly praised, and the unity of effect at which MR. SAMPSON has aimed, is not the least merit of this extraordinary picture. The moment selected by the painter is when *Fabian* feels the presence of the mysterious twin *Louis* in the looking-glass at his back. The bluish-white toning of the twin linen is so marvellously rendered, as to faithfully represent the spectral character of the subject, without affrighting the spectator by any unnecessary prominence of its more repellent features. A choking faint atmosphere seems to pervade the picture, which belongs neither to night nor morning. In the lower portion of *Fabian's* dress, the painter's dominant yellow is perhaps not altogether irreproachable. We sincerely hope that the artist will not be satisfied with the production, excellent though it is, but aim at something higher and better in his next attempt.

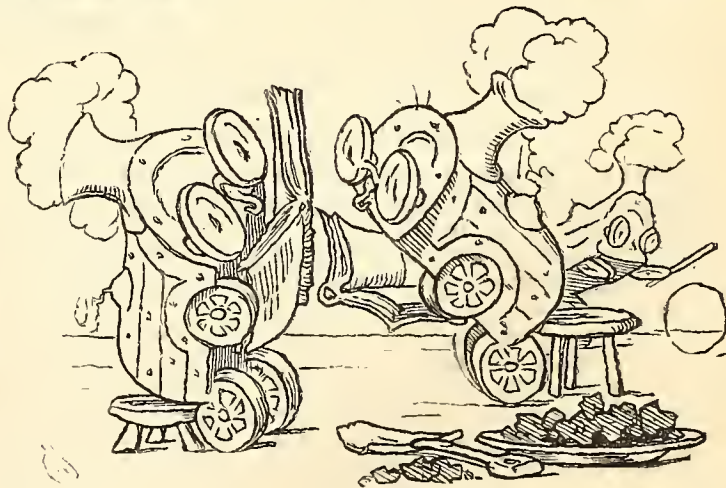
No. 6. *Families Removing*.—A Touching picture of modern patriarchal



life. Here MR. TAYLOR has presented us with one of his gayest bits of colouring in the exterior of the van, wherein are stowed away the

families. In the distance are the cliffs of Sussex and the palm-tree o'ershadowing the family mansion, whence Paternal and Maternal care takes the children during the autumnal months. They are evidently going somewhere else. On a single line of rails on the still sea-shore, within hearing of the murmuring old ocean of the ancient poets, modern invention takes its way. The allegory is complete. The unchanging sea side by side with the variable steam-spirit of the age. The crescent moon is smiling in the sky, while the last rays of the summer's sun illumine the horizon. The shadows cast by every one of the wheels, separately, is most life-like, and are evidences of the great care and attention paid by this rising painter, to the smallest and apparently most trifling details. We can almost feel the breeze coming across the bright blue sea, that calls to mind STANFIELD's happiest performances. There is no want of refinement here, although the intensity of truth displayed in this picture, proves that the artist is determined to represent nature, as she represents herself to him. Another instance of his great faithfulness, is the dress of the cheerful stoker, and his honest companion the driver. Who would not, without catalogue or other information, at once recognise in the white frocked, neatly capped, light trousered, cleanly figures, the forms so familiar to all travellers by rail? There is throughout this work a vital character which speaks volumes, for painters endeavouring to master the difficulties of their art.

No. 10. *The Blind Maid*.—In treating this domestic subject, which is merely a girl pulling down the iron blinds in a three windowed room, if the painter's object is only to give sensuous pleasure, perfection of workmanship is absolutely essential. But MR. WOOD prides himself upon moral teaching by means of his art; and the merit of blind obedience to superiors, is here beautifully shown in the conduct of the maid, who is evidently executing her mistress's, or master's, commands. The good confiding girl does not reason with herself that it is broad daylight, and therefore to totally exclude the light and air is unreasonable and unhealthy; no, her vocation is to be a servant, and to yield her services to the requirements of her employers. "Blind obedience to an Iron Will" is the moral, and should be the title, of MR. WOOD's picture. In regarding the pattern of the carpet, the stick in the hands of the maid, and the colour of the wall, we cannot but notice too great an insistence upon accessories and detail. All the other part is in subordination, and there is, we fancy, no danger of MR. WOOD becoming hard and wooden. The girl's head is in admirable drawing, and reminds us somewhat of MR. SAM. LAWRENCE's style, that is, if, without any disparagement to our present painter, MR. LAWRENCE's heads were not simply inimitable.



A Year and a Day.

A NEWSPAPER Correspondent, writing from Woolwich, says:—

"The sentence of A. M'CLUSKEY, private Royal Marines, has been carried out to-day. He received fifty lashes and one year's imprisonment, with hard labour, for striking DR. CONNOLLY at Melville Hospital."

A sentence of fifty lashes might be carried out in considerably less than a day; but surely more time than that must be required to carry out a sentence of one year's imprisonment.

PLEASE THE PIGS.

WITH a view to timely preparation against the threatened epidemic, the authorities of Hogsorton have instituted a system of sty to sty visitation.

CHARMING PROPOSAL

FOR REDUCING THE PRICE OF BUTCHER'S MEAT.

YESTERDAY morning a Deputation, consisting of MADEMOISELLES GWENDOLINE, GERTRUDE, MINNIE, and MAUD, waited on Paterfamilias in his library, as Head of the Home Department. The Deputation emanated from a number of very young ladies assembled at LADY FELICIA GAY's *thé dansante*, where the present extravagant charges for veal-cutlets formed the topic of animated and earnest discussion.

The Deputation was received by the Head of the Home Department with some surprise but much cordiality, and MADEMOISELLE GWENDOLINE having been prompted to speak, commenced reading a beautifully-written address, on gilt-edged paper, in these words:—"Dear Papa,—I dare say you are rather astonished at this intrusion on your privacy, but for myself and sisters I can sincerely say that we would not have invaded this seat of learning, save under peculiar and pressing circumstances. (*Hear!*) For some time past we have seen with sympathetic sorrow the distressing effect which the butcher's bill has had upon our dear Papa, when submitted for his examination and approval. Often have we been tempted to give expression to our emotions, as our dear Papa with knitted brow bent over that vexatious and intricate account. But we hesitated, and were lost, having no knowledge of figures beyond that which we had acquired in learning a quadrille. (*Hear, hear!*) So things went on—went on—[*manuscript illegible*]. Oh! I see. To resume. Woman in all ages, and of all ages, has delighted in self-sacrifice—witness, suttees in India, crinoline in England, *et cetera, et cetera*. We said to one another, 'It is in our power to reduce the price of sweet-breads by a little—a very little—reduction in one important particular. Need I say, Papa, that what artillery is to you, millinery is to us? No conquest can be secured without it. We have, nevertheless, resolved to sacrifice many, many yards of *tulle*, with a view of shaming into moderation those who are responsible for such extravagant prices; and if they have one spark of chivalry in them, that halcyon time will soon arrive, for who could see our forlorn condition, and not revise his stern tariff, unless, indeed, he should have in addition to a knife a heart of steel?'"

The Head of the Home Department acknowledged that he was highly gratified by this mark of filial devotion, and hoped that a similar spirit would spread and deepen in every direction. The Deputation were deserving of much praise. Their readiness to put the lamb before the lawn, and to forego the flounce to save the fillet, did them infinite credit. Without wishing to say one word in disparagement, he thought however, in a matter of this domestic nature they had better study ADAM SMITH than *Don Quixote*, for he humbly confessed that he could not very clearly see any close connection between chivalry and cutlets.

MADEMOISELLE GWENDOLINE, having consulted with her companions, observed that if Papa dear was of that opinion, they would at once withdraw their proposition. They were bent, however, on self-denial in some shape, "and so long as veal continues at its present price," she added, "we will touch nothing but chicken and venison."

The Home Department suggested that it would be better for the Petitioners to revert to their original scheme of retrenchment, although, he smilingly observed, by confining their diet to chicken, they would always have something pleasant, a merry thought, to brighten their repast.

After some further remarks, of no public interest, the Deputation, having volunteered to serve at any time on a Committee of Ways and Means, returned cheerfully to their croquet.

TRULY RURAL.

IN A COTTAGE NEAR A WASPS' NEST.

NOTES BY A DISGUSTED VISITOR FROM LONDON.

Morning.—The early bee on my dressing table. Suicide of earwig in my bath. Have to shake all my clothes to see that nothing has crawled in during the night. Feel in the toes of my slippers with the tongs. Once knew a man who found a wasp in the toe of his slipper. Repeat process with boots.

Breakfast time.—First appearance of wasps. Desultory feeding in consequence. Everything on the table, including napkins, becomes a defensive weapon against the wasps. Some are knocked down. Uncertainty as to their being killed. They crawl and sting. Once knew a man who was stung through his stockings by a crawling wasp. Everyone sits like a tailor or Turk on his chair. Ladies nervous. Pocket handkerchiefs used for hitting at wasps. Knew a man once who got a wasp in his pocket handkerchief, and it crept up his nose. Forget what became of him.

Between Breakfast and Lunch.—Wasps on the grass. Under the trees. In the sun, in the shade. Any place on the grass free from wasps is occupied by ants, or bumble bees. They say bumble bees don't sting. I tried one. Didn't it. Sit by side of murmuring brook. Dragon-flies, fearful looking creatures that come at you with a whirring noise. They say they don't sting. Never tried. Don't intend to.

Lunch.—More wasps. Desultory feeding as before. Helping each other by fits and starts. Hornets join the merry throng. After a time a queen wasp and a king hornet, to judge by their size. The king hornet suddenly disappears, it is supposed that he is insidiously on the carpet. Luncheon finished.

Afternoon.—In the shade flies, small but imitating wasps. In the sun, wasps and hornets. Horse-flies from three till four. Dogs try to catch wasps, and shake their heads for some time afterwards.

Dinner.—A few wasps. King hornet still unaccounted for.

Evening.—Cockchafers on the lawn; also Gnats who bite viciously. Daddy longlegs. Moths of all sizes, in-doors. Bats outside. Toads on gravel walk. All, except toads, in bed-room. See with tongs if king hornet is in my slippers. Spider on bed curtains. Daddies whirring about. Hate country. Shall at once return to my rooms and my Club in St. James's Street.



LAY OF THE BELL.

WHEN gay, people think me a flirt;
When solemn, they call me a fright:
Some say that brass makes a bell pert,
And when touched my noise deafens them quite.
I care not for merry-go-rounds,
But dearly delight in a swing;
And my happiness goes beyond bounds
When a handsome hand gives me a ring.

To me charming fellows have bowed,
Their silver tone sweet as a coo;
Big Ben of his notes was so proud!
And a stir made in Parliament too.
But when Ben had got up in the world,
There was one thing—sound sense, which he lacked
And I found while his lofty lip curled,
Poor Ben was a little bit cracked.

Tom of Oxford once showed me a chain,
And assumed such a serious air,
Though he knew he must single remain,
As must all other odd fellows there.
So spell-bound I foolishly flung
My love to a learned divine;
Who's too fond of each horrid dead tongue,
To like one that's so lively as mine.

A Valuable Member of American Society.

RECENT advice from America informs us that "the importers, bankers, and traders of New York, have offered \$5,000 reward for the apprehension of EDWARD KETCHUM." A defaulter, whose capture is considered to be worth so much as that, must be a precious rogue. Not a few, perhaps, of MR. KETCHUM's countrymen have been heard to express the hope that KETCHUM will be ketched.



YOUNG, BUT ARTFUL.

Frank. "I SAY, ARTHUR, I WISH YOU'D GO AND KISS MY SISTER! THERE SHE IS."

Arthur. "ALL RIGHT—WHAT FOR?"

Frank. "WHY, BECAUSE THEN, I COULD KISS YOURS."

THE GREAT WESTERN VANDALS AND OXFORD.

SCENE—Inside a First-Class Carriage on the Great Western Railway.
Passengers 1st and 2nd. The former looks like a gentleman, the latter is a stout elderly gent.

1st Pass. Is it possible that the Great Western Company have determined to establish their factory at Oxford?

2nd Pass. Possible! It's a fact.

1st Pass. Notwithstanding that they have been offered an infinitely better site in every way at Abingdon gratis?

2nd Pass. Certainly.

1st Pass. Why, they must be mad.

2nd Pass. (grunting). Humph!

1st Pass. What can have made the brutes so perverse and insane?

2nd Pass. (angrily). Brutes!

1st Pass. I beg your pardon if I have abused your friends.

2nd Pass. My colleagues, Sir.

1st Pass. Oh, indeed! (Mentally.) A soft answer pacifies an old pig. (Aloud.) Surely, Sir, there must be some very peculiar reason for what I may venture to call your inexorable determination to taint the air, disfigure the buildings, and destroy the repose of Oxford—that noble and venerable seat of learning; the pride of England.

2nd Pass. That's it, Sir; their pride—their, cussed pride. We'll take their pride down a peg.

1st Pass. Whose pride do you mean?

2nd Pass. Those proud parsons—those what you call Dons—those aughty scholars. We'll beard 'em in their hown medihæval alls.

1st Pass. And colleges?

2nd Pass. We'll let 'em see. We'll let 'em know.

1st Pass. Let them know what?

2nd Pass. That the Railway Hinterest is supreme in this hage of progress. The time as come for a hend of logic and Greek and Latin, and all that sort of thing—your M.A.'s and L.L.D.'s.

1st Pass. You have less respect, perhaps, for L.L.D. than for L. S. D.

2nd Pass. Ha, ha! not bad that.

1st Pass. Well; but as Abingdon is a better bargain than Oxford, one would think that in your selection of Oxford profit was a minor consideration. I don't wonder that this sort of policy produces dividends of five shillings per cent. £

2nd Pass. Cost what it may, we'll set up our factory at Hoxford in the University's teeth. It's a question of Railways against Colleges. This sort of thing is going to squash that sort of thing.

1st Pass. "Ceci tuera cela."

2nd Pass. I talk plain English. No classics for me; no poetry, and no nonsense. I ate your hold buildings. Give me a viaduct like the London, Chatham, and Dover's hover Ludgate ill. It's a principle we go for. Material utility above heverything.

1st Pass. So you actually sacrifice dividends to the mere assertion of the money-making principle!

2nd Pass. Never mind. We mean to do it. I should like to cut a branch line right through the Colleges, and turn the biggest of 'em into a terminus. The more we're abused for going to desecrate that Hoxford monkery, the more we're determined to carry it hout.

1st Pass. Why, you're an absolutely enthusiastic Vandal.

2nd Pass. Vandal or no Vandal, we plant our factory at Hoxford.

1st Pass. At the request of the Mayor and Corporation; who, as the representatives of the Town, naturally want to spite the University. Have not some of them private reasons for wishing to do that, besides mere innate hatred of learning, and all that is beautiful and hallowed?

2nd Pass. Of course they look for hincrase of business.

1st Pass. Well, what I believe, and am firmly convinced of in my own mind, between ourselves, is, that the invitation you received from the Oxford tradesmen, to set up your abominable factory there, was dictated by a desire on the part of more than one influential member of their body, to be revenged on the University authorities for having interdicted them from dealing with the undergraduates for fraudulent practices.

2nd Pass. Well, there; the thing's to be done, let who will like it or lump it. It will be a igh triumph for a commercial body, the ighest



OXFORD IN THE FUTURE, OR THE NEW FRESHMAN.

NAVY. "GALLON O' AUDIT ALE, GUV'NOR, PLEASE. I'S GOT T' BLUNT TO PAY VOR'N."

triumph the commercial principle could achieve, to triumph over the University of Hoxford.

1st Pass. And that is the object to which you are going to sacrifice the interests of your shareholders! If they let you, I can only say that they are as great fools as you are—

2nd Pass. What, Sir? (Train stops.)

1st Pass. (shouting in his face). Snobs!

[Opens door and exit, leaving Great Western Railway Director livid and speechless with rage.]

THE BISHOP AND THE ELEPHANT.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF O——D, AND THE NEW ELEPHANT FROM PARIS.

The Zoological Gardens. Sunday Afternoon.



LEPHANT. I salute you, my Lord. (He trumpets.)

Bishop (surprised, but with admirable self-possession). I am sure you are very kind. I hope you are very well. Quite Siamese weather.

Elephant. Your Lordship's ready recollection and general information are proverbial, and though I don't come from Siam, I am equally flattered.

Bishop. Don't say flattered, my dear—(was going to say beast, but improves his phrase) my dear fellow creature, because Bishops never flatter. I remember now, you are the new elephant from the Jardin des

Plantes, in Paris, come to ornament our beautiful gardens, and to offer another illustration of the wisdom of creation.

Elephant. Rem acu tetigisti, my Lord.

Bishop. Which, bearing in mind the fate of a certain tailor in the natural history books, I will certainly not do to your trunk.

Elephant. You are celebrated as one of the best conversationists in England, my dear Lord, and I am sure that you deserve your reputation. But confess, now—

Bishop. Confession—though I don't exactly condemn—you understand—is not exactly what I should—eh?

Elephant. Nobody better understands what the Poet Laureate so admirably calls the Falsehood of Extremes than your Lordship. Whether there is never a falsehood in the middle, too, is not now the question. I was only going to say, confess that you were astonished at hearing me speak.

Bishop. Respectable elephant, I am astonished at nothing. I have never been astonished once, since the late LORD CHANCELLOR (whose talents, however, I am the first to applaud) became the head of the Christian Young Men's Society.

Elephant. Why, you know what Bethel means in Hebrew?

Bishop. Please don't talk Hebrew. DR. COLENSO (a most ingenious, and I am sure well-meaning man, however) has given me a distaste for that tongue.

Elephant. He has left in the *Verulam* for Natal, and I am sure that your Lordship's best wishes fan his sails—or heat his boiler if the vessel is a steamer.

Bishop. It must be a steamer, my dear fellow-creature; he would be unhappy without hot water. But to revert: I really should have been surprised at your flow of language, had I not read in the *Charivari* that you have been holding a levée on your departure from Paris, and have been very witty upon the poor Parisians.

Elephant. "Poor victory, to conquer them," if I might cite an oratorio.

Bishop. To me, oh, yes. I am not the BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER, who thinks it wicked to sing HANDEL in a cathedral.

Elephant. What would WARBURTON, Bishop of Gloucester, have said to such twaddle?

Bishop. Well, he wrote about MOSES, but did not precisely imitate his meekness; and I fear might have used even stronger language than yours. And you have come to reside permanently with us?

Elephant. I am in residence, my dear Lord; and I assure you that I am very happy to return to my allegiance to the QUEEN.

Bishop. To return? I imagined that you were French.

Elephant. As times go, I ought to reply that you do me honour. But I am a native of Her Majesty's Asiatic dominions, where several exemplary wives mourn my European captivity.

Bishop. Let us hope that they are comforted.

Elephant. It is not impossible. But the subject is unpleasant. As you see the *Charivari* you will have observed that I am depicted as arriving in England, and indignantly pitching Albion and the British Lion—types of a proffered naturalisation—to the winds. Another instance of Gallic contempt for facts, as I need no such ceremony.

Bishop. Our French friends have much *esprit*, but they are, it must be owned, horribly ignorant. They believe that the Lords, in England, speak from a tribune, and that MR. GLADSTONE, whose name they spell "GLADSTANES," is the Lord Chancellor. However, we are close allies now, and we must avoid *facere ex elephanto muscam*, if you will forgive the allusion.

Elephant. Nothing said in Latin can be rude, my Lord. I believe that is a dogma in the freemasonry of the educated.

Bishop. Charmingly put; I am delighted to have conversed with you. May I ask whether you are any descendant from the elephant mentioned in GAY's *Fables*, to whom an enterprising publisher of the day offered a handsome sum to write something against orthodoxy?

Elephant. I regret to say that I am.

Bishop. Why regret that you boast so accomplished an ancestor?

Elephant. The fact is, that the golden age of authorship had not come, nor was a publisher, as now, *Astræa* incarnate. My relative was tempted by the bookseller, was cheated, and was—I blush to say it,—reduced in old age to carry a monkey about at fairs.

Bishop. Be comforted, for I will quote PALEY to you.

Elephant. An odd quarter to go for comfort.

Bishop. Nay, for even the frigid Archdeacon holds nothing to be contemptible that ministers to the harmless gratification of many.

Elephant. An elephant, my Lord, is a gentleman, and not a mountebank. Had my ancestor resisted temptation and returned to India, he might have become executioner at the court of one of the native princes, and have trampled criminals to death on state holidays.

Bishop. In two senses a *truncator*.

Elephant. Admirable, my Lord.

Bishop. I do not approve the ambition you manifest, but I sincerely sympathise with you in any humiliation you feel.

Elephant. It is delightful, but not surprising, that a WILBERFORCE should sympathise with his black fellow-creatures. Talking of that, my Lord, can it be that the Yankees talk of giving votes to the niggers? Surely that must be what we call in Paris a *canard*.

Bishop. I fear that the news does not come from America by the Canard line.

Elephant. But is America mad?

Bishop. Everybody is mad who does anything wrong, and has money to hire medical witnesses.

Elephant. But this is inconceivable.

Bishop. Well—I don't know. The negroes are to have their freedom, and as you know better than I do, the French for freedom is *franchise*.

Elephant. My dear Lord, give me a better argument than a jest.

Bishop. I would if I could, but in this case I don't know one.

Elephant. A black elector neutralising a white one!

Bishop. You have white balls and black ones at elections—let us be symmetrical whatever we are.

Elephant. I tell you what, my Lord—you must get me—me—put on the register for this borough.

Bishop. Nothing would give me greater joy and delight, but Peers are forbidden to meddle with elections. And then really—you are the descendant of a long line of forest kings—and to elect MR. TOM CHAMBERS and MR. HARVEY LEWIS is a glorious thing, no doubt, and they are excellent representatives—but I think—

Elephant. But I go upon principle.

Bishop. Usually a mistake in this world.

Elephant. What SAMBO may become, in three generations, with training, I don't say, but at present my education is in advance of his. A woolly-haired—

Bishop. Pardon me, the allusion is beneath you. To fasten on his hair reminds me that DR. JOHNSON, in *Rejected Addresses*, calls you the half-reasoning parent of combs.

Elephant. Your reproof is gentle and just, as a Bishop's should be, and you have learned mildness in practising your rebukes of WESTBURY. I retract the wool, my own hair is not strictly hyacinthine, but I insist upon it that at present the nigger is not better qualified for legislation than I am.

Bishop. Say negro, my son, sarcasm loses nothing by polish. I answer you that we are English subjects, and the business is none of ours.

Elephant. Diab!e!

Bishop (gravely). Elephants are famed for memory—you forget even yourself.

Elephant. What did I say?

Bishop (smiling). Never mind. I forgot that in India, whence you come, there are worshippers of the—individual you named. As there are none in Christendom, as you must be sure from reading the journals, don't make the mistake again.

Elephant. I am schooled. But, my dear Lord, what do you mean by saying that the question of negro suffrage does not concern England?

Bishop. Well, I know nothing about the next Reform Bill, except that I shall vote against it, but what have the blacks to do with it?

Elephant. And Bishops are statesmen, and are allowed to interfere in a nation's concerns!

Bishop. Elephant, I hope you are not a Radical. Not that the intelligent party so named has not —

Elephant. Never mind politeness, stick to politics. Do you mean that if the utterly ignorant blacks, conspiring to elect men like themselves, should obtain an influence in American politics, it would be no concern of foreign nations?

Bishop. Let us hope that nothing of the kind will occur.

Elephant. Those who live on hope die fasting, says the proverb. Besides, statesmen have no right to hope. Pandora's box is no despatch box.

Bishop. My dear fellow-creature, *culpa mea!* In the pleasure of your conversation I had quite forgotten that this is Sunday afternoon, and that we are discussing matters of a purely secular character. And really (*looks at watch*) it is half-past five—I must get back to Pall Mall, as I wish my servants, or at least some of them, to attend church. Can I say or do anything for you here?

Elephant. Thanks, nothing. DR. SCLATER'S supervision leaves me nothing to desire, except freedom.

Bishop. And if that had been good for you, believe me, my dear friend, it would have been accorded. Good bye, good bye, and *au revoir*.

Elephant. *Sans adieu.* Emancipate the Elephant.



OUT OF SEASON.

FACT IS, FITZROBBINS IS SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE MOORS, AND BRAGGLES HAS GIVEN OUT HE WAS OFF ON A CRUISE IN STUNSELL'S YACHT. UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT WAS AWKWARD TO MEET SUDDENLY, AT THE CORNER OF A STREET NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, ABOUT THE TWENTY-EIGHTH OF AUGUST.

OUR YACHT.

WE are on board, but not started, as yet. I have not regularly commenced Log-keeping, which is, I believe, much the same as Book-keeping, involving a knowledge of double entry; that is, as regards latitude and longitude. The Commodore was very much annoyed at discovering the name that the Owner had given to the vessel. A Board was held on deck, aft (a nautical phrase explained in my previous letter), and the opinion of the First Lieutenant and Mate (myself) taken by the Commodore.

The Lieutenant said, it was just like his (the Grocer's) something'd impudence. The Commodore agreed, and so did I; though not being acquainted with the usual impudent ways of the Owner, I was, of course, obliged to take the Lieutenant's word for the resemblance in this particular instance. The Commodore suggested that the name should be painted out. The vessel was, he demonstrated, in point of law, ours for the time being. We had hired her by the week, had we not? We answered, yes, certainly. The Grocer said, he didn't care what we called it, on condition that we painted the new name at our own expense.

This was at once done, and yesterday evening the *Saucy Nautilus* beamed from the stern, or stern.

We shall get under way (nautical phrase already explained) to-morrow, certainly. To-day we have been obliged to discharge the Crew as totally incapacitated for duty, by his inordinate affection for liquor. He nearly fell over the ship's bullocks ("sides of the vessel," nautical phrase) in attempting to vindicate his reputation for sobriety. (N.B. "Bullocks" is spelt by the Commodore "Bulwarks," but the meaning is the same.) The Captain informed us that he had heard of a most respectable man on shore who would suit. From all accounts he was a perfect treasure, thoroughly honest, steady, sober, and a most excellent cook. Several people connected with the shipping interest corroborated this. He had served on board many yachts, but all his employers were away at the time (having been, in fact, like ourselves, merely temporary yacht-owners) so that a written character was next to impossible. It could, doubtless, be obtained, if we'd wait. We had better see the man and judge for ourselves.

The Commodore sent for him this afternoon. The Treasure appeared before us; a red-haired, red-whiskered, middle-aged man, with a thin prominent nose, a crab-apple sort of cheek, and light grey eyes. He was dressed in a blue Jersey, a P-jacket, dark nautical trousers, and looked (we all said) every inch a sailor. He was not given to garrulity, answering our questions briefly, but with civility. In the luxury of tobacco he was a ruminating animal. He wore his tarpaulin hat on the back of his head, touched his forelock when addressing any of us in command, had a blue anchor tattoo'd on his right hand, never used a pocket-handkerchief, and, as we all observed for the second time, was every inch a sailor. His name was WILLIAM.

We engaged him at eighteen shillings a week, giving the Captain a guinea to keep up the dignity of his station. WILLIAM said that would do, if the Crew was allowed rations. The Captain took upon himself the responsibility of answering in the affirmative, and the Commodore, to whom I believe the question was quite a novelty, said that the Crew should have rations, quite as a matter of course.

The Captain then took the Crew below ("below" means "down-stairs") to stow him away in the hold, and show him the stove and cooking apparatus. In the evening a lot of coals were brought on board. (N.B. I think this is what they call "scuttling" a ship. If you do it often, you can be had up at the Old Bailey for it.) We only had one small bag.

With the early dawn we had a cigar and made for Puffin Island. After dinner, we returned. A lovely night. Commodore said that I had better commence my Log. The Treasure, WILLIAM, brought a lantern into our cabin. Before I commenced, the Commodore proposed that we should arrange our berths. I asked where were the hassocks? So romantic to sleep in swinging hassocks, like midshipmen. (N.B. It's "hammocks," not "hassocks.") They're beds slung up in the air by ropes. They said that there was no room for hammocks, and showed me the two dark recesses, like boot-holes, that the Captain had shown me before, only I thought he was joking. These sailors are such dogs for fun.

I own that I was a little disappointed, and observed that even of these recesses there were only two; what was the third person to do? Keep watch, was the Commodore's answer, as readily as if he'd been in command all his life. The Lieutenant and Mate always take it in turn to keep watch, he explained to us. The Lieutenant positively objected: turn, and turn about, he said, was

fair play. I expressed myself to the same effect, but did not foresee much turning about in the berths.

The Lieutenant immediately took possession of the starboard-side berth (nautical phrase for the left or right hand side, according as you may happen to be standing) and commenced spreading railway rugs, and coats, by way of bed-clothes. The Commodore said that *he* would take the first watch, and that I could jump into my berth. At Two Bells the Lieutenant and Mate should toss who was to relieve him. (Two bells means, in nautical phraseology, some hour or another, 1 o'clock, I think, which is sounded by bells. We hadn't any on board. I asked the Commodore when "two bells" was. He only said, with an air of surprise, what didn't I know that? and went up-stairs.) I was to keep my Log of the first watch.

I don't know how he managed it so quickly, but by the time the Commodore had gone aloft (*i. e.* on deck) the Lieutenant, who had only taken off his boots and P-jacket, and wrapped himself up in a couple of railway rugs, was fast asleep, with his head on a carpet-bag by way of pillow, and snoring deliberately.

So in the gloomy cabin, by the light of a dirty tallow candle, with a long wick, stuck in an old watchman's lantern, I sat down on a sort of a bench, jutting out between my berth and the floor, to commence my Log.

The first thing was to find pens and ink. They were in my small portmanteau. By groping about, I discovered my portmanteau in the recess called "my berth," which went much farther back than I had

imagined, and suggested, more than ever, boot-holes, where rats and black-beetles walk about. If there is a thing I abhor it is a black-beetle; if a vermin I detest, it is a rat, so I boldly poked my lantern into every corner of the berth. My scrutiny only showed me cracks where the obnoxious creatures might crawl up, and I found myself humming that line in "*The Admiral*," where the Tar sings, as if he was proud of it—

"Strange things come up to look at us,
The monsters of the deep."

Here the Lieutenant snored loudly and moved. I would have given anything for a little conversation, even if he had only talked in his sleep; but he only murmured, or rather grunted, and slept as soundly as ever.

I now noticed our deficiency in the way of tables. I would step up and mention this to the Commodore. On second thoughts as such conduct might show an ignorance of nautical usages, I would place my Log-book, ink, and lantern on my berth and commence. Here is my first entry.

"Log of the *Saucy Nautilus*. Time, getting on for two bells, say one bell and a half, *i. e.* about 11:30. All calm. Very depressing. Cabin stuffy. Commodore on deck. Hear them talking and moving on deck. Lieutenant snoring. Feel hot over the eyes, not sleepy, envy Lieutenant. Don't know what to put down. Fancy I heard a rat. Shall try to go to bed, I mean go to berth."

This was my first entry.

FLOWERS FROM "LE FOLLET."



ELL does *Le Follet* continue to merit its name. There is intelligence, however, in the following observation on certain cloaks described among Fashions for September:—

"A few of these cloaks are worn with a band and buckle, or sash outside, but this is a fashion only adopted by ladies who have not a just appreciation of the difference between eccentric and *distingué*."

The readers of *Le Follet* might have been told, for the information of some of them, what the difference between eccentric and *distingué* is. To be eccentric is necessarily to be distinguished; but we suppose that *distingué*, in the dialect of fashion, means distinguished by superiorem elegance, and eccentric distinguished by singularity alone. We are not sure, however, that *distingué*, in milliners' French, is not synonymous with aristocratic in milliners' English.

The subjoined paragraph raises a question of interest:—

"A particular description of some toilettes we have seen, worn by or prepared for some of the reigning *élégantes*, will give a better idea of the styles in vogue than any general ideas on the subject."

Who are the reigning *élégantes*? Is LOUIS NAPOLEON a Mormonite? What other reigning *élégantes* are there than his EMPRESS? Is the QUEEN OF SPAIN a reigning *élégante*, for example? Or do the reigning *élégantes* reign only over the fashions? In that case, perhaps, the less said about them the better.

We now come to a passage relative to a sort of bonnet called the "chapeau empire," which will please Paterfamilias:—

"Some few milliners have attempted an imitation by means of a straight ribbon tulle on the bonnet; but this has a very ugly and home-made appearance, and is never likely to be adopted by any one with pretensions to taste."

Paterfamilias, with an eye to the notions which *Le Follet* might put into the heads of his daughters, will particularly admire the contemptuous view of home-made things which it inculcates in conjoining home-made, as a term of disparagement, with ugly. Paterfamilias will like to have suggested to his girls the opinion, that economy in dress is mean and beggarly. He will also rejoice greatly in *Le Follet's* announcement that:—

"Dresses are made as long and as full as ever."

Yes; and Paterfamilias, although on a superficial view he may deem some evening dresses a great deal too low, will find, when he comes to pay for them, that they are quite high enough.

THE WORSE FOR LIQUOR LAW.

POOR LAWSON, from Carlisle,
Alas! Thou art discarded.
And yet the wise may smile
To see thee thus rewarded
For that Permissive Bill
John Barleycorn to slaughter.
There go, thy tumbler fill,
And drown thy grief in water.

Thou, SOMES, dismissed from Hull,
About thy business wander.
For making Sunday dull,
On schemes, in private, ponder.
Down in oblivion sink,
Thou, who wouldst by coercion,
Have barred, from needful drink,
The people on excursion.

POPE too, of Maine Law fame,
Thee Bolton has rejected;
Defeated is thine aim,
As was to be expected.
Retire, resume the stump;
The House is not thy station.
Betake thee to the Pump,
Thence draw thy consolation.

OVERLOOKERS OF LINCOLN.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* states that "an energetic appeal is about to be made to the Crown" to allow the erection of "a new episcopal see, to be formed mainly out of the present extensive diocese of Lincoln." Our well posted-up contemporary adds, that "Convocation has more than once recommended the establishment of the new diocese, and it is known that the whole of the episcopal bench are in favour of it;" moreover, that the BISHOP OF LINCOLN has declared himself willing "to give up part of his diocese, with the patronage belonging to it, to the new BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL"—as the see and prelate in contemplation are to be named—"if the arrangement can be speedily effected." The diocese of Lincoln is certainly a very extensive one. So extensive is it that a single Bishop, episcopus or overlooker, cannot very well look over the whole of it. There is indeed a certain personage, who, according to a popular saying, "looks over Lincoln," and, at present, appears to be the only overlooker capable of looking over all Lincoln alone. But that personage looks over Lincoln from an opposite standpoint to that of an ecclesiastical overlooker. As it is, he has perhaps the advantage of a single Bishop; but no doubt two Bishops would be more than a match for him.

Scene—A Railway Station.

Railway Official (*very kindly*). Nice Child that, Mam. What age may it be?

Delighted Mamma. Only three years and two months.

Railway Official (*sternly*). Two months over three. Then I shall require a ticket for it, please.



FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

Tom Lothbury (to Jack Billiter, who has "come in" to a nice little estate in Surrey, whereunto he intends retiring and rustivating.) "YOU'LL KEEP COWS, I S'POSE, AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING?"
Jack. "OH, NO, CAN'T BEAR MILK!"
Tom (who has a taste for the rural). "COCKS AND HENS, THEN?"
Jack. "NO, HATE EGGS AND PUDDINGS AND ALL THAT!"
Tom. "NOR YET SHEEP?"
Jack. "EH, AH! OH, YES; I'LL HAVE A SHEEP, I'M VEWY FOND OF KIDNEYS FOR BWEAKFAST!!"

QUESTIONABLE CRITICISM.

OUR attention has been attracted by the advertisement of "A New Work on the

"PURE DENTISTRY and WHAT IT DOES FOR US. By BLANK DASH, Blank Street, W.—'From the great success of the previous work on dental surgery, by the same author, we anticipate the above will be read with avidity by all classes who are interested in discriminating between pure and meretricious dentistry.'—Sold by, &c."

This announcement was published in the advertising columns of one of the principal morning papers. That portion of it printed between inverted commas has all the appearance of being an extract from a review, except the name of the review, which does not appear. Now, in the first place, we wonder whether the apparent quotation from some review of a "New Work on the Pure Dentistry," &c., was derived simply from the preface to that treatise. We wonder, in the next, whether the foregoing advertisement will appear elsewhere with the name of a respectable morning paper appended to the quotation which it contains. For then that quotation will, to the eye wherein there is green, seem to have been made from a review of the book in that respectable paper.

The anonymous critic, in the advertisement above copied, speaks of "classes who are interested in discriminating between pure and meretricious dentistry." We belong to one of those classes; we belong to that class which likes to know the meaning of words. What is meant by pure dentistry we understand. Pure dentistry we conceive to mean the art of drawing, scaling, filing, and stopping teeth, and supplying the place of lost natural teeth with artificial teeth on reasonable terms, and at charges that are not extortionate. But we cannot make out what meretricious dentistry means. There are ladies who have taken physicians' degrees and are practising medicine; but who has ever heard that any persons of the *demi-monde* are engaged in the practice of dental surgery? Meretricious, in its secondary sense, is "alluring by false show;" but although the show of factitious palates, gums, and so

forth, outside of certain dentists' doors, may be false, there is a great mistake in the supposition that many people are allured by it, though some may be; a few, who must be very great fools.

SUBSTITUTE FOR NEWS.

THE enormous gooseberry just now is out of season, but in its place we are presented by a contemporary with a very peculiar species of

"RARA AVIS.—A few days since MR. WHITE, a gentleman residing at Erith, shot a heron in the marshes near the sewage outfall at Crossness Point, and wishing to have the scarce bird preserved and stuffed, took it for that purpose to a naturalist at Woolwich, who found in its gizzard a full-grown rat, the tusks of which were nearly an inch in length."

The common heron is not a scarce bird. Rats, however, are rarely found in the stomachs of herons. Did the writer of the above paragraph mean to make out his "*Rara Avis*" a rat?

Authentic Intelligence.

It is rumoured that, on the occurrence of the next vacancy in the right reverend bench, a mitre will be conferred on DR. PUSEY.

MR. BRIGHT, on his return from America, will be raised to the Peerage, and, on the resignation of VISCOUNT SIDNEY, appointed Lord Chamberlain.

The Swiss Fleet is hourly expected at Spithead.

We are sorry to say that Hooping Cough is prevalent among the Grenadier Guards.

BUOYANT INSCRIPTION FOR THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—"To be left till called for."



WE SHOULD THINK SO.

Aunt. "NOW, CLARA, YOU SHOULD DO AS I DO. WHENEVER ANY MAN FOLLOWS ME, I TURN ROUND, AND GIVE HIM ONE OF MY LOOKS, AND HE IS OFF IMMEDIATELY."

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE AT SYDENHAM.

THE following petition to Parliament, representing the Sabbatarian principles and convictions of that most serious section of the serious public, the serious publicans, is designed to lie for signature at pot-houses and ginshops in and about the Metropolis:—

To the Honourable House of Commons, &c.

The Humble Petition of the Professing Christian Publicans, Hotel and Tavern Keepers and proprietors of Wine Vaults in London and the neighbourhood, Humbly Sheweth:—

That on Sunday last week about 15,000 persons, shareholders of the Crystal Palace, with their friends, and the members of the Crystal Palace share clubs, with their friends also, were admitted to the palace and grounds by free tickets, thus desecrating the Sabbath, just as it is desecrated in another quarter of the Metropolis by the Fellows of the Zoological Society, and those select but sinful persons whom they admit by order to the Zoological Gardens on Sundays.

That the majority of those present at the Crystal Palace on the said Sunday belonged to the great middle class, the special depository, hitherto, of the genuine enlightened British religion.

That notwithstanding the gross sinfulness in the commission whereof they were engaged, the weather was magnificent. And that all present seemed to enjoy what they called their privilege, with a truly painful want of a due sense of the meaning of that word.

That during the afternoon a selection of sacred music was performed by MR. COWARD on the Grand Organ, to disguise amusement with the pretence of a devotional celebration.

That after the performance of the sacred music, a secular address was delivered by MR. BAXTER LANGLEY in explanation of the principles of the National Sunday League. That the principles of the National Sunday League were practised by the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, in admitting, at the suggestion of the said League, into the Crystal Palace, last Sunday week, a multitude of the wicked, to wit the Sabbath-breakers aforesaid.

That, on the part of the Crystal Palace Company, or the National Sunday League, or both, it was announced that a free Sunday admission to the said Palace would shortly be given to the Letter-carriers of the Metropolis.

That your petitioners, as faithful men, duly licensed to deal in spirituous liquors, are therefore much grieved in spirit at the desecration of the Sabbath which has been perpetrated, and at the intention shortly to perpetrate a similar desecration of that day at the Crystal Palace.

That in the opinion of your petitioners this desecration of the Crystal Palace is the thin end of the wedge.

That if crowds of people are allowed to be admitted to the Crystal Palace by free ticket on Sunday, your Honourable House will next be called upon, and will be unable, with any regard to consistency, to refuse to allow the National Gallery, the British Museum, and all other such institutions to be open on the Sunday likewise to the British Public.

That if those places of amusement and instruction were open on Sundays, great numbers of persons would pass some time in them, which they now, perhaps, spend in spiritual exercises. And that they would also keep a considerable amount of money in their pockets which they are at present certainly accustomed to spend in spirits, wine, and beer.

That your petitioners are wholly regardless of the consideration that popular abstinence on the people's holiday from alcoholic beverages would in any measure injure the business of your petitioners; but they are truly afraid it might seriously affect the revenue.

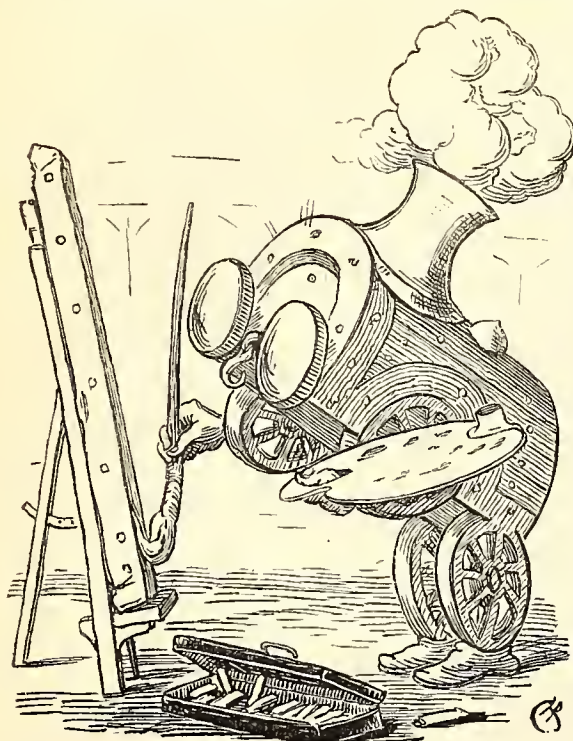
Your petitioners, therefore, humbly entreat your Honourable House by legislative enactment to prohibit for the future those evasive arrangements through which admission to the Crystal Palace may be obtained on Sundays by free ticket, and, in the interest of the State, not at all in that of your petitioners, to enact that, whilst public-houses remain open on Sundays, public institutions devoted to art, science and natural history, shall remain closed.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, and daily accustomed, will ever pray, &c.

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER V.

Art Notes continued—The Galleries—Rules—Hangers—The Lion—A Cup of Coffee—Portrait of a Lady—Portraits of two Gentlemen.



BEFORE introducing the Railway Art-student to the treasures of another West-End gallery, it will be as well to mention one or two circumstances in connection with these exhibitions of ancient Art modernised.

The West Galleries, exclusive of the Metropolitan underground stations, are those of Charing Cross, Paddington, Victoria and Waterloo.

The East are at Bishopsgate, London Bridge, Farringdon Street, and Fenchurch Street.

The Northern Galleries at Euston Square and King's Cross will also repay the trouble of a

visit. Admission to all is gratis.

BRADSHAW publishes, bound up with his Guide, a catalogue of these mural decorations, but it is by no means comprehensive or exhaustive; and by the utter absence in its pages of anything like order or perspicuous arrangement, it is almost worse than useless to the inquiring traveller who is at all pressed for time.

The Pictures are for the most part un-numbered, a defect to which we call the attention of the exhibitors. Only R.A.'s are privileged to hang their productions on the station walls. The distinction conferred upon an artist by the degree of R.A. is that of *Railway Advertiser*. An A.R.A. is an *Associate of Railway Advertisers*. The R.A.'s possess the right of exhibiting *on the Line*, and *all along the Line*: there are no hangers below the Line.

The reader will now have the goodness to accompany us to the gallery at the Victoria Station. The first picture that strikes us is

No. 20. *Leo the Great*.—A majestic head of a grand old lion looks down disdainfully upon us from out of a thicket of patent taps, corkscrews, razors, and seven-bladed pocket knives. We have to blame MR. MOSELEY, inasmuch as he has presented so small a space for fault-finding, the lion's head being all that the artist has per-



mitted us to see. We are sorry that he has not gone the entire animal, but in what he *has* given us there is such a depth of colouring, so admirably managed a relation 'twixt light and shade, so careful a manipulation specially evident in his handling of the seven-bladed knife in the right-hand corner, as to evoke from the most severe critic an involuntary expression of the heartiest admiration. Had the gradation of the tawny tint between the right eye and the left

nostril been less gradual, the effect of the eye's ferocity would have been even more striking than it is. We cannot extend our praise to the instruments of torture, and the weapons of attack with which man has provided himself, that occupy the foreground of the picture. Apart from any objection that we might be inclined to make to their introduction, on the score of æsthetical propriety, we shall content ourselves with remarking, that all impress of local atmosphere about them is entirely wanting. We will not, however, be unnecessarily severe upon such an undoubtedly meritorious work as that before us, and shall watch with increasing interest the progress of a pupil who so worthily follows in the footsteps of his great master SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

No. 30. *A Cup of Coffee in one Minute*.—A Turkish slave magnificently dressed carrying coffee to the Pasha's visitors. A picturesquely and originally designed work; but the details are elaborated to such a painful extent as to destroy the freedom requisite in a picture of this nature. There is Ultra-Pre-Raphaelitism and uncompromising bigotry in every fibre of the large patterned carpet, which the red Turkish shoes of the cup-bearer are indenting. Such insistence on minutiae as this is false to the true principles of Art, and is but a representation of nature as seen through a microscope of extraordinary power.

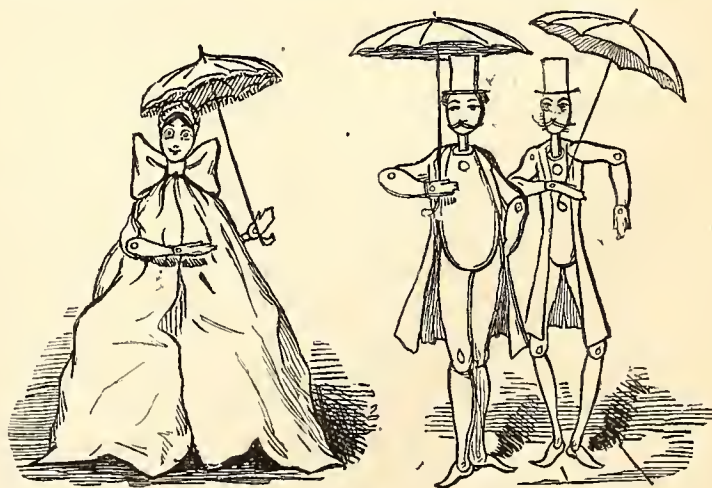
Some students of this school affirm that beneath even their apparently most trivial productions lies a moral. Minute manipulation is fatal to freedom. MR. DUNN will not only probably allow, but actually adopt the axiom, as a defence of his method of representing a slave.

Owing to the absence of any authoritative catalogue, we have assumed the title to be *A Cup of Coffee in one Minute*, but re-consideration induces us to prefer *The Virtuous Slave* as being the person to whom the description "warranted to keep good in any climate" is meant to apply. The silver coffee-pot and cup are in keeping with the character of the tray which is well imagined, though coloured in too low a key. The slave himself is less forcibly conceived, being of the low Arab type. The dress is brilliant, and admirably harmonised; but in his treatment of drapery the painter shows a tendency to elaboration without due regard to strict and valuable accuracy. The picture on the whole is far above the average of this year's show. Let not the artist be satisfied with praise, but persevere and do good service in the cause of Art.

The Portrait of a Lady (MADAME BOOTH) and two portraits of gentlemen by SANGSTER, R.A., call for no very special notice from us. In



"WARRANTED TO KEEP GOOD IN ANY CLIMATE."



the former the head is well studied, but there is a hard handling, evident in the violet-strings of the bonnet, that neutralises the otherwise pleasing effect of the face above them.

MR. SANGSTER's portraits are too wooden. The modern dresses, however, are mauaged with singular mastery and fidelity.

Pedantry of the Press.

LEADER-WRITERS delight in calling the murrain "the Rinderpest." What affectation is this? Why resort to a German word, when there is a capital English term already at their fingers' ends? Like sensible fellows, if they wish to be understood, why don't they call it simply "the Cattlelepsy?"

ON THE SPA.

(From a Scarletborough Correspondent.)



HERE'S a chair, Sir—sit near us, mind my dress, and don't laugh at that old Guy before you; I assure you she thinks herself one of the attractions of the Spa. No, we were not at the ball last night, Papa was so cross, and wouldn't go. You did not bathe to-day—too much trouble—well, men are the laziest creatures! I had bathed before eight o'clock, and had my glass of water into the bargain. You don't believe in the springs? I wonder what you do believe in? O, nonsense. Isn't it dreadful, the Yorkshire dialect, or brogue, or

whatever you call it? The children are catching it, and Mamma scolds them all day long. Think you shall go back to town—stuff! No better than Ramsgate? Well, you are civil, Sir. O, of course you didn't mean that—do you ever mean anything? Nonsense, I tell you. Only wait until October, and you will see the real Yorkshire families—this is only Leeds, and Bradford, and Wakefield, taking excursions. Yes, we were at MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY'S Concert, but I don't believe that you were. She is delightful, and I was so glad they encored the air from *Naaman*, but you know nothing about that—do you know what an Oratorio is? Severe? No, I am not, but I know what men think about music—there! that's more in your way, "*Slap Bang! Here we are again!*" I tell you the springs are most beneficial. One is called North, and the other South, and there were some Federal families and some Confederates staying here, and neither would take the water with the hateful name, so each lot kept drinking the one that happened not to be good for them—wasn't it fun? That's considered one of the beauties, but I don't see much in her. You think her handsome? Some men are easily pleased. Keep your chair quiet, you are on my dress. Scarletborough is very full, I believe. No rooms are to be had at the hotels, and a gentleman told me that he was, as a great favour, put into a garret, with no lock, and he had to bolt his door with his toothbrush. Dreadfully hot? No, I like it. LORD PORTARLINGTON is a dear for predicting such weather. But I am told that it's owing to a Comet, which is soon going away. Look at those two. Older than he? I should say she was, five years at the very least. Not painted? Well, men have no eyes. That's a sweet giggle, isn't it, playful darling? O, she doesn't care for *L'Africaine*, she says. Sweet dear—she ought, for she's as yellow as one. Africans are not yellow? That's nonsense, and only said to contradict. Perhaps that lovely sea isn't blue? Will you be quiet, and let my eyes alone—it isn't easy to throw dust into them, I can tell you. Yes, that's a handsome man—don't you know him? That's BAKER WELBECK, the poet. Why, you read nothing. His poems are sweet. Here come the BALDERDASHES—turn your head away. I don't want her to come up and tell me how every one of her children is, and what he said at breakfast. She has caught VERNON SPRIGGS—that's right, let him be the martyr. No, I have not been to see any pictures. Do you think I want to see a picture of a missionary being eaten? I dare say it served him right. Of course I go to Church—do you think we are heathens? Why, we have to go an hour before the bell rings, or we should not get seats, at least seats where we could see. One don't go to Church to see? Indeed! Perhaps one goes to be seen—now, Mr. Cynical. Many a true word spoken in jest? If you can't say anything better than that, you had better go and ask MRS. BALDERDASH to tell you about her youngest child cutting its finger, and never howling. Spa very pretty. Yes, it would be delightful if it wasn't for the people. You don't know what they're playing? And yet I heard you chattering for an hour about the Opera to Miss HACKNESS yesterday. Not an hour—only five minutes. I'm glad the time seemed so short to you. I thought *she* looked bored, but you know best. A good talker, is she? Well, you didn't give her a chance. No, fishing indeed! I hate fishing. It's very cruel, and very stupid, and I hate to be splashed all over by a frantic whiting. They call them whitenings here? Don't I know it—does not that fiend of a man come bellowing round at six in the morning with his horrid fish—who can want fish at six o'clock? I ought to get up? Thank you, the days are quite long enough, with nobody to speak to, and nothing to do. O, you—well, and you have got stupid down here—the air does not agree with you. Go back to town—certainly, if you like, why should you not? Nobody wants to keep you, and CHARLEY WILKINSON is coming next week. Ah, here's Mamma—mind you say you've been looking everywhere for her. Mamma dear, I'm so glad you've found us, &c., &c., &c., &c.

RHYME AND REASON.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM led to address you to-day on a subject which puzzles me much, I must say; for what *are* we to do, in this difficult age, when our cooks are superior to onions and sage; and our housemaids to scrubbing, and dusting, and brushing, and won't soil their fingers with soda and washing? They wait at our tables with *retroussé* noses, as though we were something opposed to sweet poses. In their dress and behaviour they set us at naught, and prove that civility's not to be bought. Their upward, strong march is too much to be borne; shall we open our ranks, then, and let them pass on? They will find their own level, where'er that may be, and we a good remedy surely may see, if o'er the Atlantic's broad billows we look, for the type of a housemaid, a scullion, or cook. We shall there, too, see servants to work on our farms, with coachmen, and footmen, with calves and strong arms; who may dress as they please, for they'll ne'er be confounded, with their masters and mistresses, how'er surrounded. Towers of strength are the Darkies to fill up this gap; and we'll pay them in wages, instead of the strap.

Use your influence, then, with our dear wise old PAM; and persuade him to send for some children of HAM, who've been "servants of servants," as we must all know, since the time that the Heavens first saw the rainbow. But if, once they set foot on our free English land, they will rise with their freedom and take their own stand; supported by laws, on which they'd have a claim, dealing justice to all without station or name. America, too, would owe us a guerdon, for relieving her shoulders of such a sad burden. The ways and the means of this movement I'll leave to your wisdom, dear *Punch*, but I really believe, if we live long enough, we shall all of us see Europe covered with servants as black as can be. For great rivers begin from a very small spring—and this feeble idea, though it looks at first queer—may, through you, as through Fate, take a shape grand and great. For if you should find that PAM is not inclined to offer a lift to the negroes adrift, to the Quakers then turn, I'm sure they would burn with zeal for a people whom they've always thought equal; if they'd freight a few ships, with these men with thick lips, and provide them a home, when to England they come, they'd be welcome, I say, as the sweet flowers of May, to those who like me, perplexed Housekeepers be!!

JINGLE.

THE ARMSTRONG AND WHITWORTH GUNS.

WE'VE dogs and cats for mice and rats,
We've guns, and traps, and bane.
Caught unawares by means of snares
Arc stoats and weasels slain.
And so we may eat birds of prey,
And kill off nasty things
That fly or crawl, vile vermin all
That plague with teeth or stings.

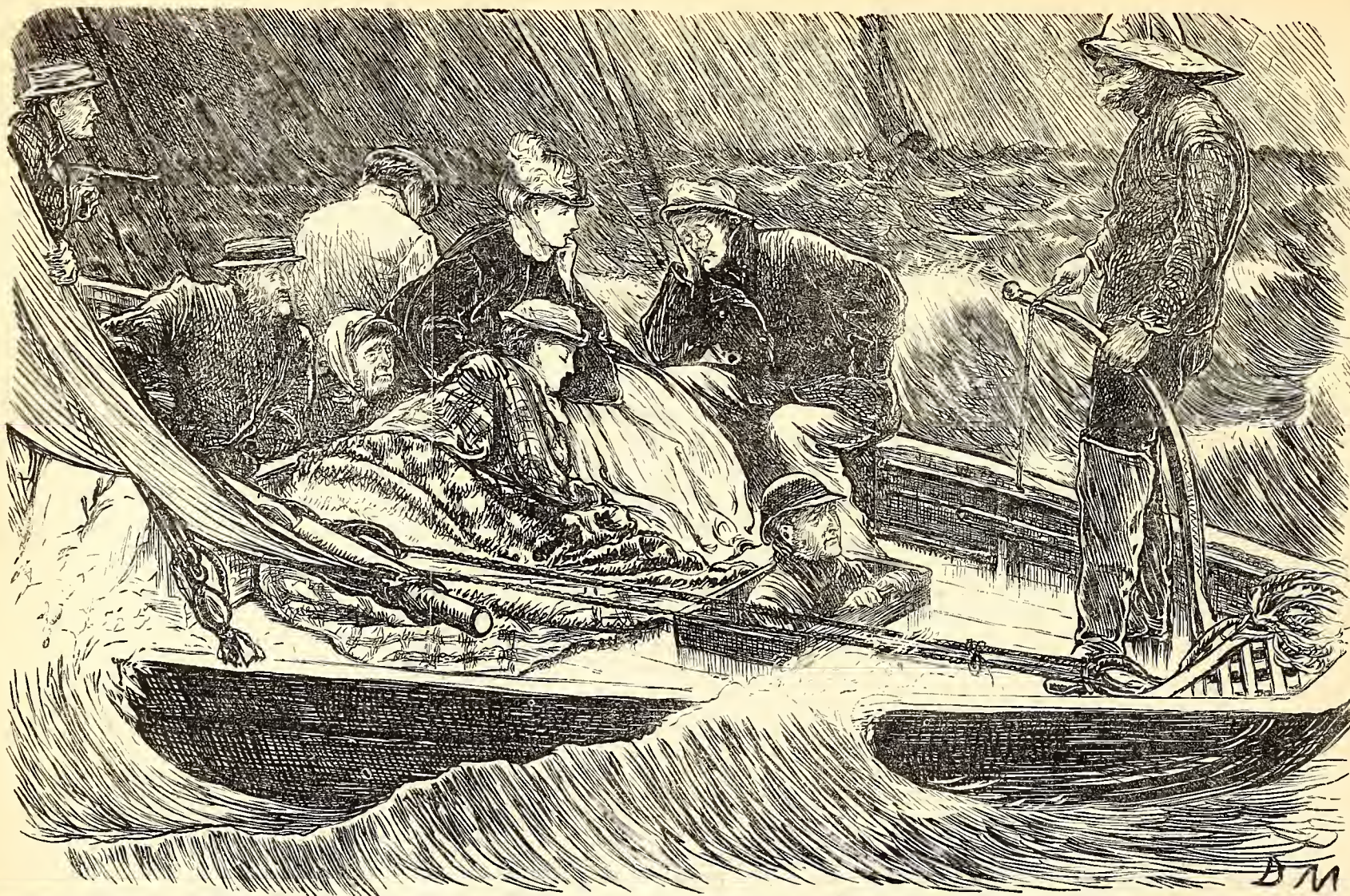
At little price, from rats and mice,
The house and barn we free,
Rid field and wood of rapine's brood,
And beds of bug and flea.
But oh, what cost must needs be lost,
How many brave men too,
Would we keep down the Austrian lion,
Or Prussian thief subdue!

There's no cheap mean, that can be seen,
Which we, while risk we scape,
May so employ as to destroy
Ill beasts in human shape.
It is too true all we can do
To bate the foreign pest
Is, stick to drill, and arms that kill
Forge better than their best.

THE BRIGAND'S BANKER.

WE have it on the authority of MR. MOENS to state, that the only Banker the Brigands have is RANSOM.

"TANT MEUX," as the publican said when he watered the beer.



DE GUSTIBUS, ETC.

Philosophical Sea-faring Party (who manages our Friend's Yacht). "WELL, LADIES AND GENELMEN, I S'POSE THIS IS WHAT YOU CALLS PLEASURE, AND COMES ALL THE WAY FROM LONDON FOR!"

[Brown, the Funny Man, with the Eye-glass, thinks it an Idyachtic kind of pleasure, but is actually too far gone to say so.]

THE WEED ON THE RAIL.

MR. PUNCH,

ACCORDING to the newspapers, this country is threatened with an awful epidemic.

Tobacco-smoke is what the doctors call a disinfectant.

As you meet all sorts of people in railway carriages, amongst them you may chance to meet with infected people. Come now, old fellow, isn't that logic?

Very well then. I say let Railway Companies forthwith repeal their stupid bye-laws against smoking, and allow fellows to smoke in all the carriages, only in the first-class carriages to smoke none but first-class cigars, out of consideration for refined old buffers and sensitive females; passengers in the second and third-class carriages to smoke Pickwicks if they like, or common shag. By the way, first-class cigars are fearfully expensive. They are as dear, by Jove, as butcher's meat, and their expense is a much greater bore for a fellow than the price of that is to Paterfamilias. But I am aware that this is an irrelevant observation, and from the subject of butcher's meat return to my mutton, that is to say, tobacco, the medicinal use of which, by way of precaution against contagion, is what no reasonable Board of Directors can possibly object to. I assure you it is solely on account of anxiety about the public health and of sincere interest in sanitary science, that I contend, and want you to support my argument, that with very few exceptions, such as Church, the healthy practice of smoking ought not only to be permitted, but encouraged in all places wherever people most do congregate, especially in Railway Carriages. My years do not greatly exceed those of discretion, but I have really seen so much life already, that I feel quite justified in signing myself,

Yours truly, SENEX.

"ORNAMENTAL JET."—We have been to Whitby, and can safely take upon ourselves to say that the above term will not by any means apply to either of the fountains in Trafalgar Square.

A GANG OF THAMES DEFILERS.

At the Wandsworth Police Office the other day, the West Middlesex Waterworks Company was summoned by the Thames Board of Conservancy for discharging a large quantity of mud from a reservoir at Barnes into the river. The police report that records this gratifying fact, and the fact, still more gratifying, that the West Middlesex Waterworks Company (which deserves to be called the Dirty Water Company) was fined £20 for the nuisance, committed, as it was, after and notwithstanding notice, describes the mechanical agents in the commission of that nuisance as "a gang of men." Very good. They were simply a gang of men. It would be unjust to call them a gang of offenders. They were not morally guilty of the pollution of the river into which they served to let mud. But a little higher up that river there is a certain corporate body whose members, under the sanction of that legal sage VICE-CHANCELLOR PAGE WOOD, are wilfully and deliberately polluting the Thames with the sewage of their town, by which nasty place it unfortunately flows. Would it be using unduly strong language to call them a gang of miscreants? This question is respectfully submitted to the serious consideration of the Mayor and Corporation of Kingston.

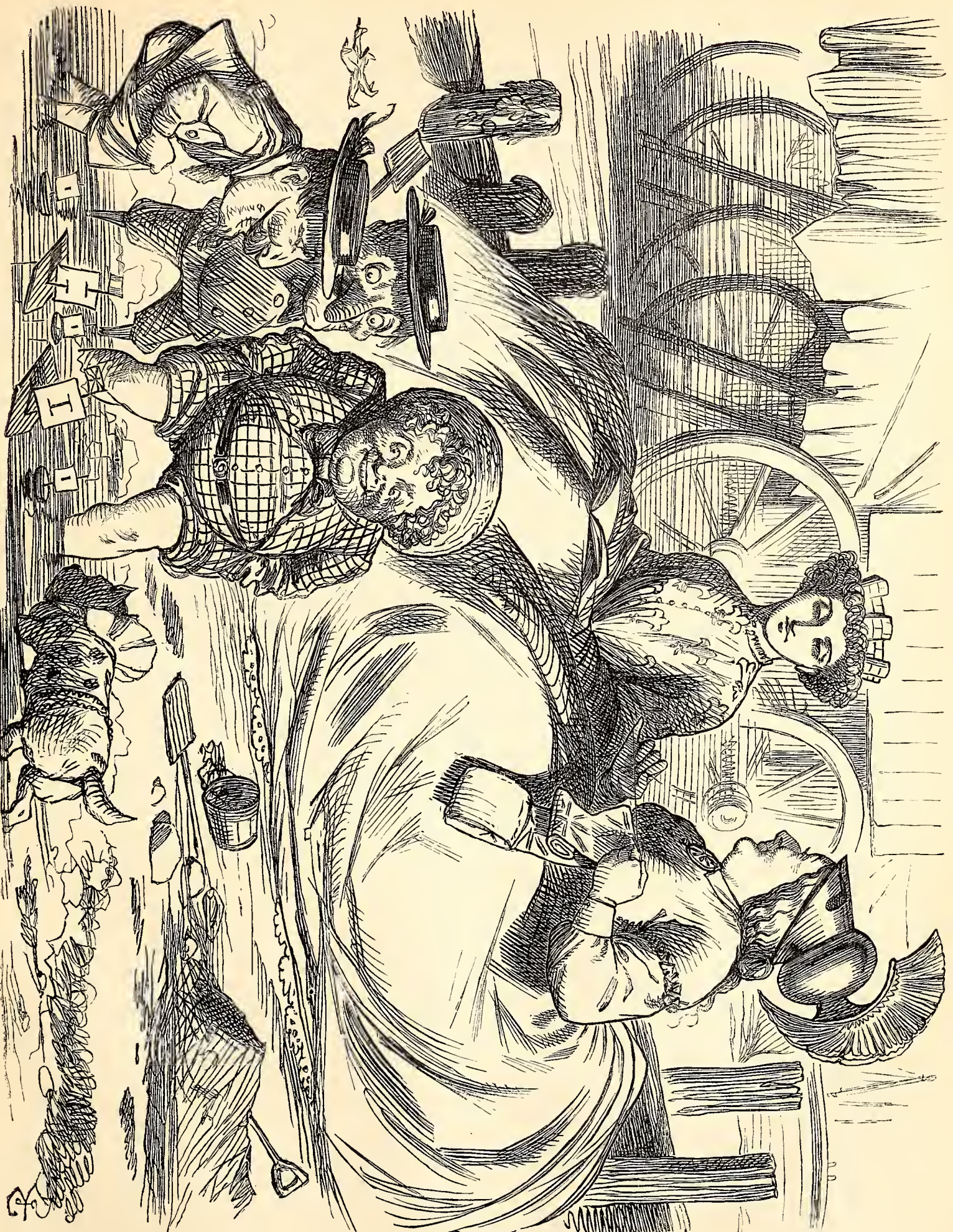
Idleness and Insolence.

DEAR PUNCH,—I read that MESSRS. CAMERON and MOENS have been simultaneously set free. Surely there is room for some joke here about CAM-MOENS (CAMOENS, the poet, you know, eh?) But it is much too hot for me to invent it. Receive the assurance, &c.

A Bathing Machine, Sept. 8.

A PERSPIRING CONTRIBUTOR.

ANYTHING BUT A CHAMPION JOKE.—TOM KING is announced at Scarborough. FLACCUS, when he saw the placard, exclaimed with his usual readiness, "He's coming down to 'Spa' it, I suppose."



THE WATER BABIES.

Mrs. BRITANNIA TO MADAME FRANCE. "DELIGHTFUL TO SEE THE CHILDREN SUCH GOOD FRIENDS, DEAR, ISN'T IT?"

FLINCHING AT ST. MICHAEL'S, SHOREDITCH.

THE newly-built Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Shoreditch, is situated in what is called a low neighbourhood. It does not therefore follow that the Clergy who officiate therein are low men, and in point of fact, they are High Churchmen. Nevertheless, it is possible for High Churchmen to be very low fellows, and, for example, to issue an advertisement of a character so low as the following:—

CURATE WANTED IMMEDIATELY for S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, SHOREDITCH. Daily Celebration, and Choral Services, and therefore knowledge of Music required. A Priest who will be AFRAID to flinch. Stipend at present £120.—Address, &c., &c.

Here you have ultra High Churchmanship stooping to puff itself in exactly the phraseology of the illiterate advertising tradesman and vile quack. You see the highest Churchmanship in combination with the lowest style.

The foregoing announcement appeared in the *Church Times* of August 12. On the 24th of the same month the BISHOP OF LONDON consecrated the Church named in it. The manager, or whatever he calls himself, of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, advertised for a Priest who was afraid to flinch. He got very much more than he bargained for—an unflinching Bishop. According to the *Daily News* of August 25, on arriving at the vestry, accompanied by DR. TRAVERS TWISS, and MR. SHEPPERD, registrar of the diocese of London, and being met by the Clergy of the district,—

"Almost the first words spoken by the Right Rev. Prelate were addressed to the REV. C. LYFORD, the incumbent, and had reference to four handsome bouquets on the altar. The Right Rev. Prelate stated that before the consecration took place they must be removed."

There was the unflinching Bishop. Where was the Priest that was to be "afraid to flinch?" The REV. MR. LYFORD flinched:—

"MR. LYFORD accordingly sent for the churchwarden, and desired him to take the flowers away."

The BISHOP OF LONDON proceeded to do his episcopal duty without flinching:—

"The Bishop then surveyed the assembled Clergy, most of whom were habited in surplices, with richly embroidered stoles. His Lordship said quietly, but sternly, 'The Clergy here of my diocese must appear in the ceremonial of to-day in the simple dress of Clergymen of the Church of England.'"

Hereupon, indeed, the reverend gentlemen in the smart petticoats, showed some symptoms of being afraid to flinch. With a hesitation that was quite ladylike—

"At this the Clergy looked at each other very innocently, as though they were at a loss to comprehend his Lordship's meaning. A somewhat awkward pause ensued, during which no one stirred."

But the Bishop insisted, and the Clergy presently flinched:—

"Again turning to the Clergy, his Lordship said somewhat peremptorily, 'I must ask you to take off those ribbons, gentlemen.' MR. LYFORD bowed, and at once removed his stole (a white silk one with rich crimson and gold embroidery), and his example was followed by the other Clergymen present."

These gentlemen, dressed so remarkably like ladies, were not so much afraid to flinch from taking their ribbons off, and perhaps divesting themselves of Crinoline, as afraid to disobey their Bishop. Having "peeled" their pretty vestments—

"The Clergy then formed a procession, and walked to the west door, where they were met by the choir, and the service began."

All's well that ends well, to borrow the language of a distinguished dramatist; and all now seemed likely to end well in the quiet consecration of St. Michael's, Shoreditch. The Clergy, however, evinced just one more indication of being a little afraid to flinch:—

"So far the large congregation, which numbered pretty nearly one thousand persons, were in the dark as to any hitch having occurred, the scene above detailed having taken place in the vestry; but now an open breach took place. On the stone reredos behind the communion table there was a rough sketch in charcoal of the Crucifixion, with the figures of St. Mary and St. John. This seemed to give great offence to the Bishop, and he asked for an explanation from the incumbent. That offered did not appear to be satisfactory to his Lordship, and he expressed a wish that the Cartoon should be at once effaced. It would seem that none of the officials relished the task, but the Bishop resolutely refused to proceed with the service until some understanding was come to."

But the unflinching firmness of the BISHOP OF LONDON ultimately prevailed over the fear of flinching on the part of the REV. MR. LYFORD and his coadjutors, or company:—

"At length his Lordship said, 'If you will give an undertaking to efface that Cartoon I will proceed.' MR. LYFORD consented to do this, and the Bishop thereupon instructed DR. T. TWISS to draw up a paper to that effect, saying that the registrar could read the petition whilst it was being done. DR. T. TWISS accordingly went to the vestry, and drew up the following memorandum: 'We hereby undertake to remove to-morrow the unfinished Cartoon on the east end of the chancel wall of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels. August 24, 1865.' DR. TWISS then returned to the chancel, and the document was signed in presence of the congregation by MR. LYFORD, by MR. TRANTER, Churchwarden, and by MR. BROOKE, Architect."

Our unflinching Bishop gained his point, and the clerical masqueraders, whose Coryphæus advertises for a Curate afraid to flinch from

making a fool of himself, proved to be not only courageous enough to be capable of flinching, but unconditionally "caved in." Having made himself obeyed—

"The Bishop then said, 'I have no objection to consecrate this Church in accordance with the prayer of that petition,' and proceeded with the service."

In reference to the unflinching determination of the BISHOP OF LONDON not to countenance a ridiculous display of simious ritualism, the following piece of impertinence appeared, on August 26, in the same paper as that in which an asinine incumbent, wanting a Curate, advertised for "a Priest who will be afraid to flinch:—"

"ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, SHOREDITCH.—This Church was consecrated by the BISHOP OF LONDON on Thursday last. We reserve our report until next week, merely mentioning that the Right Rev. Prelate displayed his iconoclastic propensities in reference to ornaments both of the Church and the Clergy, and altogether behaved both before and during the service with an amount of intolerance and irreverence which we were shocked to witness."

In saying that when the BISHOP OF LONDON ordered a set of clerical mimes to doff their motley, he "displayed his iconoclastic propensities," the *Church Times* displays considerable proficiency in penny-a-lining. Yet the act of destroying the Golden Calf was doubtless iconoclastic, and the BISHOP OF LONDON must certainly be admitted to have done much the same thing in dealing, as he did on the consecration of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, with the ecclesiastical calves attached to that sacred edifice.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

Scene in a Secluded Glen.

Henry. Good bye, dearest EMILY, we may never meet again. Give me (some love-token, which shall recall your loved image to my memory,—some treasured trifle, which shall remind me always of the happy past. EMILY, my heart's idol, pray give me a lock of your beautiful hair?

Emily (deeply affected, and beginning to sob). My darling HENRY, I cannot—dare not give you a lock of my hair. Still, as I cannot refuse you anything, here take—take, my best-beloved, this Chignon instead.

[Ridiculous confusion of HENRY at having the article in question put into his hands there and then.

AN ATTRACTION IN THESE DAYS!

At a fashionable watering-place in the North, not twenty miles from Filey, outside the doors of the miserable Town Hall, where offenders are tried by Magistrates in the morning, and audiences are still more severely tried by performers in the evening, we noticed the three following placards:—"MAD DOGS."—"CRUELTY TO ANIMALS."—"GAVAZZI." What between the first and third announcements, we did not in the least wonder at the fact mentioned in the second. Considering the heat of the weather, and that the "CAUTION" about muzzling was confined only to the dogs, it was not surprising that the few visitors, who ventured near the place, hurried on as quickly as possible. It was quite a panic in the town.

"Faithful Alone among the Faithless found."

See Times, September 4.

HONOUR to ST. ALBAN Hall,

Though the recognition's tardy:

If its number is but small,

There's no fool among them all;

Not one member polled for HARDY.

AN OBLIGATION BOTH WAYS.

THE French are fond of saying "*Noblesse oblige*," and so it does occasionally; as, for instance, when an appreciative Nobleman sends us up a haunch of venison, or a basket of salmon, or a nice little hamper filled with every variety of game. In such a case, we must confess, Nobility does oblige in a way that is most truly acceptable.

Culinary Security.

Young Lady. Dear me! How stupid! The cook has been and put two skewers in this hare. I wonder what that can be for?

A Brute of a Brother. Probably, my dear, to make skewer doubly skewered?

[Exit, running.

CURE FOR THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

It is possible that the disease which is now carrying off the cattle (as a Scotchman says like ROB ROY) might have been arrested if the bull had in the first instance been taken by the horns.



THE NEW VENTILATING HAT.

Small Boy (to perspiring Policeman). "PLEASE, SIR, SHALL I FELCH THE INJIN? YOU'RE AFIRE!"

THE NAGGLETONS ON THEIR EXTINCTION.

Lunch Time. At that unaccustomed hour, the master of the house (MR. NAGGLETON) has returned from the City. He has impatiently partaken of some Sardines and toast, and is even more impatiently disposing of a glass or two of Chablis.

Mr. Naggleton. Now, can't you say what you have to say?

Mrs. Naggleton. Have you finished lunch?

Mr. N. I never take any, as you know. What on earth is this mystery?

Mrs. N. You received my telegram?

Mr. N. Why, of course I did, or I shouldn't be here.

Mrs. N. O, I don't know. I sent it entirely on speculation, as I had no idea where you might be.

Mr. N. Where should I be at twelve in the day but at business. Did you suppose I was on the top of the Monument, or in the middle of next week?

Mrs. N. The message reached you, and that is enough. Now ring, please.

Mr. N. What for?

Mrs. N. To have the things taken away.

Mr. N. Let 'em stop. Will you tell me why you have sent for me?

Mrs. N. Do you wish the servant to come in, in the middle of our conversation?

Mr. N. O, is it going to have a middle? Well, have your way.

[Rings, and the table is cleared, to the accompaniment, performed by MR. NAGGLETON, of the tattoo popularly dedicated to the Ecstasy of LORD WESTBURY.]

Mrs. N. (to the Servant). We are at home to nobody. [Exit Servant.]

Mr. N. Who would call at such an hour?

Mrs. N. I cannot say. I have had one visitor already.

Mr. N. Now, MARIA, you have not been absurd enough to call me away from business because some tax-gatherer has left a paper, or any nonsense of that kind? I was particularly engaged.

Mrs. N. I am sorry that you leave the house exposed to any such scandal, but that is not the business now.

Mr. N. You do look serious, though—None of the children—pooh—you'd have told me on the instant.

Mrs. N. I am glad that you do me some justice.

Mr. N. Bother—what's the matter?

Mrs. N. Nothing. At least that is not the word.

Mr. N. Then I wish "sharp" was.

Mrs. N. Do not begin with levity. This is not a time for it.

Mr. N. You have something to tell me?

Mrs. N. I have.

[Fetches a writing-case, and takes out a paper, evidently of a legal character.]

Mr. N. Are you going to make your will?

Mrs. N. (with a serious smile). It is curious that you should have used that expression. (Sits.) HENRY, the event which I expected has occurred.

Mr. N. (dazed). But you expect so many events—some of them must occur occasionally.

Mrs. N. You have frequently—I may say habitually—taunted me with the remark that my family have estranged themselves from us.

Mr. N. I have never complained of it, at all events. I rather like it.

Mrs. N. A wife understands many things, said by her husband, of which she feels it best to take no notice.

Mr. N. Agreed—especially when he hints at any little domestic reforms.

Mrs. N. You will regret introducing this tone into our conversation.

Mr. N. (growing angry). I may regret introducing another tone if you don't make haste and tell me what you are driving at.

Mrs. N. READ THAT! [Places the paper in his hands.]

Mr. N. A lawyer's hand-writing! Am I cited before SIR JAMES WILDE? Eh! (reads). I—I beg your pardon, MARIA, I'm sure (reads on). Then you were right in remaining in town.

Mrs. N. Yes.

Mr. N. Well, she was a good old soul, in spite of her eccentricities. I always rather liked her, poor HENRIETTA FLAGGERTY, though she hated me.

Mrs. N. Forbear to judge until you have read that extract from her will.

Mr. N. Remembered the children, has she? Good old thing!

Mrs. N. She has remembered their parents.

Mr. N. Let us see.

[Reads to the end of the paper, then lays it down, and gazes in a singular manner at his wife. She returns the gaze for some moments, and then begins to cry. MR. NAGGLETON takes up the paper, and retires to a sequestered chair to re-peruse. He then comes back to his former seat.]

Mr. N. Well, MARIA?

Mrs. N. Well, HENRY?

Mr. N. By Jove!

Mrs. N. (half smiling). How do you like it?

Mr. N. (in a low voice). She was all right, I suppose?

Mrs. N. (with the women's quick apprehension where worldly advantage is concerned, and bless 'em for it). Oh, yes! as sane as you are.

Mr. N. (Goes to door and opens it suddenly; then closes it again). As I said before—well?

Mrs. N. What made you do that?

Mr. N. Servants are curious.

Mrs. N. Not such as mine, I trust. But never mind that, now. What do you say to AUNT FLAGGERTY's will?

Mr. N. What am I to say?

Mrs. N. Nay, it is a case for your decision, HENRY.

Mr. N. Do you mean that?

Mrs. N. Do I ever say anything that I don't mean?

Mr. N. I hope so; I often do. But, seriously?

Mrs. N. (smiling). Seriously.

Mr. N. (snatching up paper). "Twenty thousand pounds, on two conditions, one of which shall be enforced by my executors, the other of which I must leave to the honour of HENRY NAGGLETON and MARIA, his wife."

Mrs. N. Now, is not that conceived in the spirit of a lady?

Mr. N. She was a lady, and I am sorry to have to speak of her in the past tense. The first condition is—

Mrs. N. Read the second, first, dear.

Mr. N. "That they entirely and for ever abandon their habit of scolding, snarling, and sneering, and study to converse politely, if not affectionately." I thought we always did.

Mrs. N. O, you story! And, now the other condition.

Mr. N. "That they immediately discard the name of NAGGLETON, and assume, and for ever hereafter bear the name of —." My dear MARIA!

Mrs. N. (laughing). Read it out, Sir.

Mr. N. "The name of LOVEY-DOVEY."

Mrs. N. (slowly). Lovey-Dovey.

Mr. N. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. N. My dear HENRY, what a noise.

Mr. N. Noise! I should think so. My respected MARIA, when a man is suddenly called upon to abandon a proud name which has been borne by three generations of members of the Coalscutters' Company, and I do not know how many cavaliers, crusaders, and cannibals in the previous ages, it is time for him to make a noise.

Mrs. N. That means that the conditions are Accepted.

Mr. N. They are frightfully hard, of course, but then consider the children. Twenty thousand pounds, added to the eleven and fourpence, or whatever other trifle I may have managed to put into the Post-office Savings' Bank, is money.

Mrs. N. It is money, dear, and do not joke when we speak of the children's welfare.

Mr. N. I was never less inclined to joke in my life. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. N. Hush, dear; you will really have the servants up if you go on like that.

Mr. N. LOVEY-DOVEY! I tell you what, we'll travel on the Continent.

Mrs. N. I should like it of all things; but what for?

Mr. N. We should break ourselves gradually into the name. MONSIEUR ET MADAME L'AUVÉ D'AUVÉ would not be so bad.

Mrs. N. Would that be honourable?

Mr. N. The name condition is not the one upon honour.

Mrs. N. Ah! but would it be safe?

Mr. N. That's another pair of breech—of breech-loaders.

Mrs. N. Twenty thousand pounds! How much is that a-year, dear?

Mr. N. Why, not exactly a fortune in Consols, but something that if we place it properly, will double itself as fast as a woman doubles a scandal.

Mrs. N. Ah, there! You mustn't talk like that, HENRY, if we are to fulfil the terms.

Mr. N. What? That's a very liberal rendering of the will, MARIA. Penal statutes are construed literally. There's only one woman whom I am never to scold, and as I never did, the abstinence will be no privation. Come here.

Mrs. N. Oh, you great goose. (Coming, however.) But there!

[This line is inexplicable by the Editor.]

Mr. N. It will be a severe trial to you, my poor MARIA; but I must aid you with my masculine resolution and forbearance.

Mrs. N. (boxes his ears). As if you did not always begin. Well, then, that is settled, and you had better write to the executors telling them that we accept the legacy. How do people take new names?

Mr. N. Anyhow. If you like, you can pay your Sovereign eighty-two pounds fifteen shillings for a Royal Licence, and if you prefer keeping the money, you can adopt your new name, and pay nothing at all.

Mrs. N. I suppose that it would be most respectable to have the Royal Licence.

Mr. N. Why don't you go and ask the genteel SNOTCHLEY?

Mrs. N. Now, HENRY, is that right?

Mr. N. No, it isn't. I withdraw the SNOTCHLEY. But we haven't begun the new régime yet. I think we may go on as before until the money is forked over.

Mrs. N. The sooner we begin the easier it will be.

Mr. N. And we are both in very good tempers, so there is a platform for a good start. And so, my dear MRS. LOVEY-DOVEY, I salute you by your new name. [Salutes exchanged.]

Mrs. N. And are you serious about travelling?

Mr. N. Have you not often wished to see Rome?

Mrs. N. Ah, my wishes have been too often (recovers herself) granted by a kind husband for me to insist on anything he dislikes.

Mr. N. But I don't dislike it, and we'll go, and look after that shawl which you thought proper to sell (recovers himself), and very properly too, for to tell you the truth, I never much liked it, though I fancied you did.

Mrs. N. Rome! That will be delightful. And long before we come back, all the talk about this affair will be over.

Mr. N. Yes, our dear five hundred friends will have swallowed their envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

Mrs. N. Don't make fun of such words, HENRY—though you do make me laugh, and you ought not, dear.

Mr. N. Quite right, though I mean nothing wrong.

Mrs. N. I am sure of that. Well, will you write the letter. And then, will you order some cards with the new name. It's very absurd, but I shan't feel that I have secured the legacy until I have sent cards to everybody I know.

Mr. N. We'll put Twenty Thousand Pounds in a corner, and call the whole business OUR GOLDEN WEDDING. May we live to keep a real one.

Mrs. N. Amen, with all my heart.

[And so ends the History of the Naggletons, but you shall have one peep at the Lovey-Doveys.]

MEMS FROM MANXLAND.



ARE you anxious, dear Punch, to find a retreat where there are no nigger bands, and not one barrel-organ? Yes, of course, I know you are, for everybody must be so whose fate it is to live in London, and have any brains to work, and any need to work them. Well, then, come to Douglas in the Isle of Man, and see the tailless cats and the monstrous three-legged Manxmen. I have actually been staying a whole week at this sea-town, and I have not once heard a banjo or a barrel-organ.

Do not dream, however, that if you come to Manxland you will find no other aural nuisances to plague you. If this were happily the case, do you think I should be fool enough to advertise the Paradise?

From the organ-grinding plague, Douglas happily is free; at least it was so when I visited it. Nor, although the fish there is capital

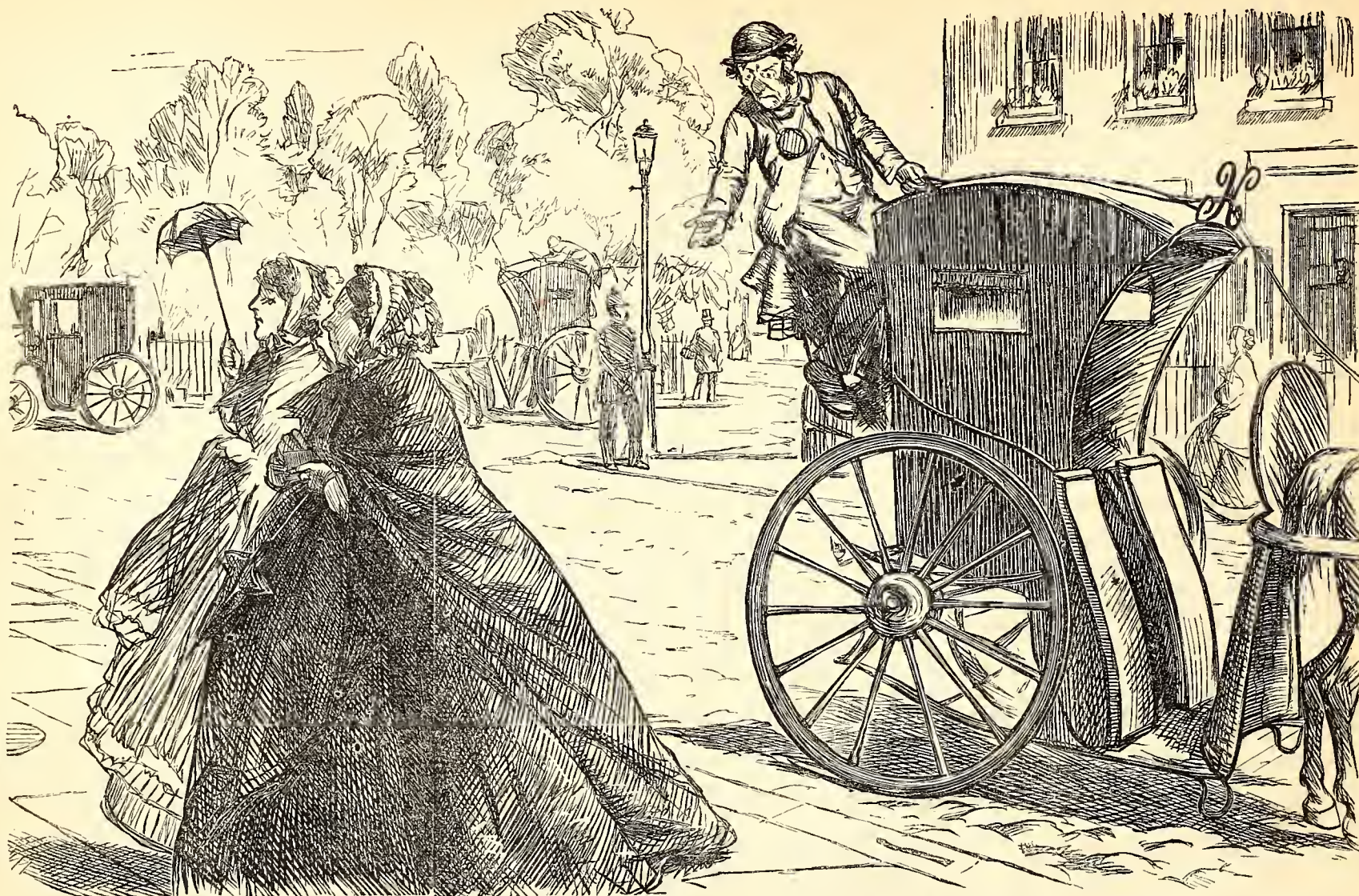
and cheap, were there any bellowing Stentors bawling, "Fine fresh So-holes!" or "Mackreel, four a shillun!" as they do at Brighton, Hastings, Ramsgate, Lowestoft, Deal, and Yarmouth. One evening, however, just as I sat down to dinner, a street-band did its utmost to take away my appetite; and every morning, just at breakfast-time, my relish for my herring was sadly spoilt by a duet between a small boy with a horn, upon a shaky, open, wheeled thing that was called the "Crescent Buss" [sic], and a dog that lived next door to me, and tried to howl in unison. Then the little natives have just learned the song of "Slap Bang! Here we are again!" and you hear them squalling it at every cottage door and every street corner. How is it that such songs become so popular, I wonder? Once let a tune be whistled through the streets of London, and every country town in England within six months will ring with it.

I believe that this annoying song was first imported into Manxland by the people who swarm thither from the cotton-spinning country. The natives call them "cotton balls," and seem to hold them in contempt, although many a Manx pocket is the richer for their coming. Where they get the money which they fling about so freely is more than I can tell; nor have I any notion why they fix on coming to the Isle of Man to spend it. If the scenery attracts them, they have rather an odd way of showing their attachment to it. All they seem to do all day is to ride about in cars, smoking bad tobacco, and playing at All Fours, and you see them at their ride's end, with the prettiest views accessible, sitting in inn-yards and playing All Fours still: and this is, I presume, how they enjoy seeing the scenery. Nearly every man JACK of them is attended by his JILL, and the girls all play at cards as everlastingly as the men, and join them in singing "Slap Bang!" with great relish and rejoicing.

I may add that these Slap-Bangers return from their trips often in the middle of the night; and with their holloaings and howlings they make the night as hideous as the Foresters did lately, when returning nocte media from their Crystal Palace trip, bellowing songs and blowing horns, and blazing off magnesium wire, to frighten passing horses. A Disafforesting Commission sat the while I was in Manxland. What a blessing it would be, thought I, remembering that night, if a Commission were to sit for disafforesting the Foresters!

Besides flirting, playing All Fours, swigging beer and smoking "spankers" (a sort of big cigar I saw thus labelled in the shops), these rollicking Slap-Bangers have the still further excitement every evening of a ball, which is given well-nigh gratis to all who choose to go to it. The ball is an *al fresco* one, and is held at the pier's end; and although the floor is stone, and the band a stray accordion, the dancing is kept up with splendid energy and spirit. I think it a great pity such hard-working honest dancers have not a better ball-room than this rough stone pier. Casinos and Cremornes such as London is polluted with I view with loathing and disgust; but the dancing in Manxland was mere dishonest crural exercise, and had not a whit of the foul Casino flavour in it.

VAGABUNDUS.



"FIE! CABBY!"

Cabby (in withering Accents on receiving Sixpence). "FAIR SEX! HUNFAIR SEX. I CALLS YER! 'CORDIN' TO MY 'XPER'ENCE OF YER!"

THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS.

DEAR PUNCH,

September 5, 6, 7, 8.

I PROMISED you several meteo-&c. (too long a word) letters. Couldn't do it before; can't now. Heat on Thursday and Friday tremendous. Sun nothing in the shade. There is no shade. I have purchased a refrigerator, and shall sit in it all day. This letter's taken me such a time on account of a fly. I am now, without rising, going to kill him. He has flown. Let me return to my subject: the Parks. The weather is the same in the Parks, I suppose, as here: go and see. I don't know what position is best; chairs and sofas "all hot." Good bye, I retire to my refrigerator.

Yours languidly,

AN O! THE-HEAT'UN!

P.S. *O' the Heat'un.* Can't do anything funnier this weather. I laughed at it. Once. Really.

P.S. I send a fly for dissection. Inquest and p.m. exam. 2 P.M.

A Trifle from the Humber.

"Down with Dutch yeast," Hull, frantic, cries,
"The rascal Dutchmen put clay to it;
The only CLAY we wish to Rise
Is one whom we elect to do it."

Land of Green Ginger.

NOTICE TO GEOGRAPHERS.

"OWHYHEE, where CAPTAIN COOK was killed" has been for years inscribed on our globes, to mark a place inhabited by Savages. Our globe-makers henceforth will be good enough, with the self-same object, to mark "Prussia, where ALFRED'S Cook was killed."

CAUTION-MONEY.—The best is that which a man has earned for himself.—*Banker's Magazine, and Punch.*

CONJURORS IN FEATHERS.

THE *Birds* of ARISTOPHANES are puzzling enough, as many a school-boy knows, but twenty times more puzzling are the birds of MA'AMSELLE VAN DER MEERSCH.

These birds, if they were taught to play at cards as well as peck at them, would soon be brought before a Beak, and charged with being card-sharpers. There is a certain Java sparrow that, because of his red poll, we presume, has been named "Cardinal;" and this Cardinal is really so clever with the cards, that we should hardly be surprised to see him playing double dummy, and clawing his three tricks for a revoke made by his adversary. Just ask him for the ace of spades, or any club or diamond which you have set your heart upon, and he is off like a bird, and never rests till he has picked it out, and, so to speak, has played it. His teacher only knows how much time and patience she has spent upon his training: but the result is that her Cardinal seems cleverer than RICHELIEU, and more cunning than DE RETZ.

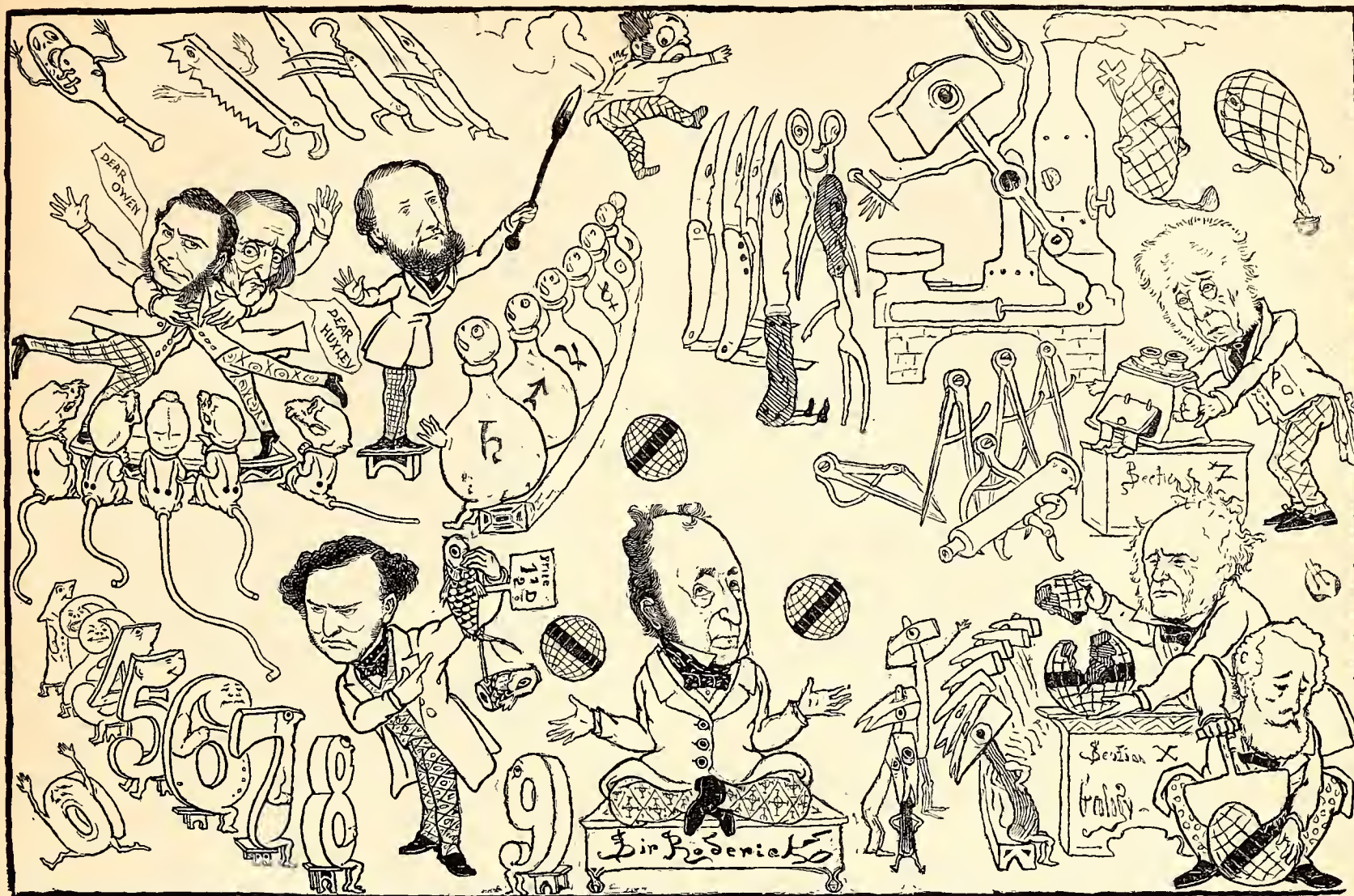
PINTAGRUELISM.

MR. DAVID SALOMONS, in the *Star*, recommends that all cows, under medical treatment, should have given to them, several times a day, certain "stimulants, such as strong ale with gruel, or brandy with gruel." Perhaps the "strong ale and brandy" would not be a bad thing for the poor creatures to revive their animal spirits. We fancy there are hundreds of poor agriculturists, who, whether ill or not, would not mind being subjected to the same "medical treatment;" only, if they were allowed a choice, they might probably prefer "the brandy, and the strong ale," without the gruel.

A WANT OF THE AGE.—Wanted, to enable agriculturists to contend with the present prevailing epidemic, a new *Farmercopæa*.

THE ONLY SIDE A SENSIBLE MAN NOW TAKES.—The Seaside.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



AVE you seen all the Reports of this year's Congress? Yes. Then you've still got to see mine. It is special, and for you. All others are incomplete, and as the advertisements of patent mustards have it, none are genuine unless

signed thus:—PROFESSOR FLUFF, *i. e.* myself. The reports, above mentioned, composed under the influence of prejudiced and envious persons, whose names I have entered, as MAXIMILIAN, the Emperor of Germany, used to, in my private "book of insults," do not contain any of my papers, nor do they give what certainly appeared to me to be the most interesting portions of the scientific proceedings. I send in my little account to you which shall supply the deficiencies. First, I will give you the names of my own papers, which I carried in separate parts of my luggage; I could not be sufficiently unfortunate to lose them all.

Physiology. The art of Making Faces. (*In my Bag, also false nose and whiskers.*)

Geology. Illustrated by a performance on the Bones. (*Great coat pocket; handy for practising in the Railway Carriage.*)

Architecture. Use of the Air-pump in erecting castellated edifices. (*Portmanteau.*)

Geography. The question, "Where are you going on Sunday?" satisfactorily answered. This included practical demonstrations in Street Gymnastics, or the Use of the Globes and Poles. (*In large globe cases marked "with care."*)

Mathematics. A few words on Squaring a Beadle who was arguing in a vicious circle. Illustrated pugilistically. (*A portmanteau to itself, including gloves and change of linen.*)

Physics. Thoughts on Negro Conscription and the Black Draughts: with remarks on Shaking before Taking. (*Dressing-case fitted with burnt corks for blacking my face; and medicine.*)

Economic Science. How many Donkeys go to a Village Pound? Also the process of making a Shilling go as far as Half-a-Crown.

Illustrated by experimental conjuring. (*A box of tricks packed up in a large clothes-basket for doing the STODARE trick. Swords separate.*)

I arrived in Birmingham safely with all my scientific paraphernalia. Some idiotic friend who doesn't understand these things asked me if I was going to the Donkey Show? His joke meant, he explained, the British Association; a low, coarse fellow, whom I only quote to show you the persecution that Science is exposed to even in these days. I was dressed in a scarlet gown, college cap, and carried side-arms, and a fishing-rod for Sundays.

After some difficulty I found one of the Association Rooms. Here is my report condensed.

COALS.

MR. BEETE JUKES, F.R.S., at least I *think* it was MR. JUKES, said that he had got something to say on coals. He proceeded to make a statement.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL offered to haul MR. JUKES over the coals for that remark. (*I didn't catch it, though JUKES did.*)

The discussion was at its height when it suddenly occurred to me that I could sing "*Old King Cole*." I rose. Shortly afterwards I fired my pistols, loaded with grapes, in the air, and pretended to vanish. Finding another door open, I looked in and said "Bo!" They couldn't find out who did it, so I then went to the school of

GEOLOGY.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON was saying something about bones. A Gentleman expressed his opinion that grilled and devilled they were excellent for supper. I voted for him.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS said that as a beverage Beaune was not to be despised.

SIR RODERICK, without noticing these interruptions, proceeded. When he had finished, the President asked if there was any just cause or impediment, &c., &c.

I had, lots; but, unfortunately, when I stood up I found that I'd brought my paper on Architecture. I said I'd be back in a jiffy. When I returned from the hotel the room was empty.

EXCURSIONS.

The next day there were excursions, alarums, drums, trumpets, *vide* SHAKESPEARE, *passim*, and I spent the morning in the station-

house. Science, Geology, and Geography stopped at home. I managed to join them. We didn't do much. The three gentlemen in the Scientific Room read papers, but they were only the *Times* and other daily papers. I began my composition on Mathematics out loud, but at the request of the members present deferred my lecture. I looked in at Geology, who had his coat off and was fast asleep with a fly on his nose. I awoke him, and offered to fight him for sixpence or read my paper on this subject; but while I was arranging the MS. he adjourned. I caught Geography at a cold luncheon; he said he should be delighted to hear me read. On coming back from my room with the volume, I found that he had been obliged to step out on business. The waiter hadn't time to listen, but showed some interest in the proceedings.

Next day there was a large gathering to hear something about

CANNIBALISM.

PROFESSOR RAWLINSON gave us to understand that he shouldn't like to be a cannibal. He didn't know any cannibals personally. (I had a joke about being acquainted with an "Eton Boy," but couldn't get it ready in time.)

MR. CRAWFURD said that there had been Scotch cannibals and Irish cannibals. He insisted that cannibalism was merely a matter of taste. For his part—

MR. BLANKS asked why the subject hadn't been stuck to?

The President observed that it had been stuck to.

MR. DASH, F.R.S., said he hadn't heard anyone define cannibalism. (I hate DASH.)

DR. CAMPS replied, that if MR. DASH had only *listened*, instead of trying to make Professor KENNETH M'KENZIE laugh, by playing Punch and Judy dolls with his pocket handkerchief, he would have heard something very much to his advantage.

I rose and commenced my Mathematical Paper.

The President said it hadn't much to do with cannibalism.

I explained that *that* was the fun of it.

The President said I couldn't read it.

I said I could. In deference, however, to his wishes, I would begin my "Physics." Here I produced a bottle, labelled.

The President explained that the sitting was over, and that my papers would be "taken."

I protested against their being taken, and proposed that we should play at cannibals.

The Meeting hastily adjourned.

PHYSIOLOGY.

While listening to a few arguments in this department, I had stooped down and put on my false nose and whiskers. I then got up, and was proceeding with my Paper on Making Faces, and was going to give my celebrated imitation of "The Clown at Astley's," when a message was brought that I was wanted outside. Imagine my delight on seeing the Prince of all the Silurias sweetly playing on the boot-jack. I have been living with him ever since in his Palace at Colwell Hatchney. "I see him dancing in the Hall." Publish my Unread Papers, and pity, pity your unhappy but respectable MARIA.

CONVERTIBLE TERMS.

"I SUPPOSE, my dear, you have come here upon a voyage of conversion!" said an elderly lady to a young one, on the Spa. The only reply was a triumphant smile of assent.

At the earliest opportunity, we inquired of the elderly lady what was the meaning of the above mysterious term, "Conversion." "Why, to convert a young gentleman." "Yes, precisely; but to what?" we inquired in our simplicity. "Why, to matrimony, to be sure," was the half contemptuous reply. "Do you mean to say, my dear Sir," she continued, in a semi-sneering, semi-pitying tone, "that you have lived all this time, and never yet heard that when a young lady visits Scarborough, it is popularly said that she has gone on 'A voyage of Conversion?'" and it is pretty generally her own fault, I can assure you, if before the season is over, she does not manage to convert some one. And so, young gentleman, I should advise you to look out."

We acted upon the advice, and left the place instantly.—*Mr. Punch's Unmarried Contributor.*

Roo-ey-too-ey!

THE interview between QUEEN VICTORIA and the KING OF PRUSSIA at Darmstadt is stated to have lasted only half-an-hour. Nine-and-twenty minutes too long; for we cannot imagine what our QUEEN could have to say except, "You old Fool, why don't you mind what you are about?" However, that may take some time to translate into Court German. We are glad that our Sovereign, with her usual good taste, got out of bad company as quickly as was consistent with courtesy.

A NEW NAME FOR TOOTH-ACHE.—*Grinderpest.*

LIGHT WINE.

(A Temperance Drinking Song.)

FAREWELL to Port, farewell to Sherry;
Those drinks shall never more be mine.
Henceforth, when I would fain make merry,
I mean my liquor to be wine.
A little book by DR. DRUITT,
O all good people, read it through!
Shows what your Port is; how they brew it;
How they concoct your Sherry too.

The vines of Xeres and Oporto
Afford those compounds little fruit;
Their body owes its fulness more to
A common humble British root.
Those potent popular potations,
That, chiefly, with their strength inspires;
Those pseudo-vinous preparations
Potato spirit 'tis that fires.

The stuff of yore that thou didst guzzle,
I too propose to quaff, DE MAPES;
The wine that to thy dying muzzle
Thou wouldst have put, was made of grapes.
Cheap French, Italian, Grecian vintage,
Thank GLADSTONE, I can now obtain.
No more alloy of Hamburg's mintage
Misnamed of Portugal or Spain!

DEAN CLOSE, and LAWSON, strict abstainers,
And thou, Maine Law Alliance POPE,
You too, in soberness youth's trainers,
Ye leaders of the Band of Hope:
No more in idle agitation,
Against the liquor-trade combine.
If temperate you would have the nation,
Exhort JOHN BULL to drink light wine.

LIGHT AND HAIR.

HERE is another brilliant bit of complex calculation, which we take from the *Mechanics' Magazine*. It is a pity that the calculator, in discoursing upon such a subject as Light, should have succeeded in making it so extremely dark:—

'A writer in *Cosmos* has calculated the mechanical equivalent of the total light of the sun. He finds it to amount to something like that of 1,230 septillions of 'bougies,' or to thirty-five billions of tons lifted a billion of kilometres per second,—the lifting of thirty-five billions of tons (French), a billion kilometres being about equal to lifting the weight of the earth twenty feet."

There, is it not extremely lucid? We wonder how many billions, or "septillions" of "bougies" it would require to make clear the meaning of the above confused compilation of figures? The great safety of these arithmetical athletes, when they distort themselves by piling up these absurd heaps of millions and billions, is that no one cares about giving himself the trouble, either to verify, or disprove them. One is bound to take them for granted, or rather one does not care precisely whether it requires a billion, more or less, of tallow candles, or bougies, to give us anything like an equivalent of the light of the Sun, and so the calculation passes unchallenged. We think BABBAGE himself would sooner be ground to death by an Italian organ than undertake such an idiotic Herculean task. It was only the other day that we read about a German professor having discovered the difference of the number of hairs on the heads of four young ladies, viz., a blonde, a brunette, a young lady with red, and another with chesnut hair. We forget who was the winner of this hair-coursing match, but we should extremely like to know where were these young ladies' Mammams all this time, to allow this inquisitive Professor to be quietly manipulating their daughters' heads, and not to stop him, and, also, how long he may have been engaged upon the delicate investigation? Where is the English Paterfamilias, we ask, who, upon finding a dirty German (Professors are not the cleanest race in the world) playing with his darling EMILY's ringlets, would take it as a satisfactory excuse to be told that "he was merely counting the hairs of her head, in order to solve a problem." It is our opinion that the solution of the problem would be the very rapid cutting off of *mein Herr*.

The Prussian Warm Bath.

A HORRID Cockney, with reference to the murder of poor OTT, said a very shocking thing; only there is some truth in the remark that he meant for a pun. The wretch observed that the affair of OTT was likely to get BISMARCK's master into 'ot water!

THE GUIDE TO BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER VI.

Bradshaw's Nationality—Romance of Bradshaw—High Level—More Fun—Puck—An Ordinary Train—Shutting Steam off—The Terminus.



COMMENTATORS are of opinion that the "Guide," is the work of a wild rollicking jovial son of Erin. For instance, in one of the Irish time-tables, we find that the first train is to arrive in time for the 8.50 for Dublin, and, at the end of this announcement, we come upon the words to which allusion has been made—"Punctuality not guaranteed."

With what enjoyment, a delight peculiarly Irish, must O'BRADSHAW have anticipated the difficulties of his students.

The question arises,—if punctuality is not guaranteed will the train be there at 8.50?

If the second train is there for 8.50, will the 8.50 train be there to meet it?

Supposing the 8.50 arrives at 8.50, shall I be in time if I go one hour before or an hour after?

If I go at once shall I be certain? No, Punctuality is not guaranteed!

If I start now and wait for both trains, will one train wait for the other subsequently?

Will it not be better to stop at home and think?

This is what the O'BRADSHAW would call "Botheration intirely!"

North countrymen have some right to a property in BRADSHAW. Their claim is founded upon the following ground. Note the North British line. Observe that it runs from Aberdeen to London. Mark closely that the traveller is not requested to spend any time at Dundee, nor Edinburgh, nor Abbotsford, nor Kelso, historically interesting though they be; no, BRADSHAW has one note, secreted in the fourth column, charmingly hidden as is the place to which it so touchingly refers; "Stop," says the note, "Stop at Nook Pasture on Saturdays." Yes, far away from the turmoil of camps, from the busy mart, BRADSHAW will invite his friends, lovers of solitude and contemplation, to join him ruralising in Nook Pasture on Saturdays. He would stop us here, would hold us bound, would playfully catch us with a Nook.

Tenderest reminiscences, probably, draw him to NOOK PASTURE. She has gone, maybe the place has been sadly changed since first our then gay gallant with his blushing bride, halted on his return from Gretna, at the humble pasturage! Happy memories! Let the traveller by the evening train, to or from the North, stop on Saturday, and shed a tear of joy to Auld lang Syne and the happy past of Nook Pasture.

This year's August Edition of BRADSHAW is replete with genuine humour, and in the little pamphlet accompanying it, entitled "Alterations in the Main Line," our author far out-does all his previous efforts. The notion of publishing a BRADSHAW at all was an idea emanating from a master-spirit of the age; but the notion of issuing with it a short unstitched pamphlet of only one sheet, not easily intelligible and very easily misunderstood, or lost, was a crowning burst of wit that could have only originated from one person, and that Prince-Jester, King-Humourist, and Emperor of Satirists, is, it is needless to say, BRADSHAW.

The opening of the High Level Station at the Crystal Palace, on the London, Chatham, and Dover line, was an opportunity not to be missed, and our author (*farceur*, that he is!) has made the most of it.

Page 78 commences with a practical joke, suggestive of boisterous animal spirits, rude health, and BRADSHAW out for a holiday. He takes you to Ludgate Hill with a view to the Crystal Palace, and Beckenham, if you will, and says he—

"Ludgate Hill to Beckenham at 5½ and 7.55 Aft. 1, 2, 3, *cl. Stopping.*"

That is, he induces you to take your ticket and your seat in the train

at Ludgate Hill, sees you locked in your carriage, and then cries 1, 2, 3, *cl. (this indicates a chuckle)* and *stopping* where you are: then off he'll run like a merry elfish Puck of Railways as he is.

The intending visitor to the Crystal Palace will settle by what train he will go, according to the text of p. 78, &c. But the pamphlet above alluded to contains *errata*, which must also be consulted, or all the arrangements are null and void. Therein will be found that—

"The Train stated to leave Ludgate Hill per Beckley at 5.18, should be 5.15 Aft."

Should it? Aye, but is it? And suppose it isn't, why BRADSHAW catches you there, and if it does, and you have relied upon his first statement, why he has you again, and is more jocular over it than ever.

And what does the Gay Deceiver do? He calls these *errata* "The Companies' further Alterations after going to Press," as much as to say, "Well, my traveller, if you're taken in don't blame me. But if you follow my advice, I still say that trains *do* go at such and such times as I announced them at first."

The Company won't be bound by BRADSHAW, nor will he give up his liberty to the Company; and if, in another month, BRADSHAW chooses to publish a third Edition, with *his* private opinion as to when trains are likely, or ought to start, what's to prevent him?

In Page 78 you will find one or two trains in which the comfort of the traveller meets with every possible attention as concerns eating and drinking. Our kind-hearted, thoughtful author intends a hint to railway authorities when he writes—

"1 & 2 Ordinary to Chatham."

One and two, or from one to two, is a very good time for an ordinary, which might be elegantly set out in a saloon carriage. This meaning is delicately conveyed to the Company by BRADSHAW, when he thus furnishes his own railway table.

Some commentators would have it that our author joins in the cry for "More Bishops," and wishes to suggest to the railway directors the institution of so many trains in a day devoted to episcopal use, and carrying their Lordships' reverences hither and thither in discharge of their onerous functions.

And now let us stop: for even as we write these lines the glorious light of an autumnal sun has fallen upon last month's BRADSHAW, lying helplessly on our arm-chair, in his sere and yellow leaf. He is not exhausted, but we are. He will be bound by no Company, nor will any Company go to the expense of binding him, and we too will be free. A bumper at parting, my Guide, my familiar friend; let us quaff the interior cask, tap for tap, and so part fair. If we have been able to cheer the confused inquirer, to point the way to wanderers in the Bradshawian mazes, if we have been in time to prevent the travelling bachelor, or pale student, from despairingly jumping to a sudden and unwarrantable conclusion; if we have shown the impatient public that the difficulties are for the most part only apparent, and that throughout his work BRADSHAW has striven to combine amusement with instruction, romance with practicality,—then these few short Chapters have achieved their object. If they haven't done this, they haven't, and nothing that we can now say will alter the facts. And so, travelling public, commending you to the ever-laughing philosopher, BRADSHAW, we bid you heartily farewell.

Ring the bell. Any more going on? No thank you. That's the ticket. We stop here.



"MENTAL ABSTRACTION."—Stealing the ideas of others and fancying them your own.



EARLY PIETY.

Matilda Jane (catching the Pastor after Sunday School). "OH, SIR, PLEASE WHAT WOULD YOU CHARGE TO CHRISTEN MY DOLL?"

A GROOM AND A GENTLEMAN.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

IN England every man's house, however humble, is, as MR. COX has said, his castle. The damsel who escaped from her father's castle, in company with his Master of the Horse, has, you see, Sir, married that retainer. It is a truism to say that she could not have done better. Besides, the man of her choice is by no means unlikely to turn out a very good husband. Let her not be twitted with having married a groom; a Groom-in-Waiting is no bad match for a Maid-of-Honour. There is no material difference, *Mr. Punch*, between one groom and another but what it is quite possible, if not very easy, to remove. Provided that a groom is a gentleman by nature, it is only necessary to educate him, if he wants education, to make him a fit companion for a lady. Now, Sir, this particular groom is very much of a gentleman. He honourably tried to persuade his lady-love to stay at home, and he behaved disinterestedly as to her money. His concernment with that noble animal, the horse, seems to have inspired him with chivalry. His father-in-law should now provide him with a private tutor to teach him the languages and other things which the husband of a clergyman's daughter ought to know, and the manners and utterance requisite to enable him to converse with bishops, deans, yourself, and other persons of dignity and fashion. Who, however, knows that he cannot pronounce English? SHAKESPEARE once held horses; but, doubtless, he was accustomed to call a horse a horse. We are not sure that MR. SMITH is in the habit of calling a horse an oss; if he is, let him be instructed to aspirate his h's.

The Duke of Venice, in *Othello*, tries to reconcile *Brabantio* to *Desdemona's* marriage with the Moor by the observation that:—

"If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black."

Much the same consolation, Sir, may be suggested to MR. SMITH's father-in-law. MR. SMITH is evidently a very fair and straightforward young fellow. There were like to be mulattoes among *Brabantio's* grandchildren. No fear of that sort exists in this instance. MR. SMITH

needs now no longer be a groom, except in as far as he is a bridegroom. Due culture will render him altogether worthy of the good fortunes which he had a right to accept; and he would only require polish to shine in Society, if, instead of Groom, he had been Boots. This remark may be laughed at, but ought to be attended to, like many observations made by your humble servant,

DULCAMARA.

A SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

It is curious what bad English is written by good schoolmasters. Here, for instance, is a specimen:—

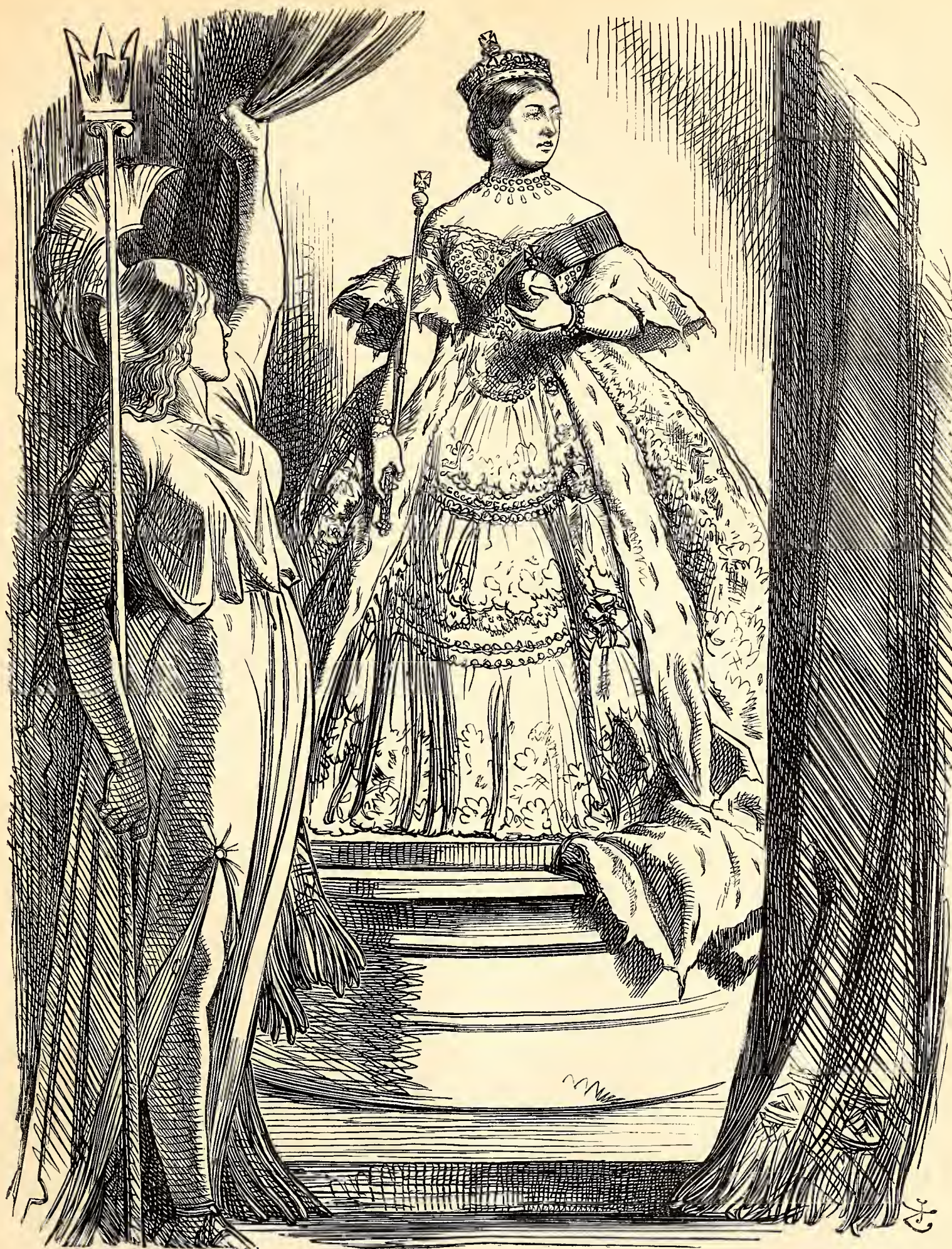
EDUCATIONAL HOME (half terms), 30 guineas, inclusively, to fill two vacancies, combining maternal care with a good English and French education. Eminent masters and laundress.

Now, what are we to understand by this grammarless advertisement? Pray, is it the "home" which is "to fill two vacancies?" and in what way can these vacancies combine maternal care with a good education? Then, we wonder, is the laundress as "eminent" as the masters? and in what way is her eminence especially displayed? We are as particular as most people to choose good masters for our children; but we own we never thought of requiring that their stockings should be eminently scrubbed, or their flannel waistcoats eminently ironed.

A Cardinal's Notion of Industry.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI gave a passport to some brigands with the character of *industrianti*. This complimentary style of denomination, after all, is only borrowed from the French. Is it not the custom in France to call their thieves *Chevaliers d'Industrie*? Brigands seem to be the only *Industriels* who flourish in the Papal States.

WHAT RAILWAY ENGINES, if they could only speak, as well as whistle, would most probably say, in the event of a Collision.—"Now then, Stupid, where are you a-shoving to?"



QUEEN HERMIONE.

PAULINA (BRITANNIA) UNVEILS THE STATUE. "'TIS TIME! DESCEND; BE STONE NO MORE!"

Winter's Tale, Act V., Scene 3.

OUR YACHT.



UT whether it was the lantern, or the Lieutenant's snoring that sent me off to sleep, I do not know, yet somehow or another I fell into a doze with my head on the log-book. I was awake by the Commodore calling from the deck to me to get my companion up, so I shook him. He was very angry, and not unjustly, as it turned out that I had been requested to get up the Companion, not, as I had understood, to get my companion up. (N.B. The Companion is a ladder almost perpendicular, leading from the deck to the cabin.)

The Commodore said he would turn in now, and that I was to watch. I asked what I was to watch for? He replied, "Oh, just to get into the way of it." The Captain said he would also turn in until they got under way, which they would do at the very first dawn.

I was left all alone on deck to keep the watch. It was pitch dark, with the exception of a few lights in the town, and one or two in the Straits. I fancied myself the *Red Rover*, and sang a song about "The Rover is free!" which was stopped by a request from the Commodore, up the Companion, that I would greatly oblige them below if I would hold my confounded row, or go for'ard and sing. On going for'ard the Captain in the "forecassel" objected, so I kept the *Red Rover* to myself. Becoming tired of this, I hummed, "Oh, gaily goes the ship when the rum tum tum," which was a version of my own, in consequence of forgetting the original words. It was getting very cold, so I walked up and down. A voice from below begged me not to go on stamping about like that. It was the Lieutenant's. "No one," he said, "could get to sleep if I kicked up that row overhead; I might have some consideration."

I thought this a little hard of the Lieutenant, but I sat down with my back against the entrance to the Companion. I began to wonder if yachting was such good fun after all, and if this was the sort of way I was going to spend my nights. About this time hunger set in. I couldn't get anything without alarming the whole ship's company. I wished to goodness that I'd slept on shore until we had regularly started. As a clock at Bangor struck two, I became aware of the pins and needles in my left leg and foot. As I was compelled to stretch myself and walk about, I chose the side away from the Lieutenant. Somebody said, "Hollo!" I pretended not to hear. The "Hollo" being repeated, I said, "What?" The Commodore said that it would be better for one (meaning himself) to give up trying to go to sleep if I was going on like that?

"Like what?" I asked, down the Companion, for I was getting angry.

He explained to me that from the position in which he was placed in his berth, I was dancing about (as he chose to describe it) on his nose. How, he put it, would I like to have my nose danced on? I replied it was pins and needles. He said pins and needles were hanged. After this I walked about amidships (N.B. "amidships," nautical phrase meaning that portion of the vessel between the forecassel and the stern) until I was tired, when I sat down in the same position as before. I determined not to be domineered over any more, and while I was making up my mind to speak to the Commodore and Lieutenant seriously to-morrow, I fell fast asleep.

It was daylight when I was awake by the Lieutenant, the Captain, and the Crew. I felt very uncomfortable and sticky. Sticky's the only word I've got for it. The Lieutenant said, "I was a nice fellow, I was, not to call him for his watch." Call him? Wouldn't I have called him, if I'd only known it. He said it was no use my turning in now. I thought I'd just take a snooze for half an hour, and be quite fresh. He replied very well, so I went down the Companion.

The change from day dress to night dress on board our yacht appeared to be of the most simple description. It consisted with the Commodore and Lieutenant, at least, of taking off your boots, coat, collar, and braces, and there you were. The Lieutenant had put his carpet-bag away, so I couldn't have that for a pillow. The Commodore had placed my portmanteau and a folded rug under his own head, so I was left to invent another novelty in bed furniture.

A small barrel lying in a corner was the very thing. It did not add much to my comfort to find that the barrel was labelled in white letters—GUNPOWDER. On second thoughts I put it outside the doorway, where the Commodore subsequently fell over it, and swore dreadfully on account of his shins. My ingenuity being exhausted, I rolled up my P-jacket, put it under my head, but it was no good; it never would accommodate itself to being a pillow, and kept its buttons in the most prominent position, whether inside or out. It seemed to be

all inequalities, on account of the obstinacy displayed by the sleeves. Rolled up tight, it was too small; folded loosely, it was too large: and in either case equally uncomfortable.

"What a fidget you are," growled the Commodore on my portmanteau. "Why don't you sleep?" Sleep? My P-jacket said what the voice did to *Macbeth*. I was commencing this apt quotation to the Commodore, when he said, "Oh, bother *Macbeth*," and wished that I could be quiet just for one moment. I'd been making a row all night, he complained, and trying to disturb people. I said nothing, but determined, for the second time, that I'd remonstrate with him and the Lieutenant quietly in the morning.

To sit upright, or to lift your head six inches above the pillow, was impossible without coming bump against the ceiling, I mean the boards of the deck, from which my nose was not more than three inches distant, so that I could now perfectly understand the Commodore's complaint, in fact, I was very soon obliged to make it myself, as there was somebody stamping just on the tip of my nose.

"You mustn't mind a little walking about, now," said the Lieutenant from the deck; "because, we're going to get under way. You ought to have slept before." That I ought to have slept before was evident, for there was no chance of it now. They were all walking up and down (for the Commodore had fallen up-stairs and gone on deck, while the Lieutenant was speaking), and then came a rolling sort of noise, accompanied by a thudding just above my face, then a drop or two of water trickled through the cracks above. I went up-stairs, I mean up the Companion. The Treasure was mopping the ship. The Captain was in the bows washing his face in a pail.

By the way, our arrangements for baths and washing, on or below deck, were not luxurious. As I really could not exist without my hip bath in the morning, I had brought it on board, and as it was too big for the cabin, I was obliged to take it on deck, and be as quick as possible about it, on account of our proximity to Bangor, and other boats. Bangor, however, collectively, does not rise early, and there was no one aboard the other boats. The knowledge that I was, as it were, bathing at my peril might have added a zest to some men's enjoyment; in my case it merely took away the greater part of my pleasure.

The Commodore said we must be prepared to rough it a little. I thought to myself "as little as possible;" but merely observed, yes, roughing it wasn't bad fun. After this, I scarcely liked to complain of being hungry; I was, though, very. The Commodore offered me a nip of some brandy which he was drinking out of a flask.

He said that it would do me good; all sailors took it as rations. It appeared that this information was given by the Treasure of a Crew, and further that he and the Captain had had their rations served out by the Commodore already. Seeing some smoke issuing from the chimney which was attached to the stove in the forecassel, I was told that the Treasure was cooking breakfast. I felt curious to know how cooking was managed on board a vessel, and went for'ard to learn. I had to look down the forecassel companion; there was a mixed smell of grease, coffee, and fried fish. All that I could see was the Crew's legs.

It appeared that the forecassel being too small to admit of the Cook and the utensils, such as pan, coffee-pots, &c. at the same time, the Treasure had to leave his legs outside, so to speak, while the rest of his body did the cooking in this cupboard sort of a cabin. Although the smoke had a chimney all to itself, it preferred coming out from different parts of the stove, and hanging about the cabin, so that the upper part of our Treasure was entirely lost to view, and all I could see was a pair of dirty-white trousers waiting outside for the return of the body with the breakfast.

I returned from this sight hungrier than before. The Commodore was examining my Log. Where, he asked, was our latitude and longitude? when did the Lieutenant take his turn on deck? how was the wind? and how about Greenwich time and probable weather?

I was obliged to confess that latitude and longitude had always puzzled me, and that Greenwich time was another difficulty. How people managed to be always right wherever they were by Greenwich time bothered me, and I owned it. As to the wind I could, I confidently said, always tell that by holding up my pocket-handkerchief, but there were some winds that were uncertain. That the Lieutenant's watch was not down was owing simply—

Here the Captain announced breakfast as ready in the cabin, and we went down the Companion.

Not a Doubt of it.

WE often hear people debating on the origin of Croquet, and wondering by whom and where the game was first introduced. As to the locality we have no means of forming an accurate idea, but we think the frogs were certainly among the first to croak—eh?

THE WORST DILEMMA FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.—Buffalo Horns. (*Don't you understand, stupid? The Buffalo Law Court has declared them Jugglers, and liable to the Juggler-Tax!*)



NOTHING NEW.

Absent Old Gentleman. "OH! HA! POSTMAN, EH? MY NAME IS—ER—IS—ER—"

Rural Postman. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! MR. ROBINSON. NO LETTER FOR YOU, THIS MORNING, SIR!"

Absent Old Gentleman. "DEEEAR ME! DO YOU THINK THERE WILL BE ONE—THIS AFTERNOON?"

FROM A DEAR OLD CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Tuesday.

ORIGINAL composition is, of course, impossible to a man who has not got his books about him. You know what watering-place literature is—the *Guide*, seven odd volumes of bad novels, a resident doctor's puff of the locality and sneers at the next towns, *libretti* of the Christian Minstrels and SIGNOR SNEVELLICCI's Concert, *Bradshaw*, a tract, and the young ladies' Common Prayer-Books. Small help can an original writer get from these sources. And I ought to add, that the heartlessness that can call on a contributor taking his brief holiday, for any kind of work is, I would fain hope, rare. But as I do not bathe, because I am afraid to leave my valuable jewellery at home or in a machine (American burglars are conscientiously visiting all the houses, and, disguised in bathing-gowns, pop into your bathing-machine the moment you take your header), and remain at home while my family is in the sea, I may as well send you a few lines of the sort of writing which you may call Pre-Raphaelite, graphic, photographic, or what you please. Use the letter or not, as you like—all's one to me, while I can get a cigar and iced Seltzer.

I perceive that some other young man wrote last week a frivolous column, evidently intended to record the chatter of some young lady here. It has given great offence, and I am very glad that I was not the author. The folks on the Spa, Spaw, Spar, or Spay (Yorkshire pronunciation is charmingly unfettered) consider themselves the cream of fashion; and the manufacturing swells, with their honest big hands agonising in yellow gloves, will make short work with that other correspondent, should he be detected. But I dare say that he has sneaked away. I hope that he has paid his bill, extortionate though it probably is. For the Scarborough folk devote themselves with Apollo-like energy to the duty of skinning the metropolitan Marsyas. The washer-women here are the worst in all the world, the dearest, and the most

EULENBURG AND OTT.

(*A Song of Sans-Souci.*)

ONLY for killing a mere cook,
Forsooth, they'd have us bring to book
A soldier and a noble lad.
Oh pooh—those people must be mad!

Why punish EULENBURG? For what?
Because, they say, he murdered OTT.
Well; in a street row, at the town
Of Bonn, he cut the fellow down.

My soldiers have a right divine
To cleave such caitiffs to the chine;
A right to Prussia's army given,
And through her King derived from Heaven.

No more that youth who slashed OTT's brains
Did murder him than I the Danes,
Seizing my neighbour's land—for why?
A plea that was—ho ho!—a lie.

I, by my will, if not my hand,
My thousands slew to gain said land,
Then piously thanked Might Divine
For my success in that design.

MÜLLER, poor fellow, did but slay
One man, and took his goods away.
I sought in vain to intercede:
They hanged him for that single deed.

But EULENBURG—why, you might tell
Myself to hang myself as well.
I'll slip my own neck in a knot
Ere he shall swing for killing OTT.

OTT was VICTORIA's servant, true;
He was NAPOLEON's subject too.
But Europe's peace to break they're loath:
I laugh at France and England, both.

No Anachronism.

By far the majority of learned Commentators are now agreed that the words of HORACE—

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius—"

refer to his having contributed a column to *Punch*.

impudent. I advise ladies to bring, no matter at what cost, all the garments for which language has no name, in sufficient quantity to enable them, aided by the lady's-maid, to defy the coarse-handed old harpies. Rents are awful, but the manufacturers are rich and the metropolitans are foolish. You can get a very comfortable back bedroom, however, without a view of the sea, for four guineas and a half, though, if a handle comes off the rickety chest of drawers, you are charged fourteen-and-sixpence for glue to fasten it on, and abused into the bargain.

Still, Scarborough is a delightful place, or my own sweet temper makes all places delightful to me. The bay is pretty, and dear SIR JOSEPH PAXTON laid out the cliff and Spa to perfection. I never condescended to come here before, but I am not sorry to have seen the place. Having, as you are aware, resided in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Constantinople, Grand Cairo, and Gravesend, I am not likely to be enthusiastic about a third-rate watering-place, crammed with bumpkins. But it is a pleasing locality. SHAKESPEARE alludes to it in that exquisitely plaintive and touching song sung by *Desdemona* in her grief:—

"My mother had a maid called BARBARA,
Who afterwards was cook at Scarborough."

Her history is a legend of the place, and she is buried in Cornelian Bay, near here, and so called after CORNELIUS the Centurion, who landed there with the Eleventh Light Prætorians Blue, in the reign of TITUS, the Delight of Mankind, and Slayer of Jews. But there is nothing except the Bay and the Spay. There are no walks, and the roads are so precipitous that no person of ordinary humanity drives. I may mention Oliver's Mount, a promontory, on the top of which rather good ginger-beer is sold. There is a harbour, but he who has smelt it once smells it all day, and never again. There are boats, but the owners hate a gentleman for trying to hire one, and prefer to crowd their dirty vessels with parties called "Cheap Trippers," who go to sea in complete black and beaver hats, lark uproariously until just out of

the bay, and then are feloniously sick. I have said that I do not bathe, but some people do, and complain bitterly of the ramshackle machines. I cannot think how folks can be so discontented and uncharitable.

Your other and frivolous correspondent has described the Spa, and, I must admit, cleverly though sarcastically, and I shall not attempt to gild his refined gold. He scarcely mentioned the Music Hall. It is a good one. When there is good music given there, or an intellectual entertainment, a few people come, and the windows are left open, so that the ventilation is good. When mountebanks appear, or people with black faces, who jabber negro-jargon, and solemnly emit the oldest conundrums, the hall is crammed to suffocation by an audience that shrieks with delight, and the windows are hermetically sealed and curtained, lest an outsider should get a glimpse of the delicious show, and then you have a headache which lasts two days. I am an ultra-reformer, but my eagerness to extend the suffrage is rather rudely checked when I hear two thousand fools yelling with ecstasy at such things as amuse us here. I believe, however, that a majority of these fools have the suffrage, and, on second thoughts, I ask myself, how I could do wrong in giving it to *anybody* else? The answer I receive is, that one does not come to Scarborough to solve political problems.

I am a great lover of the Equestrian Drama, my dear Mr. Punch, except when it is vulgarised by indecent she-Jews, and I am happy to say that there is a very good Circus here, to which I greatly resort. I think that the excellent Clown, a gentleman named FRANKS, knows me by this time, and specially addresses his best epigrams to me. He looked at me yesterday when he said that he had never seen a man with a more expressive counting-house. I regret that he takes an unfavourable view of matrimony, which, with all its faults and tyrannies, is the keystone of civilised society, and I do not think that he should narrate, in public, his domestic grievances. But he and I have many feelings in common, as he may have seen by my eye. This Circus is meat and drink to me, *panem et Circenses*. You will correct the Latin, if wrong, as I have not my dictionary of quotations.

There is also a theatre here. I am not fond of the theatre, because MRS. EPICURUS will always take her children, or her sisters, or her lady friend (until quarrel) and I am excluded from a front seat. But I am informed that the Manager, Miss HICKSON, is full of talent, and the critic of the *Scarborough Gazette* further informs me that the performances are excellent. As this gentleman is evidently a writer of a high order, and as his notices sparkle with gems which ought to have long since attracted the notice of the London editors, I shall insert a few lines from his criticism on the *Hidden Hand*, a piece of much merit:—

"We will refrain from giving the plot as it frequently mars the pleasure of an intended observer—suffice it to say the realistic characteristics are in every way perfect. Miss Hickson's *Lady Penarvon*, though to our mind an ungracious character, was rendered with that propriety and artistic finish, that she carried the sympathies of the public entirely with her. Mr. Smith's impersonation of the Lord had all that decision of manner that so happily marks his style of performance and is at all times so agreeable. The next character we should advert to is Mr. Mark Moss Mellor's Thadock—here is a creation in which the actor revels, for not restrained by conventional rules he is at liberty to give his own interpretation of the part. Mr. Mellor seemed perfectly to enter into the spirit of the scene, and his execution was equal to the conception, both of which partook of the true spirit, and the result left nothing further to be desired. Miss C. Burchell's Enid was one of those realizations that commands the respect and admiration of all. Miss Mandelbert as Muriel was certainly in one sense out of her way, but not as regards the public, for they were with her in every sense. The getting up of the piece is a *coup d'œil*; and whether the greatest praise is due to Mr. Small, artist; Mr. Sullivan, who so artistically manipulates the lime light by which such great results arise; Mr. Smith, the stage manager; or to Miss Hickson, whose presiding taste has given a vitality to what might have been barren, waste, and unproductive, we pause to determine. To conclude, were we not restrained by space from making further remark, we should record a most meritorious *début* made on Monday last by Miss Linda, as Gertrude, in *Loan of a Lover*. We hope to see her on some future occasion, when we will do full justice to her efforts, for she has a grace that many possessing the line of business she is now entering (namely, the Soubrettes) suffers from—vulgarity—which this lady, we are happy to say, is quite clear of."

I do not agree with him that the plot of a play mars the pleasure of an intended observer, nor, as the *Hidden Hand* was written by a friend of my own, can I allow (in public) that it could under any circumstances be barren, waste, or unproductive. But I will not cavil at specks when transcribing such a beautiful passage. It is not wonderful that dramatic art and artists are so eminent when so much discriminating and intellectual criticism comes to their assistance.

It is difficult to do justice, by means of photography, to my expressive features, and I had resolved never again to stare into a camera. I was told that there was a first-rate photographer here, and that I ought to sit to him. I refused. If he fail, I said, a worthy man will be mortified, and why should I mortify him? If he succeed, I said, I shall make his fortune, and why should I make the fortune of a stranger? My wife, innocent babes, and emphatic mother-in-law implored me in vain. I was CORIOLANUS. But when I heard that the artist in question had in the first place made his fortune, and erected a palatial studio, and in the second that he was a truly brave gentleman, who, on an awful day of storm, not to be forgotten here (when LORD CHARLES BEAUCLERC and other noble fellows, who sought to save some wrecked sailors were themselves swept away to death) had dashed into the sea to give aid, and had been brought out insensible after his gallant effort, I said that I would go and see a brave man. And I went to shake hands with MR. SARONY. I beheld his well-earned medals, and I

scarcely escaped with life from the crowd of Yorkshire beauties who besieged the saloon, but I divided my large heart among them, and ran up into the sun-chamber. The likeness is proclaimed by all who know me to be a triumph. I seem, myself, to miss something of the noble expression, profound thoughtfulness, pensive yet playful smile, and phrenological perfection which I possess; but if those who love me are satisfied, I am debtor to the brave SARONY. Which fact reminds me that there are life-boats here, and much arc they needed, and if the thousands who come here to amuse themselves by watching the Ocean had grace enough to pay for the sight by sending a trifle to the Boat Fund, they would sleep the better on a stormy night.

My family has returned, and clamour to me to come and lunch. I will grant their request, for the sun has come round to my window, and the glass is at 90°. I have thought of leaving this Scarborough, but what does it matter where one is baked? Still, do not rely on me for regular contributions, for we are not far from York, and York is on the road to the Caledonian Canal, which seems to suggest something of coolness. So, you will say, with questionable wit, does this intimation. I care not. Stocks have fallen, not so the respect and esteem with which I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Low Conduct Lane, Old Scarborough.

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

DON'T BE MUFFS.



HE St. Leger has been won by *Gladiateur*; all right. But it was not all right to set up a howl against the owner of another horse for demanding evidence of the age, or rather the youth, of the French animal. This is sentimentalism in *excelsis*. We dare say that the victor is exactly as old as he is said to be, but horses' teeth have mystified horse-dentists ere now, by the aid of gold stopping. A French *maire* is, of course, infallible as to a French horse; but in England there is a wonderful phenomenon observed by the wise. No racing foals are ever born in December. We do not for a moment impugn the honour of the French stable, or the wisdom of the Doncaster stewards, but knowing what is known about English racing, we cannot join in a hoot against an English owner for hap-

pening to suppose that Paris is about as innocent and guileless as Yorkshire. If sentiment gets into the stable we shall soon be feeding *Gladiateur* with gilded Oats, like what's his name.

RACY RESEARCH.

WE beg to call the attention of Sporting gents to an advertisement in the *Church Times*. It contains the Contents of the *Englishman's Magazine* for September, 1865. Article, No. 4, is entitled "Mediæval Bookmaking."

Mediæval research is, no doubt, fascinating, and to some degree profitable; but we feel sure that the abovenamed article will present but few attractions to the readers of the *Church Times*, who in Book-making, as in other respects, are harmless as doves. We therefore beg to recommend the production to those who possess more of the wisdom of the serpent, the readers of *Bell's Life*. "Mediæval Bookmaking" will doubtless furnish useful hints in sharp practice and general imposition.

Notice to Ladies.

A BILL will be introduced into Parliament, early next Session, enacting that a promise of marriage, to be held binding, so that the breach of it shall constitute a ground of action, must be given in writing, and attested by two competent witnesses. This measure provides that, should it pass into an Act of Parliament, an abstract of the Act shall be posted at the doors of all Churches and Chapels in the United Kingdom, and also at the entrances of the principal linendrapers' shops.

THE MOST LOYAL OF CUP-BEARERS.—A Blind Man's Dog.



HOW THE SNOBS WERE SERVED AT THE SEASIDE.

THE HEIGHT OF INGENUITY.

THE subjoined paragraph, extracted from a contemporary, is at least as good a substitute for news as the description of the monstrous pippin or immense cabbage just now in season:—

“INGENIOUS DEVICE.—A gentleman near Wareham, in Dorset, who has a small field in which there are crops of carrots and mangold wurzel, with which hares and rabbits have been making free, has put a dog’s house in the field for the accommodation of a small puppy. The puppy is loose by day, and he barks all night long. This effectually scares away the hares and rabbits.”

Wonderful! A device hardly less ingenious than that above detailed is rather generally adopted by farmers for the purpose of driving away the sparrows that come to devour their crops. They provide a small clown, or an aged rustic, with an old gun and a little gunpowder, instructing him to charge the firearm with a small quantity of that explosive substance, and keep letting it off from time to time. Another expedient, almost equally clever, is one which some gardeners are used to practise during the summer to frighten the small birds off from eating the fruit. It is their wont to station in the cherry-trees, or among the raspberry canes, or the gooseberry and currant bushes, a figure resembling GUY FAWKES with a short pipe in his mouth; the arms of the effigy being sometimes jointed, so as, when the wind blows, to be moved about by it. The device of setting a puppy to run about a field by day, and chaining it up in a kennel there to bark at night, however, is certainly somewhat more ingenious than the establishment of a scarecrow; which is of no use whatever at night, and does not terrify hares and rabbits.

But, in truth, the interest of the intelligence, comprised in the foregoing statement, lies in another direction than the quarter in which it seems to point. The fact that a little dog, chained up in a field and barking all night, effectually scares away hares and rabbits, has no doubt an importance of its own, which is not to be underrated. But that fact is one capable of being regarded in quite a different light than that wherein it presents itself to the agricultural mind. The puppy which, chained up in a field, harks all night, and effectually scares hares and rabbits, does, when chained up all night in a yard, bark in like manner, and effectually deprive everybody in its neighbourhood of sleep. The proper place for such a little beast to be chained up in is the middle of a field, where, if it does no good by scaring away hares

and rabbits, it does no harm by destroying anybody’s night’s rest. It is much to be wished that all persons who keep noisy curs had the ingenuity, as well as the goodness, to prevent them from murdering their neighbour’s sleep by the admirable device of chaining them up in the middle of a field.

YORKSHIRE CAUTION.

“WHY, my dear fellow, how is it you are not at the St. Leger? I thought you lived at Doncaster?” said a friend, unexpectedly meeting another on the promenade at Filey Bay.

“Yes, and so I do,” was the reply, “but the fact is, I am at present a forlorn, melancholy exile. It’s true I rent a drawing-room floor by the year in Doncaster; but there is a clause in the agreement that I am always to turn out during the racing week. During that week the people of the house make nearly as much as I pay them during the remainder of the year. That is why you see me here. This is the fourth day of my banishment, and if you have any charity in your soul, you will invite me home to dinner, and comfort me in the best way you can.”

“HAVE YOU READ HIS SPEECH?”

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD may, if he likes, allege the Cattle disease to be a punishment on the English because they have not subscribed sufficiently to the memorial to the late PRINCE CONSORT; but foreign cattle are also diseased, and even the unctuous SAMUEL will hardly say that Continental Europe was bound to aid in erecting that monument. We fear that he must discover another crime, if he is resolved to go beyond natural causes. Meantime it is clear that if oil-cake will do our heads any good, we know where to go for any amount of oiliness.

From Boulogne to Folkestone.

AT Boulogne-sur-Mer a Statue to DR. JENNER has recently been erected. There was some question as to the inscription. What motto, said the Maire, shall we give to this Jenner-al benefactor?

An English nobleman, residing at Boulogne for the season, readily answered, “*Jenner saïs pas.*”

MEMS FROM MANXLAND.



EAR PUNCH.—You, who know everything, of course are well aware that the Arms of Man are legs, and that these are three in number. "*Quocunque jeceris stabit*" is the motto of the

for aught that I can tell, may then be viewed as rare old wine.

You are aware, no doubt, that Manxmen enjoy the splendid privilege of making their own laws, and that an Act of Parliament with them has no authority until it has been "promulgated" at Tynwald Hill, a place not far from Castletown, the Westminster of Man. Thither at set times, in solemn slow procession, come the constables and coroners, and councillors and clergy, and House of Keys and parish captains (are they beadles, do you think?) with his Grace the LORD BISHOP and his Excellency the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, and there they promulgate the acts of Tynwald by reading out their titles and their marginal notes. Formerly, the Acts were all read through *in extenso*, and being composed with the usual verbosity of lawyers, they occupied a day or more in being thus read forth. The last Act thus "promulgated" was this summer spouted out by His Honour DEEMSTER DRINKWATER, who, by the time he ended it, must have found his mouth, I fancy, water for some drink. The Act which he then read was entitled in Manx phrase, "Slattys son caghlaa yn aght jey Fockley magh slattysyn Tynwald," which you will see, at half a glance, simply means, "An Act to alter the mode of promulgating Acts of Tynwald," by rendering needless the extended reading aforesaid. I wonder how many more years will pass before we find there has been promulgated "An Act to Render Needless the Tynwald Court and Acts of Tynwald," to be followed by "An Act to Do Without the Governor, Exterminate the Council, and Shut Up the House of Keys." What horrible Manx names I may be called for this suggestion I tremble to conceive; but I own I can't help fancying that, were the Manxlanders to condescend to rank as common Englishmen, their interests would be better served by sending Members to St. Stephen's, than by their excellent GOVERNOR LOCH, and, "not to speak profanely," all the whole bunch of the Keys. Could Manxland pardon the indignity of being spoken of as Manxshire, and put up with the affront of being treated and regarded as a simple English county, the Manxshiremen would soon find English capital flow in for them more freely than it now does, and supposing that they felt their hearts made heavy by the change, they would be consoled by feeling their pockets heavy too.

It may seem a trifle bold in me to venture this opinion, and prematurely contemplate the benefits of change. "Let well alone," is a good old-fashioned maxim, and with all the disadvantage of not being wholly English, the Manxlanders don't do so badly after all. Indeed, in many points they are a people to be envied even by ourselves. They have no Income-Tax, no turnpikes, no beggars, and no barrel-

Manxman. Whether the natives of the island have a more than common aptitude for falling on their feet, wherever fate may throw them, is more than I can say. The possession of a third leg seems to favour the idea, and many of the Manx folk, as far as I could learn, are persons of good standing. I pictured to myself a Manx boy with three legs turning "Catherine-Wheels" by dozens, with the help of his ten fingers and his fifteen toes; and I thought how handy he would find his extra limb to be at football, though at cricket it would somewhat increase his chance of being put out "leg before wicket." By the way, is this third leg of theirs a left one or a right one? How a biped London bootmaker would stare at being asked to sell a pair and half of shoes! And what would STULTZ, I wonder, charge to make a leash of trousers?

But these are idle fancies. However numerous they may have been in good KING ORRY's reign, the triped Manxmen nowadays are just as scarce as dodos. So far as I could learn, too, the tailless cats are dying out. I only saw a couple of them while I was in Manxland, and these possibly had suffered artificial decaudation. The cats I mostly saw there were like the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, and "could a tail unfold" as well as cats in general. So I fear the tailless tribe will soon become extinct, and naturalists will class them with "griffins and King's Arms," and the other "fabulous animals" that *Mr. Weller* talks of.

The mention of rare animals reminds me that I did not see a tipsy man in Manxland, though the facilities are great there for getting cheap strong drink. There is less duty upon alcohol than is imposed in England, and what would buy here half a quatern would there purchase half a quart. You get a pint of Dublin stout in bottle for five halfpence, and they charge you only threepence for a bottled pint of Bass. Wine is low-priced also, and every grocer sells it, and you see "fine fruity port" announced at one-and-six per bottle, and "rare old crusted ditto" as low as two-and-nine. About the age of this "old ditto" I confess I have my doubts, for I chanced one day to get a peep behind the scenes. At a certain Manx hotel, whose name wild zebras should not draw from me, I one day, while I was paying for refreshment at the bar, beheld a bottle of old port brought from the cellar *in a jug*, and thence poured into a bottle, and so served up with dessert. I have often drunk draught porter, but I never drank draught port: and how my head and health would stand it is more than I can tell. I once heard of a farmer who, being unused to port wine drinking, complained of a slight headache after his first bout of it, and owned to some surprise at this unusual result; for, being a careful man, he was sure he "didn't take much more nor half-a-gallon of it." Perhaps the wine which so upset him had likewise been brought up from the cellar in a jug, and this may have been the reason why his brains had been affected by it. When next I visit Manxland, I certainly shall hesitate in ordering old port, lest I get some which has been as long as ten minutes in bottle, and which,

organs—at least, in a week's stay there I never once was plagued with them. Add to these advantages the charms of pretty coast scenery, delicious kippered herrings, a clear blue sea to swim in, some really good cheap sherry, nice heath-clad hills to ramble on, tobacco at half duty, a capital game country,* warm baths a shilling each, and mutton sevenpence a pound,—add all these attractions, and own a trip to Manxland presents a tempting prospect, in spite of the five hours or so of sea that it requires.

Recommending you to pay a visit there next Autumn, or, if you wish to see a myriad of wild flowers, you should go there in the Spring, I remain, yours most contentedly in town,—say, for a day or two, but not much longer, at this season, I assure you,— VAGABUNDUS.

* The country is indeed a capital one for game; and what with pheasants, black-cock, partridges, grouse, woodcock, snipe, quail, rabbits, ptarmigan and hares, the sportsman may depend on having plenty of good sport—if he only takes the trouble to bring all his game with him.

FURIOUS DRIVING.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WILL you oblige me by fulminating a red-hot invective or two against the present practice of nurses furiously driving? I allude to the reckless way in which they push their perambulators along. I can assure you it is not safe to walk in the streets. I was nearly run over yesterday. A big, brawny, blundering Irish girl came galloping along, looking all the while of course behind her, and the consequence was that the heavy machine, with two fat babies inside, went with all its weight over first one boot, and then over the other, and nearly crushed all the toes I had inside them. It was a mercy I was not upset, and killed on the spot. The pace was so terrific, that I was forcibly reminded of one of those Pickford's vans, by which, we hear, so many accidents are caused every day.

Now, Sir, I am subject to the gout, and shouldn't in the least wonder if this accident brought on an incipient attack of that most terrible of all diseases. I suppose that when LORD DERBY, or LORD PALMERSTON, has his toes crushed in a similar manner, the Legislature will begin to lend an ear to our cries, and to devise some remedy for our sufferings.

In the meantime, I propose that every perambulator should be compelled to carry a badge and a number, precisely like a regular cab, so that when an accident occurs from furious driving, the owner may be summoned, and compensation recovered for the injury committed. Railways, omnibuses, carts are subject to such penalties, and I ask why should perambulators be allowed to escape with impunity? In my instance, my claim would not be short of £500 for the pain and imprisonment I shall infallibly have to undergo.

I am, Sir, yours, laid up in ordinary and flannel,
OLD HOBBLER.

P.S. Recollect, Sir, the danger is all the greater, because it is so little apprehended on the pavement, where one is accustomed to walk leisurely along, little expecting to be run over, or knocked down, or trampled upon. But some of these nurses are regular Van Demonesses, in their way! Pray put a stop to their wild career.

NURSING EXTRAORDINARY.

WE witnessed a curious scene in a London Court. There were ten girls, each carrying a baby. The united ages of the ten babies might have been about fifteen. And what might have been the united ages of those who were carrying them? Certainly, not more than forty-five or fifty. In many poor families, it would seem that a girl is no sooner fit to carry herself, than she is sent out to carry some one younger than she is. In a household where the door can scarcely be shut (as the saying is) from the number of children that are inside, a girl is, from the above reason, much more serviceable than a boy. A boy cannot nurse his younger brothers and sisters, whereas a girl takes to it instinctively, and apparently takes a great pleasure in doing it. It is her plaything—about the only one that necessity allows her. In this way, girls in a court of St. Giles's have the advantage over girls of the Court of St. James's, inasmuch as they play at Mothers with real children. If we wished to be sentimental, we might say, that "*Babies are the live dolls of the daughters of Poverty.*"

TO ENGLISHMEN AND FRENCHMEN.

Remedy for Sea Sickness.—The *entente* "Cordial."

A GONE GOOSE.

THE most respectable Fenian hitherto arrested is a tailor. This smacks strongly of the celebrated Cabbage Garden.

HOW TO DISCOVER YOUR REAL WORTH.—Become suddenly poor.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

A Tragic Grand-Hotel Opera in Four Acts and a Lot of Tableau.

BY A. SUFFERER, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Supernatural or Invisible.

The Manager (*any Responsible Person*). Grand Hotel Directors.

Persons in the Opening.

The Grand Cashier.

Assistant Grand Cashier (*commanding four broken languages*).

MRS. GORGEIOUS (*High Priestess, Grand Manageress, or Great Grandmother of the Hotel*).

Chorus of Grand Porters and Grand Bootses.

Chorus of Grand Waiters.

The Great Grand Head Waiter.

Driver of the Grand Hotel Van.

Grand Guard to the same.

Persons in the Drama.

Mr. 1st Passenger (*out for a holiday, with a song*).

Mrs. 1st Passenger (*of invalid tendencies*).

2nd Passenger (*a Nobleman in disguise*).

3rd Passenger (*a Cricketer, in flannels*).

4th Passenger (*a Rejected Candidate at the late Elections, airing himself*).

Chorus of Passengers visiting the Grand Hotel.

Chorus of Visitors, stopping therein.

Chorus of Waiters, Chambermaids and Housemaids on the different floors.

Chorus of Ladies in the Ladies' Coffee Room.

Chorus of Gentlemen in the Gentlemen's Coffee Room.

Grand Pages.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—A Railway Station. The Curtain rising discovers the Interior of the Station and distant view of White Chalk Cliffs. Railway Porters, Policemen, Flymen with flys, Omnibus men, &c. &c. Near the arrival platform are seen the ornamental Prisoners' Van, driven and guarded by the Grand Officials of the Grand Hotel.

Chorus of Porters, &c.

See, see, the train is arriving.

Oh, happy day!

For fees we're striving,

Oh, happy day!



Chorus of Passengers (heard without).

To the Sea! To the Sea!

Oh, happy day!

Come away!

We are arriving.

Ticket Collectors. (Opening Chorus in "Les Huguenots.")

Tic-kets! Tic-kets!

You'll oblige us with your tickets!

[Repeat till Tickets and Passengers are sufficiently collected to enable them to leave their carriages and regain their luggage.]



Chorus, after "Masaniello."

1st Pass.

I've one portmanteau.

Porter.

Here it is.

2nd Pass.

A box.

3rd Pass.

A hat-box I possess.

Porter.

Your number.

4th Pass.

Here.

Anybody.

A carpet bag.

Anybody else.

A trunk.

Gentleman (name unknown). A leather case.

Porter (to some one). That?

Some one (joyfully). Yes.

Grand Hotel Van Driver (from his private box singing seductively to Passengers below). Where are you going to, my noble blade?

Guard (to Lady). Where are you going to, my pretty maid?

Lady. To the Hotel Grand.

Passengers (to one another). Sir, she said.

Driver to Guard (authoritatively). Sir, she said.

All (joyfully). To the Hotel Grand, Sir, she said.

Ensemble.

The sea! The sea! The open, free!

What joy! What joy, to be

By the sparkling brine,

And the iodine,

Away to the Grand Hotel!

[Grand Driver flourishes whip, Passengers wave their hats, Flymen say "tchk" to their horses, the Grand H. Van Guard, with fiendish joy, indicates that the Visitors are in his clutches. Bustle as the drop falls.

End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Hall of the Grand Hotel. The Hall Porter has ushered several Visitors into the Hall. Attendant Porters and Bootses gloat over the luggage of the newly arrived. A few resident Visitors are seen compassionately looking on the new acquisitions.



1st Pass. (in admiration of the Marble Hall, the elegant balustrades, the height, the magnificent proportions of the building and the beautiful carpets)—

(Recitative) How noble! How truly great!

Mrs. 1st Pass. We shall indeed be happy here.

[Solemn music by a German band without. The shades of past Visitors glide gloomily from the Coffee-Room towards the Lavatories; they pause—

"On each majestic form they cast a view,
And timorous passed, and awfully withdrew."

[Passengers in pantomime charge them to speak, but the Shades slowly shake their heads and vanish.

2nd Pass. (recitative). Ye marble halls! Vassals and serfs by my side I see ye. But where the person of whom to order rooms?

All Pass. (getting tired of standing). Where? Where?

Hall Porter (in uniform). They come!

[Trumpets without by German band.

Enter, from second door in bureau, a Grand Cashier in moustachios and Intelligent Grand Assistant. They regard the Passengers silently. At the same moment there descends, as from some ethereal region, the High Priestess, MADAME GORGEOUS, and advances in a stately measure towards the Passengers. All bow. Simultaneously appear on every landing up as far as the eye can reach, choruses of Grand Chambermaids, Grand Upper Housemaids, Grand Waiters, Grand Upper Waiters, all leaning over the balustrades.

Mrs. Gorgeous. Welcome, Signors! (Chord.) What would you?



All. Rooms! Rooms!

Mrs. Gorgeous (while Cashier and Assistant write numbers on paper and deliver cards to Visitors). You to thirty-two.

[Visitor humbly receives card and appears puzzled.

You to eighty-three.

[2nd Visitor thinks it a conjuring trick, and won't tell his number to anyone.

You to ninety-five. (Ditto.)

You to sixty-four. (Ditto.)

You to one hundred, &c. &c. (Ditto, they all compare cards feebly).

Invalid Lady (looking at the staircase with terror). I cannot! Alas! I cannot!

Mrs. G. (aside). What! Rebellious already (aloud)
Nay then—the Lift!

FINALE.

Chorus of Grand Officials.

The Lift! The Lift!

For the stairs make-shift!

At your floors you'll stop,

On your road to the top!

No prayers or cries

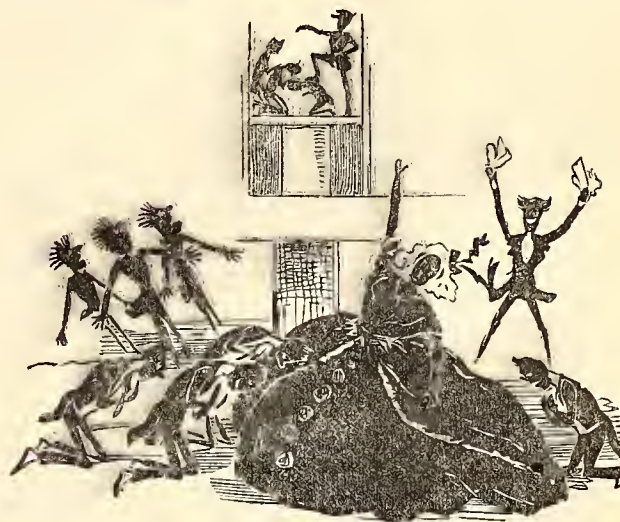
We will heed. Rise! Rise!

[Visitors, clinging to their cards, are led towards the Lift.

Away to the floors! to the doors!

Lift! Lift!

Away!



[The Lift rises, containing as many of the Passengers as it can hold at once, the others remain in a state of uncertainty and anxiety below. The ascending Passengers are in the charge of a Grim Grand Hotel Guard. Another Lift rises with Visitors' luggage. The Grand Cashier waves counterparts of tickets in exultation, and the Grand Assistant makes a triumphal entry into his own book. The Chambermaids, Housemaids, and Waiters on the different landings strike various attitudes indicative of cat-like expectancy for the issue of Visitors from the Lift, whose voices are heard getting fainter and fainter as they go "up, up, up"; the Waiters, Hall Porter, and Porters in the Hall, crouch before the High Priestess of the Grand Hotel, as with one hand she proudly points upwards, as if towards the booked Visitors, and with the other motions the remaining trembling Visitors to silence and obedience. The shades of Resident Visitors are heard wailing in the Lavatories as Curtain falls.

Grand Tableau.

(To be Continued.)

"WE FLY BY NIGHT" AND DAY.

VISITORS at the Seaside have suffered from flies more than any one else. Not only were these myriads of insects a source of perpetual stinging annoyance, but they have constituted in themselves a new kind of "devouring element." We know in many lodging-houses it has been quite impossible to keep meat for longer than a few hours. Instances have been known of where a large joint has been had for dinner, and not a morsel of it has been left for supper; and this fact has been forcibly illustrated by the lodging-house-keeper producing the bones, as a proof of how extremely clean these entomological police have done their work. Not only has it been in the article of animal food that these devastations have been committed, but tea, sugar, butter, candles have all suffered to a corresponding degree. Where these Flies have once gained admission into a house, the distress they levy is of a most devastating nature; for, like active sheriff's-officers, they clear everything before them in a very short space of time. The moment you have ocular proof of their visitation, which is not very difficult, as they have an unpleasant trick of getting into your eyes, the only remedy is to give notice to quit immediately. So busy have been these Flies lately, that we have been informed of many respectable families having been driven up to Town expressly by them.



AMENITIES FROM ALDERSHOT.

First Soldier. "WELL, BOB, WHAT MANOEVERS DID HE GIVE YOU TO-DAY?"

Second Ditto. "OH, JUST THE REG'LAR THING—RIGHT HALF-TURN, LEFT HALF-TURN, AND TAKE THE BEGGARS' NAMES DOWN!"

THE FENIAN COLLAPSE.

(The Lament of an Irish Bard.)

A GLORIOUS enterprise has come to grief,
Crushed and defeated by a dirty thief,
Two dirty thieves, I mean; a march they steal.
The base LORD WODEHOUSE, and SIR ROBERT PEEL.

The flower of insurrection, strife, and blood,
Is nipped entirely in the swelling bud;
The foul police, with preconcerted plan,
Trode out the flames before the fire began.

With noiseless war-cry, and with silent whoop,
The blackguards on the *People's* office swoop,
Surround the dwelling, and its inmates seize,
With quiet confidence and perfect ease.

In durance vile the noble heroes are
That were to be the leaders of the war;
The printers, writers, shopboys, basely sold,
Two labourers, tailor brave, and sailor bold.

The wily priests with interested view,
Cold holy water on the project threw,
The gentry all refused to join the scheme,
And so the milk is spilt, without the cream.

Arrested are the serjeants, and the drill
Behold the mighty movement standing still,
At Erin's Fenian Yankee banner torn,
Derisive malice points the thumb of scorn.

"THE TOOTH OF TIME."—DENT (THE WATCHMAKER.) *Look in the French Dictionary for "dent."*

THE POETRY OF GLENMARK.

HER MAJESTY last week went to Glenmark and took lunch by the side of a spring, over which, in remembrance of a former occasion whereon she visited it together with the PRINCE CONSORT, LORD DALHOUSIE has had built a structure of granite in the form of the ancient Scottish crown, surmounting a basin round which is inscribed the following legend:—

"Rest, traveller, in this lonely scene,
And drink and pray for Scotland's Queen—
VICTORIA!"

Perhaps some of our readers will imagine that, in the foregoing lines, they recognise the hand of our old friend POET CLOSE. Is there room under them for any more poetry? If so, we should like to record the subjoined couplet there, by way of response to them:—

"I'll pray for QUEEN VICTORIA here,
But go and drink her health in Beer."

From LORD DALHOUSIE'S spring we should be desirous of adjourning to his Lordship's cellar.

Natural Sympathy.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD having touched upon the subject of the Cattle disease with more pathos than wisdom, drew down upon himself some sharp comments from a leading journal. Now we need not suppose that the right reverend Prelate has any sympathy for the Pope's bulls, yet the sanitary condition of cattle must be a subject of perplexing anxiety to *Oxon.*

A SOCIAL CONTRADICTION.

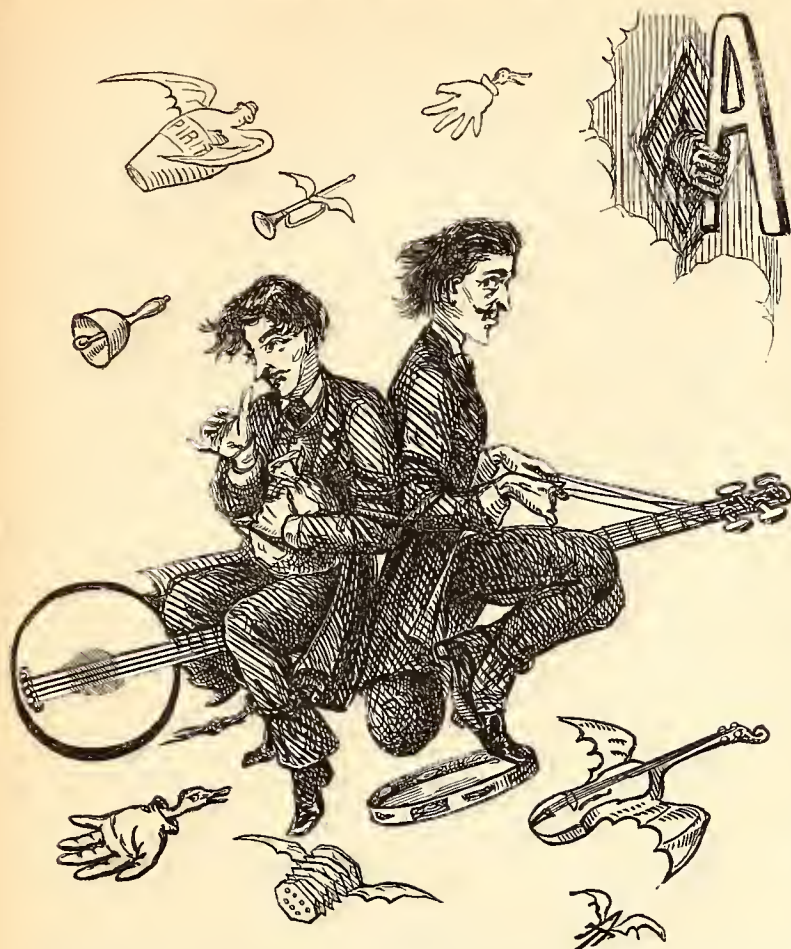
OUR "Juvenile Correspondent" says he cannot make it out, but he finds that, with most of his acquaintances, he has "fallen out," through having neglected to "drop in."



ERIN'S LITTLE DIFFICULTY.

BRITANNIA. "YES, MY DEAR! THAT'S THE SORT OF DRILLING TO DO *HIM* MOST GOOD!"

A VOICE FROM THE SPIRIT-WOOLSACK.



DMIRABLE PUNCH,

THE following communications were received letter by letter, in the presence of a numerous assembly, at the Spiritual Lyceum, from a deceased lawyer and statesman of eminence, who, during his life in the form, was a steadfast anti-Reformer.

Is there any Spirit present? Yes.

When did you die? In 1838.

Are you personally known to any one here? No.

Are you affected with grief? Sorely.

With any other painful emotions? Indignation. Anger. Disgust.

At what? Act 28th and 29th of VICTORIA, cap. 92.

Will you please to explain? County Courts Equitable Jurisdiction Bill.

Why are you so extremely vexed with that measure? It transfers to a great extent, all the powers and authority of the High Court of Chan-

cery to the County Courts. It gives the County Courts jurisdiction in nearly all suits of Equity wherein the estate or fund in question does not exceed the value of £500. It lowers Equity to a vulgar level.

What business is that of yours? Chancery business.

Was that your business in life? Yes.

What is there that annoys you in Chancery Reform? Innovation. Debasement.

Will you give your name? EL-

ELLENBOROUGH? Ass! He was Lord Chief Justice.

What were you? Lord High Chancellor.

When? From 1801 to 1806. Twenty years.

How do you mean? Afterwards, from 1807 to 1827.

Can you spell out your name now? Blockhead.

Is that your name? No, yours!

Will the dear spirit be so kind as to give his real name? JOHN SCOTT LORD.

Was your name Lord? ELDON.

That was your title. Had you any other? They called me Old Bags.

Can we do anything for you? Support DERBY and DIZZY.

I have the assurance to subscribe myself, *Mr. Punch*,

Faithfully yours,

VERITAS.

How to Dress your Shop-Window.

HERE is pomp and vanity, worldly show, and ostentation for you!—

“A cake of gold, weighing 1312 ounces, the produce of 300 tons of quartz, has been exhibited in the window of the Oriental Bank at Bendigo.”

Mr. Punch is not obliged to resort to any such meretricious means. His art of attracting attention is simple, ingenuous, and yet irresistible. He has only to put a number of his periodical in the window, and look at the tremendous crowds that are drawn there instantly! The truth is, a number of *Punch* is worth any amount of gold.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(From an Esteemed Correspondent.)

September.

Down here, blazing hot; six o'clock, A.M. Everybody up with the lark; somebody shot it. Got our guns out, shot belt, powder flasks, and so forth. They wouldn't let me load before we started, or might have made mincemeat of many small birds as we went along. Went over COCKSHOTT's land: very good shooting over COCKSHOTT's property. Somebody said, when we were firing, that there was very bad shooting over COCKSHOTT's. We made up a fairish bag of twenty brace of something or other, and about forty hares and rabbits. We counted what each one had shot, and they haven't put mine in the bag, or there would have been more. The Keeper said they fell awkwardly, or he'd ha' got at 'em. It seems that they flew over several fields after I'd killed them. The rabbits in this country too, such is their tenacity of life when I shoot at them, do the same; only they don't fly, they run. I owned, candidly, that I didn't shoot so well as usually to-day, and adduced the following convincing reasons:—

Reasons why I didn't kill successive partridges:—Because they got up so suddenly; because just when I was going to fire, the trigger caught in my cuff. *Thirdly*, the hammer caught in my shot-belt (N.B. very awkward thing, a shot-belt). *The fourth partridge*: I didn't see it till it was too late. *The fifth*. I thought it was a pheasant, and when you're uncertain, your aim is destroyed. There was also a pheasant, which looked to me exactly like a partridge, and was missed for a similar reason. At least when I say “missed,” I mean, I really was not shooting at it. *The sixth*. It got up behind my back, and I was afraid of turning and firing, or I might have hit what's-his-name, who was just behind, or else I must have had him as safe as possible. I count this as a bird to me. *The seventh*. A covey of four suddenly rushed into the air; there were only five guns out, so I let the others have a bird a-piece. *The eighth* I killed, I know I killed him. He couldn't be found because he managed to fly away and drop into another field. But if ever a bird was killed he was. As a general reason the birds were really very shy; so should I be if I were a partridge.

Rabbits, Hares: why didn't I shoot that rabbit that came out of his hole close by me? Why? because the dog was just on him, and I might have hurt the dog. As to the hare, that came straight at me, I defy anyone to kill a hare that comes straight at you; you can't do it. Ask

any artist that knows anything about fore-shortening, and then tell me where you'll hit him.

But the other Hare that ran to your right? I forgot that I had a second barrel loaded. When I remembered it, he'd gone.

How about those two rabbits just outside the copse? The gun, somehow, just jerked itself up as I was firing. I think I was too long over my aim. I can't shoot with a cigar in my mouth, and the smoke got in my eye. I made one good shot coming home, though; I saw a rabbit sitting in a pathway, I crept up to a gate whereon I rested my gun and took a beautiful shot. There was no doubt about his being killed, and well killed too, as I could find nothing of him but his head, one leg, and a tail.

I shall soon get into practice, and will send you some partridges up to London. In the mean time get some in London and send 'em to me down here.

A Singular View of French Literature.

AN English lady, who has read more French novels, perhaps, than any one else, says that she knows but of one moral writer in the whole range of the romantic literature of France, and that is ALPHONSE KARR. In this instance, then, it is the proper thing to exclaim “A. K.”—in other words, “all correct.”

INNOCENT CREATURE!

AN old lady wonders that, when the thread of the Atlantic cable was broken, the Great Eastern didn't give a tack or too, and so repair it. Her wonder is all the greater, as she was assured they had a very good needle on board.

Mr. Punch Acts as Godfather.

So many eminent American actors and actresses have recently appeared at the Adelphi—to say nothing of the names of WEBSTER and JEFFERSON, reminding us of two great presidential celebrities—that we think it would only be right, and complimentary to our Transatlantic cousins, to rechristen it, and to call it henceforth “The Philadelphia Theatre.”

NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

“A CHIEFTAIN TO THE HIGHLANDS bound.”—PROMETHEUS.



VERY CRUEL.

Street Boy. "PLEASE S' R'MEMBER THE GROTTO, SIR!"

Old Gentleman. "WHAT! AND NATIVES HALF-A-CROWN A DOZEN! YOU LITTLE UNFEELING VAGABOND, GET ALONG WITH YOU!"

OUR YACHT.

OUR breakfast, my first breakfast on board, was simple and unostentatious. There is a table in the cabin. Its legs are up in the air; that is, it is supported from above instead of below by thin ropes, which with some little ingenuity we have now reduced to equal lengths. It must be a very good arrangement this when the ship is in motion, as, through its swinging about, the centre of gravity (I believe I speak scientifically) is invariably preserved. Our Treasure of a Cook sent us in some excellent tea, some eggs excellently boiled, and some thin slices of bacon beautifully grilled. We all agreed that he was a Treasure. The Captain and Crew breakfasted together in the "forecassell," or hold; they've got no table, nothing but the top of the stove, and from what I saw I suppose they must lie in their berths while taking their meals, as on any other supposition the disposal of their legs is a mathematical impossibility.

The Captain came to our cabin for a second supply of "rations," which sailors, it appears, prefer to tea. The Commodore served out a tumbler of brandy between them, and told them that after breakfast we would get under way and sail down the straits. It was arranged that this was the time to make my daily entry in the Log. I now refer to it.

"Tuesday. Wind blowing down the straits;" that is, when I held out my pocket-handkerchief just now, it was blown out towards Beaumaris, and my hat went in that direction, while my hands were engaged with the log and handkerchief. The Captain said it was blowing freshish; the Commodore wouldn't let him go after my hat in the small boat, which was unkind.

Log again. "Freshish wind; hat overboard; no attempts at a rescue. Getting under way. The Captain says he must take the tiller (N.B., not a ploughman, but something to do with steering) and the Commodore tells me I must bear a hand (N.B., a nautical phrase, we are all talking nautically now, and I have given up wearing braces) and assist at the cab-stand, or cap-stand. (N.B., I think it *was* the cap-stand; I don't like to ask the Commodore what is the meaning of these phrases, because it makes him so angry, and his explanations are not as

PHŒNIXISM IN IRELAND.

From our facetious friend who is studying Natural History on the Shores of the Shannon.

HEARING that a *rara avis* was about to make its appearance in this green—very green—isle, and that St. Patrick having exterminated the serpents, had promised to perform something still more startling, by revivifying the Phœnix, I came here, two or three days ago, like a model student, to look, listen, and learn. On my arrival I proceeded to the Laboratory of the "Patent Patriotic Incubator Company (unlimited)," for having revivified the Phœnix, the Company contemplate extending their re-creations, among which the dodo and the megatherium will figure largely. The ashes of the Phœnix, I thought, looked exceedingly like small coal, but an earnest Editor, who had been blowing with all his strength until he appeared in danger of apoplexy, assured us that we should soon see the pyre burst into a flame, for which purpose having lit a lucifer match and applied it to the embers, he began to fan them with a newspaper made of straw. It was highly instructive to watch the scientific operator and his compeers by aid of bellows, mouth, and paper, and with hands not over clean, labouring to kindle the contumacious cinders. Some prosaic people did not scruple to pronounce it a sham; some who were subscribers demanded their money to be returned, and a sudden cry of "Police!" alarming the incubators, transformed a questionably national into a really nervous agitation. At length, when public dissatisfaction had reached its climax, a slight flutter was heard, and lo! a *rara avis* indeed rose from the dust-heap where it had so long ingloriously slumbered. Will you believe me without a solemn statutory declaration? Instead of the classical bird which I had anticipated, I beheld one that is sacrificed to EPICURUS on Michaelmas Day, and which on spreading its wings, proclaimed its superiority to the Sassenach by something between a crow and a cackle. Briefly, Phœnixism in this green—very green—isle, though a pretty ornament for a cabbage garden, has the rich, but decidedly vulgar flavour of an Irish goose.

Ecclesiastical Billiards.

THE Celebrated Convocation Players flatter themselves that their little game is won because they've just made their 25th Canon.

clear as I should have expected from a person who knows so much about these sort of things; but I gather that cap-stand, which is a sort of post to which the anchor is fastened, is so called from the expression a 'capful of wind,' of which you can't take advantage unless the anchor is unfastened.)"

I regret to say that there was a little disturbance on board to-day. I further regret to say that it was, to a certain extent, my fault. I have apologised, and peace reigns again. It was, in reality, the Lieutenant's fault, not mine. He came down-stairs to talk to me soon after the order about bearing a hand at the cap-stand had been given, and we agreed that the Commodore was rather over-bearing. Why should he call himself a Commodore? Why should TOM only be a Lieutenant? Why, I added, should I only be a Mate? TOM said he wouldn't stand it if he was in *my* place. We agreed that something ought to be done about it at once. We ought to speak to the Commodore. TOM observed that as I was going on deck I might at once speak to him, and he would back me up. On consideration I thought it would be better if *he* spoke to the Commodore, and I would back him up. I liked the idea of backing him up, because, as I have said before, the Commodore *does* get so angry. We settled that we'd both go and speak together. We went up on deck, I first. The Commodore was at the head of the Companion. (N.B. The cabin ladder.) I told him I wanted to speak to him. The Lieutenant, instead of backing me up, went down the Companion to fetch his hat. I hate a fellow who sneaks away. I told the Commodore that I thought as our voyage was only for fun, that is putting it as pleasantly as possible, I ought to be something more than a Mate. The Commodore wanted to know what I meant by "fun?" I said that my meaning was it was all a lark. He replied that he understood me, and I'd better bear a hand for'ard. I refused unless I was something more than a Mate.

What would I be? he wanted to know.

Not having given this point sufficient consideration, I suggested that I should like to be a Cornet. He said if I was going to play the fool we'd better give the whole thing up. Did I know, he asked, that rank on board a gentleman's yacht was recognised in the Navy? I didn't

know this, but if it *was* so I certainly preferred being a Cornet to anything.

He said Cornets weren't nautical, being dragoons. The Lieutenant joined us here, and said (by way of backing me up) that I had better get a Commission in the Mounted Marine Force. I asked if these were recognised in the Navy? The Commodore answered decidedly, recognised everywhere. It struck me that this was a very good idea as a pacific compromise. It was agreed that I should apply for a Commission to the Admiralty by letter; they grant these to yachtsmen like commissions to Volunteers, and that I should write up to Town for a uniform. They told me that if I wanted to save expense, I'd better write to MR. MAY, the costumier of Bow Street, who had plenty of these uniforms second-hand as good as new, and at a very moderate figure. We couldn't wait for it, but the parcel might be addressed to me on board the *Saucy Nautilus* in the Docks, Liverpool, where we should be in a few days. The Lieutenant wrote the letter while I was bearing a hand.

Log.—“The anchor is weighed, and precious heavy it was. It took three of us and a strong chain to get it on board. The mainsail is up; we all bore hands in hauling her up. The foresails are up; we cried, ‘Tally-ho!’ all the time, and shouted, ‘Now together! Tally-ho! ho! ho!’ We are moving as I write, so I *can't* write any more. Wind fresher; latitude and longitude uncertain at present; compass on board to tell us all about that. We're fairly off. A Life on the Ocean Wave, Tally ho!”

P.S. I reopen this to say I've made a mistake. The Cap-stand isn't a Cap-stand; we haven't got such a thing on deck. I thought that the thing by which the anchor is weighed was the Cap-stand; it isn't, that's the windlass. I've often heard of a windlass. Directly they told me I said, “Oh, that's it, of course,” as if I'd only *forgotten* the name. That's my artfulness. Tally-ho!

A PARAGRAPH TO PLEASE THE PIGS.



TUPID old *Dogberry* wished that somebody would write him down an ass; but here is somebody who, writing to the *Daily Express*, takes the liberty of writing himself down in it a pig:—

“DISEASE IN PIGS.

“SIR,—Having read in your paper of Saturday a paragraph under the above head, I write at once to inform your Correspondent, through you, that assafoetida is an effectual cure for the distemper amongst pigs, having experienced it myself about a month ago. The dose for a young pig is half an ounce (the cost of which is one penny), mixed up, and then well dissolved in a naggin of boiling water, to which a naggin of new milk should be added. To a full-grown pig, fully three-quarters of an ounce of assafoetida should be given.”

For aught we know, this remedy may really be a good one; and if so, pig-keepers in general will be thankful to the writer for having made it known. But they will hardly, one would think, feel so



grateful for his mentioning a few of them as follows:—

“The remedy is a cheap, safe, and simple medicine, and cannot be too generally known amongst the small farmers and cottiers, who have chiefly suffered from this virulent and fatal disorder.

“I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
“Aghsmear, Roscrea, Sept. 4, 1865.” “JOSEPH GRIFFITH.”

The letter being headed “Disease in Pigs,” the “small farmers and cottiers” are at liberty, of course, to regard themselves as being spoken of as such, when they are named as having suffered from the common porcine malady. Let us only hope that assafoetida will suit them, if they venture on a dose of it. Half an ounce of assafoetida in some boiling milk and water is scarcely such a drink as an epicure would pick; but if there be any “*Epicuri de grege porcus*” that unfortunately happens to be struck with the disease, it may be well for him to try the dose above prescribed, and also try to hold his nose while he is taking it.

Dissecting the Body of the Waters.

A MEDICAL student, who has just been to Boulogne and back, says that he is no longer surprised at the enormous strength of the waves, considering the quantity of mussels he has found in them.

A GREAT CONSOLATION.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS may have lost her cows, but she can never lose the milk of human kindness.

CHINESE CORRESPONDENCE.

Elegant Extracts from Letters of FAN-Y-FAY (Her Celestial Majesty's principal Maid of Honour) to LADY GRACE DASHAWAY.

YOUR dear Brother, whom I met during his recent visit to Peking, has so often mentioned your sweet name when conversing on love and beauty, that in penning these lines to one whose portrait only I have seen, I scarcely feel as if I were addressing a stranger. * * * Your manners and fashions differ sensibly, he says, from ours; but where dresses, like doctors, differ, who shall decide? Our modes are like our laws, unchangeable. Yours are repealed, if I mistake not, every session; there being no permanency either in your statutes or skirts at large. * * * Your people all take great interest in Bills. Even noble Lords are known to carry them as if they were infants and ill, and are greatly agitated when they are dropped. * * * When a Minister brings in a Bill, however, it never exceeds the weight of a Sovereign. When a Bill is brought into the house by a Milliner, it startles one to think how many sovereigns may be required to honour it.

I have no wish to flatter, but your ideas of personal loveliness are certainly more expansive than ours, owing to your—do not blush—superior intelligence. In a crowd we take as little space as possible, but that which in us would be selfish, is in you sublime, for you know, dear, we are so narrow-minded. * * * Your Brother amused me with a tale of a man-of-war, which, when completed, was so large that it could not be taken out of dock. Is there not a similar tale of an Admiral's Lady, when dressed for a drawing-room? Her tiring-woman, I believe, fainted away, as it was found impossible to get her off, and ultimately the weaker vessel, like the stronger, became a perfect wreck. * * *

I understand you have Asylums and Refuges—you are such a benevolent people—for all sorts and conditions of men. These charitable institutions, quaintly called Clubs, are open day and night, and no urgent case is ever denied admission. Here the weary bachelor finds that repose which fashionable coteries conspire to destroy, and from his monastic window serenely views those charms which once inspired him with such pleasing terror. * * *

We have been much quizzed by your *beau monde* for our small feet, but remember, we do not walk like a child of earth with golden hair. I have often been lost in astonishment when thinking what opportunities you lose of conquest. Why not abandon that painful exertion, and open new channels of employment for your young guardsmen? Let every lady have a palanquin of her own, with four fine cavaliers attached, whose delightful duty it should be to carry her when and where her inclination may dictate. You shudder, because it seems so much like slavery, but while reclining in your aerial couch you can always raise a deserving object from his abject state by a simple action—I mean, of course, by giving him your hand.

Speaking of action, reminds me of that connected with breach of promise. Your dear Brother tells me it is a popular pastime, combining, like many other innocent diversions, both chance and skill. I have heard of clever girls winning at it as much as a thousand pounds! Here we play a very different game. If a lover revokes, his adversary tattoos him with Indian ink, and he is set at liberty, bearing on his forehead the letter D (Deserter), but this rarely happens. Our military men are little prone to playing with promises; they generally leave things requiring much *finesse* to their Mamas. I asked your dear Brother why this system was not introduced into your charming circle, and he said in time no doubt you would borrow light from a Chinese lantern, and our tenderness be as highly commended as our tea.

The Patience of the Reader is Requested.

MONS. THIERS, in consequence of a small consideration of £20,000, is going to devote himself to the composition of a new literary work, and, as a natural result, will bid farewell, “a long farewell,” to political life. A profane breaker of words in Paris (we could give his address if necessary) says this is not the first time by many that he has heard of the “*Vale of THIERS*.”

EXTRACT FROM A SCARBOROUGH LETTER.

“COME here, my dear CHARLIE. It is the land of luxury and laziness, *par excellence*. I know of no place, where the *lazy faire* and the *lazy aller* are so admirably united and carried to such perfection. It is the English Naples for such confounded *Lazyrones* as you are.”

AN IRISH PARADOX.

THE Irish Fenians have committed a gross absurdity in their illegal drilling. The Fenian “circles” have been endeavouring to form themselves into squares.

A SURE TEST OF MELTING WEATHER.—The number of dips at the Seaside.



DISTRESSING INFANT NIGHTMARE,
FOUNDED ON THE LEGEND OF "BANBURY CROSS."

GREAT EVENTS IN OUR DAILY LIFE AT SHRIMPSTIDE.

Seeing the Children bathe.—One little shrimp so fond of the water that we named him the "sea-urchin."

Seeing the Children dig.—As much pleased with their spades as we are with our clubs; and filling their barrows with a satisfaction only equalled by that of grave archaeologists opening tumuli.

Tapping the weather-glass.—As great a nuisance in the house as the baby in the drawing-room, which steadily refused to go to sleep under an hour and every known lullaby. The landlady had the calmest of tempers—set fair. It was never stormy in the kitchen.

Going to the Flagstaff to see in what quarter the wind was.—Not vain enough to think we could detect delicate shades of difference, such as N.N.E. and N.N.W., only revealed to pilots and coast guardsmen.

High Water.—The finest tides at two in the morning. Remarkable fact that the tides are always pitifully low when we are at the sea. A week before we come they are unusually high, and a fortnight after we are gone the waves wash over the pier, and throw their spray in at the Terrace windows. A similar fatality befalls us as to amusements. The Mammoth Circus bills are still on the walls; the great conjuror gave his last performance three nights before we arrived, the sisters SOPHONISBA and ESMERALDA will appear in their unrivalled entertainment the Friday after we leave. To ebb back to the tide, avoid all persons who ask troublesome questions about the influence of the moon on the tides, and the exact meaning of the terms "spring" and "neap." Woe betide us, if we are ever pressed for this information by the Civil Service Commissioners.

Taking an Observation of the Cambrian Hills.—Almost as great a nuisance as the weather-glass and baby, for when we had a fine bright day we were not suffered to enjoy it, being invariably told that the Cambrian mountains were so distinctly seen, that the next day was sure to be wet; and so it was from the milk in the morning till the milk at night.

Going to see the Shrimps caught, and ordering a supply for private consumption. Eating that supply. Who did get all the large ones?

To the News-room.—As the Times did not arrive until evening, and

there was then a brisk competition for its possession, we, who are averse to a paper-war, felt thankful to get a glimpse of the supplement the first day, and were placidly content with the local paper, which one of the subscribers to the room persisted in calling *The Daily Currier*. We heard afterwards that he was in the leather trade.

To the Circulating Library.—We left without obtaining the third volume of any one of the four novels we read consecutively.

To the Station to see the Train come in.—With much compassion for those arriving, and curious study of the meeting between husbands and wives who had been parted ever since 9.30 A.M. Certain little hampers brought by the gentlemen, objects of great interest to the ladies—almost as much looked after as the dear husbands themselves.

To the Crescent.—To see the moon rise (when not cloudy).

To the Terrace.—To see the sun set (when not rainy).

To the Green.—To hear the band play. The era in our marine chronology; but only occurring periodically, once a week. It was the Olympiad from which every event dated. We had roast ducks the day before the band played last week, and the day but one after the CHIPSINGS came over to tea from Gardenbright; and don't you remember those particularly fine shrimps we had the evening the band played, the first week we came, when PERCY VERE was conspicuously attentive to PENELOPE?

The Day of our Arrival, and oh! ruddiest of all Red-Letter Days, the Day of our Departure.—For though Shrimpside is strongly to be recommended as a retreat not infested with excursionists, nor donkey-ridden, but capital for children, reasonable in its tariff, and free from blind men playing the accordeon: it was a little too quiet.

Milk-Paley's Evidences.

SEVERAL Correspondents in the penny papers are complaining in the most sour spirit about the high price of milk. They do not like paying fivepence a quart for it. However, they have already their own remedy; they are not compelled to take it in. It is purely a question of milk can, or milk shan't.

TO FRIENDS.—Is GENERAL PRIM a Quaker?



A SHABBY RELATION.

Uncle. "GEORGE, HERE'S A BEAUTIFUL CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH I'VE JUST BOUGHT. VERY CHEAP I GOT IT. NOW, I WANT YOUR ADVICE WHERE TO HANG IT. I WAS THINKING——"

George (disgusted). "A CHROMO! WELL, OF ALL THE BEASTLY——LOOK HERE, UNCLE! I SHOULD TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY WHEN THE COOK WAS IN A GOOD HUMOUR, AND ASK HER, AS A GREAT FAVOUR, TO FIND A PLACE FOR IT BEHIND THE BACK-KITCHEN DOOR!!"

[*Fact is, George thinks his rich relative had much better spend his Money in Original Pictures, and in those of one talented young Painter in particular.*]

CHIVALRY AND THE CUDGEL.

WE have'to chronicle another instance of the new reading of *Blackstone*, so efficiently illustrated of late by both paid and unpaid Magistrates. That eminent Judge—sometimes HOMER nods—was so illogical as to write that the Law regarded personal safety before that of property. This mistake, excusable in a century when joint-stock banks, railway scrip, and electro-plate were not, is daily receiving correction at the hands of London and country Justices. The latest instance is the following. One WILLIAM FLETCHER, Somerset, farmer, lately made a furious attack on some girls, who, under the guard of their governess, strayed from a foot-path to this British farmer's hedge and picked blackberries. Whereon this creditable specimen of Zummerset flew at them, and beat two with his stick till he drove them, shrieking, over a stile, and so off his land. Their necks and shoulders were covered with bruises and weals. In due time the gallant FLETCHER appeared before the county Magistrates at Bath. The Chairman told him, "No man, with the feelings of an Englishman, would have behaved in the unmanly and brutal way he had," and fined him—forty shillings and costs, such costs to include a guinea to the young ladies' solicitor and a guinea to their doctor.

Considering that the 100th chapter of the 24 and 25 Vict., section 43, provides a maximum of *six months imprisonment* or *twenty pounds* fine for an aggravated assault on women, sentimental sticklers for personal comfort might consider the Magistrates ridiculously lenient; but if girls run at one's blackberry hedge where is the farmer who wouldn't run at *them* with a cudgel, and raise "weals and contusions?"

Purses and turnips are to be guarded by county Magistrates with great severity, but shins and bones must take risks. Whether we can make the other Zummerset farmers coincide with us in our sympathy for MR. FLETCHER we don't know—but *floreat Baculum!*

IN VINO VERITAS.

"I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night."

Troilus and Cressida.

THE wines of Greece! the wines of Greece!
(Twas thus a Shambro' merchant sung)
It gives the tortured mind no peace,
To think that Britons, old and young,
Their port and sherry can forget,
For Santorin, or Mount Hymett.

The Scian and the Teian Grape,
An English palate seem to suit;
In vain the wine of Spain we ape,
With distillation from the root
Produced in regions of the West:
Folks will maintain the vine is best.

Say, where hath gone the jolly nose,
Compact of colours red and blue,
Which showed by spots like fruit of sloes,
The source to which its tints were due?
Acute and keen, not squat and broad,
Its sharpened nostrils sniff out fraud.

Fill high the vat with Shambro' wine!
We will not think on themes like these;
Let's call the mixture Sherry fine,
Or any other name they please.
Rebuke not, friends, the buyer's voice:
Who pays his cash should take his choice.

One writer, sure from northern climes,
Maintains that toddy drinks as well;
Another "Taster," in the *Times*,
Declares it hath a tallowy smell.
Rise, PORSON! from thy grave, and halloo,
'Tis *οὐδὲ τόδ' οὐδὲ τᾶλλο*.

Fill high the bowl with Shambro' wine!
On Brighton's beach, on Scarbro's shore;
Exists the gallant landlord line,
Who pile their charges as of yore.
Of their six shillings grant but one,
And Shambro's fount shall still flow on.

Trust not to vintage of the Franks,
Tho' pure from BACCHUS' grape it wells;
In northern roots, in northern tanks,
The only hope of profit dwells.
Not thus shall JOHN BULL be beguiled!
Cries DENMAN fierce and DRUITT mild.

Oh, place me on Elbe's muddy bank,
Where, free from each intruding eye,
Safe I may try each chemic prank,
And keen analysis defy.
Potatoes, wash, and drugs combine,
And smash th' accursed Grecian wine.

Just the Difference.

MR. PUNCH was walking the other day in the neighbourhood of Chatham, in company with a distinguished foreigner, when the latter inquired the meaning of a broad arrow, which was engraved upon a post. "The Broad Arrow," said Mr. Punch, ever ready to give information; "is the distinguishing mark of the Government." "And what, then," rejoined his friend, "is that of the Opposition?" "The *Long Bow*," instantly replied Mr. Punch, handing him a newspaper containing the Conservative speeches on the results of the recent elections.

CHESTERFIELD IN THE CITY.

THE gentlemen in the City are proverbial for their politeness. For instance, we have been informed, on most credible authority, that a Bank Director never meets the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in the Bank Parlour without instantly rushing up to her, and saying, in the most anxious manner, "I hope, my dear Madam, that your *rest* during the night has not been in the least disturbed?"

THE RIGHT SORT OF FENIANISM.—Its denunciation by BISHOP FEENY.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

A Tragic Grand-Hotel Opera in Four Acts and a Lot of Tableaux.

BY A. SUFFERER, ESQ.

(Continued from page 125.)

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—A Private Room in the Grand Hotel.

MR. and MRS. 1ST PASSENGER discovered, sitting on sofa. The hands of the Clock point to Nine. Time: Morning.

Mr. 1st Pass. (recitative). Three quarters of an hour gone,
Yet cometh not the breakfast. (Rings.)

Mrs. 1st Pass. I faint! I gasp!

Mr. 1st Pass. Nay, despond not, dear one. (Rings.)
Why answer they not the summ—

Enter Grand Waiter, with nothing.

Grand Waiter. You rang, Sir?

Mr. 1st Pass. (indignantly). Rang!! Did I!

Romanza (Minor Key).

At half-past seven,
When in my bed-room, I
Ordered the morning meal;
So hungry did I feel,
That we, who are not late,
Said fifteen minutes past eight;
But still behold I wait.
It comes not!Grand Waiter. Sir, to it will I see. (Quick Movement.)
(Remonstratively and explanatory.) You ordered it not of me.
(Promissory.) But here it will soon be:

Let's say in minutes three. [Exit, capering.]

Mr. 1st Pass. Cheer up! A biscuit in my pocket I have got.

[Nibbles the remains of a cracknell.]

Mrs. 1st Pass. (refusing to nibble). Cheer up! Alas, no biscuit, not a lot

Of such confections would supply
The place of breakfast. No. I faint! I die!!

[Symphony. MR. 1ST PASSENGER comforts MRS. 1ST PASSENGER until Clock hand points to 20 minutes past nine.]

Mr. 1st Pass. This is too bad. I will no longer stay
My hand.[Rings violently. Enter a New Waiter.]
Why, tell me, this delay?

New Waiter (indignantly). I know of this no more

Than you yourself; I served you not before.

Mr. 1st Pass. (furiously). The breakfast, slave!

(Plaintively.) One hour and five moments have I waited.

(Angrily.) But I will complain,
And this, this again
I never, never, never, never
Will put up with.New Waiter (agreeing). It is indeed too bad;
But see the distance dishes have to rise.

Mrs. 1st Pass. (in a faint voice). But there's the Lift. [Closes her eyes.]

New Waiter (also complaining). Ah yes; but when we tries
To get the Cook to execute our wishes,
He says he cannot serve in time the dishes;
And add to this, believe I do not joke,
The Lift has ceased to act; in fact, 'tis broke.

[Chord. Exit, waving napkin.]

Mr. 1st Pass. Horror!

[Falls into an arm-chair, MRS. 1ST PASSENGER faints on sofa; after

five minutes of descriptive music, another Waiter enters with tea and two eggs. The Visitors revive.



Mr. 1st Pass. (rubbing his hands). The bread! the butter! and the fish, I pray.

Waiter. I prithee, be content.

[Exit, scornfully.]

Mrs. 1st Pass. Ah! luckless day!

Mr. 1st Pass. (rings more violently than ever. Enter an Entirely Fresh Waiter.) Where is my Waiter? The one of whom I ordered—

Entirely Fresh Waiter. Sir, I will send him. Anon, anon!

[Exit quickly, and is no more seen.]

[The eggs get cold, they drink the tea and wish for spoons, the hands of the Clock point to Ten.]

Mr. and Mrs. 1st Pass. Torture no more will we endure,

Our breakfast we can not secure,

Although the time we name;

We did for dinner last night wait,

'Twas more than half an hour late,

And lunch'on was the same.

[MR. 1ST PASSENGER gets his hat, and MRS. 1ST PASSENGER staggers towards her bonnet.]

Duet. (Coming forward.)

The Manager we'll seek,
To him we will speak.
Justice and right
For the Englishman!!!

[They embrace. He waves his umbrella and she her parasol; they rush to the door, and are going out, as a Grand New Waiter enters, bearing one fried sole and an egg-spoon. Tableau. Scene closes.]



SCENE 2.—The Gentlemen's Coffee-Room. 2ND, 3RD, and 4TH PASSENGERS discovered at various tables. Other Visitors, looking pale and hungry, are picking bits of crusts off the rolls, or playing feebly with the salt at tables in different parts of the room. Waiters conversing, lounging, and bustling about nothing.

2nd Pass. Waiter, when is my breakfast coming?

Waiter. Have you ordered it, Sir?

2nd Pass. Have I ordered it!!! (Chord.)

2nd, 3rd, and 4th Passengers (rising and coming forward).

Aria.

2nd Pass. 'Twas when Aurora's light
Succeeded darksome night,

3rd and 4th Pass. Rataplan.

2nd Pass. That each of us here rang his bell
In his own room of this Grand Hotel,All. And ordered and ordered our morning repast.
(Solemnly.) Our breakfast!

Invisible Chorus from Ladies' Coffee-room (faintly).!

Our breakfast!

Waiters (to one another, pianissimo). Their breakfast!

Bravura.

2nd Pass. At half-past eight we said it should be,

'Tis ten o'clock now,

And here I vow

We've neither fish, eggs, nor tea-e-e!

All. { We've } Neither fish, eggs, nor tea.
{ They've }

[All Visitors in Gentlemen's Coffee-Room rising and coming forward, threateningly shaking aloft their knives, forks, spoons, toothpicks, pencils, &c.]



ENCOURAGING PROSPECT!

Piscator Juvenis. "ANY SPORT, SIR?"

Piscator Senex. "OH, YES; VERY GOOD SPORT."

Piscator Juvenis. "BREAM?"

Piscator Senex. "No!"

Piscator Juvenis. "PERCH?"

Piscator Senex. "No!"

Piscator Juvenis. "WHAT SPORT, THEN?"

Piscator Senex. "WHY, KEEPING CLEAR OF THE WEEDS!"

THE FENIAN DRILL-BOOK.

Pathronised by the Highest Arthurities of the Bould Brotherhood of The Warrlike Sons of Erin, panting to be free, and selicted for practical parrposes by His Aminince and Riyal Hoighness KERNEL TIM DOLAN. Proivate Addriss of the Kernel is 24, Shear Street, Retail Clothier.

Rigulashun the Firrst.—See now, boys, 'tis this: in riverince to the clothes ye shud ware. To begin with, ye don't nade a lot of ridgimintels; ye don't, but ye must have a stock anyhow. And what is a stock, boys? Sure, then, 'tis an invintion of the Saxon (bad luck to 'em!) that used to put them in pairs round the two fate of any prisnars, and 'tis this they'd put round your nicks and thrample on yez, they would! Bot the day will come whin ye'll roise as the Poyet sez—

"Loike a Fanian from the foire!"

(Sure, 'tis the Faynix Parrk that I mane; "Loike the Faynix Parrk afther a foire," that's the way of it, bot the oidear's the same, any way); and now, boys, for—

Rigilashun the Sickened.—'Tis thus it is: on ardnary drill days ye'll come in yer ondress, but on a field day yez won't come in an ondress, bekase of the ladies as moight be prisint as spicked tatars. Ye'll thin come in your full driss. And what do I mane by yer full driss, boys? Sure, 'tis the Shake oh! Over yer showlder blade (which shall be in a scabbud as broight as plate powther can make it, anyway) and on your showlders themselves the glithering bagginets, accorthing to yer rank; for, sure, 'taint av'ry one of yez can be a kernel or an admiral, though, maybe, ye'll all roise to that same aminince in toime.

The Mounted Cavalry shall ware boots, to distinguish them from the Infanthy. Don't be jealous, boys, bot remimber 'tis for the Ould Country ye foight!

Rigulashun the Tharrd.—Av'ry one of yez shall carry a revolver, bot

yez had betther not load thim, ontill yez get accosthused to foiring thim arf, as dinger moight insue.

Rigulashun the Farruth.—No one of yez shall be heavily armed, bekase such things moight impade yer floight.

Rigulashun the Feeft.—The Army shall be deevoided into two paarts, The Standin' Army and the Sittin' Army, which, ye'll moind, is the Infanthy an' the Cavilry. Bot, whin the inthoire farces go to baylaygur a town or a cithy, say, av ye plaze, the Cassel, thin they'll all sit down before it. This is tartlicks—meeletary tartlicks.

This Nash'nal Army shall be deevoided into sub-divisions, aiqually into two-thaards; one-thaard bein' the Arthillery, and the other thard the usual sojers. This arrangement comprouses the inthoire Farce at our deesposal. Besoides thim above minshunned, thar will be the Rigilar Throops and the Irrigilar Throops, which manes, boys, thim as comes av'ry day to duty, an thim as comes any day as shoots thar conveynience, an' thim as doesn't come to duty any day, at all, at all. The ponishment for not comin' any day at all for six months is, that the offinders shall on av'ry day of such illusion of duty, be kept at thar drill one hour afther av'ry one else haslgone. 'Tis sayvere I am on yez, boys, bot 'tis to kape arder amongst yez. If ye all desarted yer drill av'ry day what ud be the consekens? Sure, 'tis myself 'ud kape yez at it till ye came back.

ON THE WURRDS AV COMMAND AN' DRILLING IN GINRAL.

Whin the Farces are assimbled the Arficer will say (widout usin' me book, or, at laste, usin' it under his coat tails, so as not to be obsarved by the min) to thim at onst—Attinshun! Whin yez hear this wurd ye'll know that somethin's comin' next, so yez mustn't think av goin' away at all, at all. An' what does come nixt? Sure, 'tis the playtoon exercise. An' what should the playtoon axercise be fur? Fur the musi'shuns of the Band, no less; that's the Play toon axercise. And ye'll chorus, boys, will yez, to "The Green over the Red." Hooroo!

Axercise Number Two.—Farm a Square, will yez, boys? An' how may yez farm a Square? Sure, the Arficer in command will stand in the



THE RE-UNITED STATES.

COLONEL NORTH (TO COLONEL SOUTH.) "WAL, BROTHER; GUESS WE COULDN'T BOTH WIN: SO LET'S SHAKE HANDS, AND JUST LIQUOR UP."

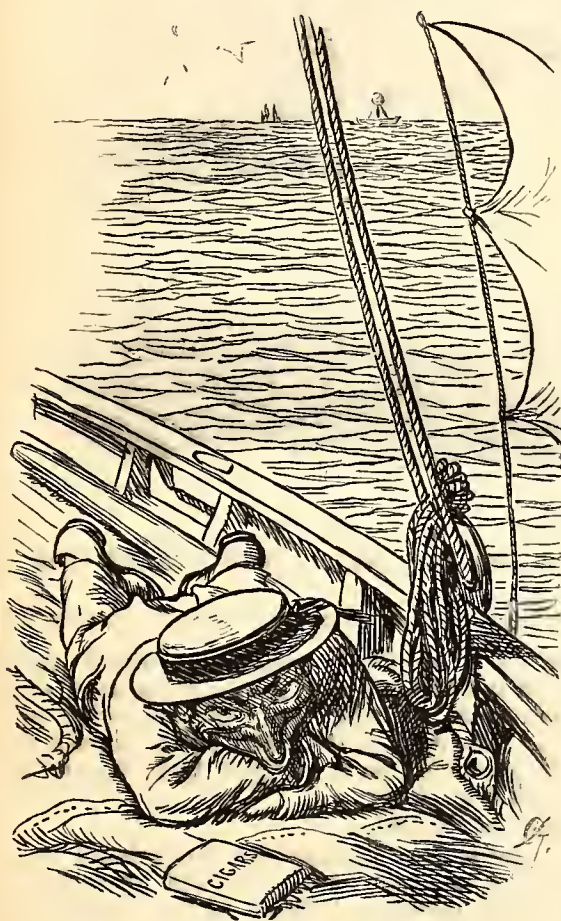
middle, and the boys will come all round him: that's a Square. Them that's to the fore in front will knale down, to let them behind 'em see what's goin' on. This is a purty soight intoirely.

Exercise Number Three.—Prepare to resave Cavilry. Whose Cavilry? Wait awhile till I tell yez. If 'tis yer own Cavilry that ye're goin' to resave, sure ye wadn't budge a fut; bot if 'tis the Cavilry of the inimy, divil a bit would oi stay to be cut to paces by the loikes o' them, an' t'would be a waste of purliteness to stop to resave them at all, at all. Is it fair foightin', an' ye not mounted? Let 'em get arf the bastes, and whiles they wor coming down, what 'ud ye be doin' in the mane toime? Them's taretics—meeletarry taretics.

Gin'ral Advice for the Sojers.—Don't let yer sworrds be too long as they get betwixt yer legs whin yer runnin'; moighty awkward oi ashure yez.

Barracks.—Thar'll be Barr'ks for yez in toime. Whisht, now; thar's an ould house jist outsoide the town that ye use now fur barr'ks; that's to be pulled down, an' the bricks of it, fur aiconomy's sake, to be used fur to build a new barr'ks. An' fur convaynience, all the whole the new Barr'ks is bein' built up, the Throops 'ull still continue to resoide in the ould house.

OUR YACHT.



Y Jingo! We've had another row. It was not my fault this time. I am disappointed. Puffin Island I knew wasn't anywhere near America, but I was not prepared to find it within a mile or so of Bangor,—just, in fact, at the entrance of the Straits. I joined in the cruise under the impression we should go somewhere a long way off—Niagara, for instance, or at all events, the coast of France. My companions (I don't mean the ladders, but the Commodore and Lieutenant) say that they came to shoot Puffins. I am not naturally irascible, but when I heard this I said, "Blow Puffins!" They have, however, promised to go on a voyage, and we're to victual and take in stores at Liverpool.

A Puffin is a bird; the Lieutenant described it as a sort of

a C. J., and I said, "Oh, indeed!" By the way, "Tallyho" is *not* a nautical expression; it's "Yeo ho" I meant. I am getting no end of a hand at a Log. Here's an entry:—

"Tuesday. After breakfast.—Wind blowing Any way. [The Lieutenant put this in for a joke: it means N.E. way. When the Commodore saw it, he said if we were going to make idiots of ourselves, we'd better give the whole thing up. We promised not to be idiots. Order restored.] Piped all hands to belay. (I really must get a pipe, and learn how to belay.) Belayed from 8 till 9 A.M. (This means that we lay on deck and read, or talked and smoked. The Captain was not belaying—he was steering. The Treasure was in the forecassel, that is, his head and shoulders were in the forecassel, washing up.)

"9 A.M.—Passing Beaumaris. Guns brought out to shoot Puffins with. They've given me a gun. I am lying on deck, noting down in my Log. They've given me powder, shot, wads, and caps, and I've got to shoot Puffins. This is delightful. The boat has scarcely any motion, and, contrary to my wildest expectation, I feel quite well. I sing, for sheer joy, 'The Rover is free!' I don't know any more than that line, and haven't a notion of its tune. We sight the Island of Puffin, and the sea. How very rough the sea looks about Puffin!—quite different to the Straits. The Captain says it is roughish *there*. I begin to wonder whether—but no, 'The Rover is free! the Rover is free!' But it *does* look rough. Wind blowing. Guns going to be loaded. Puffins tremble. Log closed for the present."

I told the Commodore I wasn't much of a shot (no more I am, as I have subsequently discovered) when on board a yacht. What I may be on shore, I don't know, as I have never had the opportunity of trying. I knew something about it, though, having luckily practised, years ago, at a penny a shot, or so much a dozen, on a wooden black-bird tied to a pendulum in a gallery of Savile House. Then there was a dirty man, in shirt-sleeves, to load for me, so that I never, as it happened, observed that process. What puzzled me was the wads. I thought I'd copy the other fellows in loading, but couldn't, as they'd both got rifles that didn't require ramrods and wads, &c.

To load a gun by the light of nature, is not so easy as I had imagined from seeing the man at Leicester Square. All I ever noticed him to do was to put a cap on. So I laughed it off (I don't mean I laughed the gun off, but the awkwardness of the situation), by saying to the Lieutenant, "Ha! ha! ha! *You* don't know whether powder, or shot, or wads go in first, eh?" He was evidently annoyed at this charge of mine, though playfully made, and replied, "Wads, of course." (I recommend this method of gaining information in preference to any unnecessary display of ignorance.) He said, "wads." So I used two to begin with. I must here remark what an ill-constructed affair is a powder-flask; I never seemed to be getting any out at all, and yet after eight or nine attempts I found the barrel full almost to the brim—I mean muzzle. This delayed me, and I had to begin again. We now got in full view of Puffin Island, and into the rough water. I went below to load, where I could be quiet. I found the Treasure in the cabin, aft. I don't know what associated him in my mind immediately with brandy and rations. He was very civil, and offered to load my gun. I told him that the wads were already in, and he took them out. I said, "Oh, *you* don't use them, eh?" So I gather there are more ways than one of loading a gun. The cabin was very stuffy and hot, and getting up the companion with a gun in my hand was very difficult. Standing on deck with it was more difficult. I now refer to an entry, evidently made in *short hand*, on account of the motion of the vessel:—

"10 A.M.—Rough. On deck. Difficult to write. Com^{dre} says note Puf. Isle. Put gun down take log. Com^d says what long. and lat. Map. School Atlas. Puf. Isle not down. Long. and lat. 53 by 4. Map 2. Miles or feet? Rough. Waves. Treasure at bow. Waves hat. For help. To fright Pufs. Pufs fright^d. Flock flying. Comm^{dre} shoots. Lieut. shoots. Not well to-day. Capⁿ says calm outside: wish it was inside."

I recollect when my turn came I made a shot. Not a bad one as a shot. It must have hit something. In loading rather hastily and jauntily, for I was pleased with my execution, which had quite taken away my qualms (N.B., nothing like firing off a gun as a remedy against sea-sickness), I jerked the ramrod sharply down the barrel, and it striking against the wads or something jerked itself sharply into the air, ever so high, and fell into the sea. I proposed going out in the little boat and recovering it. The Captain said better get a diver to do that. My shooting was over for the season.

"11 A.M.—Passing Puffin. Calmer. Pipe all hands to second breakfast or 1st dinner. Rations No. 3 for Captain and Treasure. Hungry. Latitude and longitude as before."

At this meal, the waves being still boisterous, we had to hold the swinging table with one hand and eat with the other. We then adopted the plan of two holding while the third ate. As this would have prolonged the dinner indefinitely and spoilt the third person's dinner, we let the table go and dined as we could. We sat against our berths. At the third helping of soup the Commodore's plate made a rush at his mouth, and I found myself sprawling over the Lieutenant. The Commodore said I might have helped it if I'd liked. I said I mightn't, angrily. He replied, that if I couldn't help playing the fool everywhere, we'd better give the whole thing up. After he'd said this, he and the Lieutenant, accompanied by two plates and the soup tureen and the table came right over me all in a lump. I caught hold of the Commodore's hair. The rest of the dinner may be described as the Treasure staggering in with hot tins holding hodge-podge and sea-pies, and we alternately sprawling over one another with soup plates until one of the ropes broke, and we were all on the floor together—tins, mugs, tureens, plates, hodge-podge, sea-pies, my gun, log book, and powder-flask.

Note.—If you've already put my Log into type, just correct two letters, I mean not of mine but of the alphabet. "Puffin like a C. J.," of course, should have been a Sea Jay. Call this Errata, or Erratum. I don't like TUM, so, as we tell the children, "say TA."

An Old Friend on his Legs Again.

SOME time ago, a plan of peripatetic schoolmasters was proposed, and strongly advocated, amongst others, by MISS BURDETT COUTTS. The gentleman best qualified for this laborious pursuit would be, we fancy, the old friend of our youth, WALKINGAME.

QUITE THE WORST THING OUT.

WHY is the Atlantic Cable like a Railroad across a Valley?
Because it's a *wire-ducked*.

there embark. Greenock is a worse Woolwich, but I shall escape that infernal stream. DANTE must have smelt it, and remembered the smell when he described a certain portion of *L'Inferno*. I trust that I shall not, in middle age, feel the effects of this voyage. Yet, I need not tell you, nothing is ever wrong in Scotland. I think that the Scots are descended from the modern Americans. I did but hint that the Clyde was foul when one gentleman assured me that the odour was due only to some chemical works, and another rushed to the library of the *Iona*, and brought me statistics to show that the mortality by the river was not in excess of the proper decimal points, or something. I don't care.

All hours of suffering pass. What saith the glorious Prometheus of SHELLEY, when threatened with years of future anguish?—

"Perhaps no thought may count them—still, they Pass."

And, after a time, we escaped into the delights of the coast, the series of the loveliest watering-places in Christendom. Keep away, you Cockneys, and you, ye manufacturing swells, and your congeners. These sea-nooks are not for you. You cannot show your smart clothes here, there are no concert-rooms and raffle-bazaars, there are no screws to gallop on, no donkeys to screech on, no hotel balls, no flirtation gardens, no abominable bands of music. You would be bored to death in three days, for there is nothing here but the loveliest views of mountain and islet, and intense quiet, broken only by the everlasting wash of waves of green crystal. Keep off, for I hate you.

I have in other days spoken of my beautiful *Iona*, with her noiseless motion, luxurious deck saloon, and other magnificences. I am told that she is to be transferred to the upper waters, and that a 'sister of equal splendour is to take her place. My eyes, what good breakfasts she gives you! Specially, I would speak of comely trouts, of pleasing baps, of goldenly translucent marmalade. Here also you may write your letters, the company supplying the material *gratis*, and there are two post-offices on board. I might have written an article for you, *Mr. Punch*, only I didn't. Evening brought us to Oban's pretty bay. I wish I could conceal from the Cockneys that there is a new and first-rate hotel here now, but MR. CAMPBELL, the owner, has printed the fact in *Bradshaw*, and it is no secret. If, when refreshed and adorned, I made a sensation among the elegant lady-tourists in the drawing-room, I cannot help being handsome, as our friend MR. BENNETT, of the clocks, observed to our friend the LORD MAYOR. As I wandered, starlight on the waters, and a cigar on my lip, I could not refrain from thinking, my dear friend, how sweet it were to fly from the ollu world and take up one's abode in some peaceful place like this, somebody else paying one's bills, and oneself being left free to elevate one's mind, and "refine it, gradual, for its final flight." If you feel inclined to promote such views, in my case, write to say what you will stand *per annum*, and how you would like to remit.

Once more upon the waters, and once more at seven o'clock. I was away to Glencoe. I am bound to remark that I think the Scotch have made the most of the little measure of police that was carried out here. The row they have made over it would induce a foreigner to believe that Highlanders had never been massacred before, and by one another. I have felt it my duty to controvert the popular view of the affair, wherever I went, and have several times nearly been put to death in consequence. To-day, however, I had no opportunity of giving battle, for the six or seven-and-twenty persons who were in the coach with me were mostly English, and as they kept on asking the guide for primary instruction, inquiring in whose reign the Glencoe business occurred, and whether MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS was concerned in it, and so on, I should have been fighting with children. But I had an opportunity of making a row about a much worse cruelty than the Glencoe affair, namely, the abominable cruelty to the poor horses who drag us tourists along the hideous roads, and are flogged the whole way there and back, about eighteen miles. The conductors assist the terrible lash of the coachman, by getting down and prodding the animals with sharp sticks, or scourging them with ropes' ends. If a party of mechanics behaved half as brutally to horses, on a journey to Hampton Court, we should all cry out about the ruffianism of the lower orders, and demand vengeance; but ladies and gentlemen are different—and indifferent—people. The boat-company has nothing to do with this system. But there it is, and a disgrace to English and Scotch humanity. I was glad to see a writer in the *Times* publish his indignation at it.

But it is too hot to dwell upon the recollection. I returned to my gallant vessel, then the *Pioneer*, and at last, and for the only time since you parted from me with tears in your fine eyes, did I behold rain. The hills vanished in mist, and the storm came down. What a relief it was to hear the fierce plash! My soul exulted and rejoiced, and my skin became soft and cool. And the rain came in no niggardly fashion, but handsomely, and as if glad to see you. Down, down, for three or four hours, and even when it might as well have stopped, for with all the gallantry of my nature, I refused to crowd the ladies by entering the omnibus which takes us from the boat to Banavie, and my Sunday hat is finally and fatally spoiled. But when I took off my hat to Benjamin Nevis, that royal personage took off his cap to me, and the Valued exchanged courtesies with the Mountain.

Ben Nevis is everlasting, and so, with the necessary deduction of disagreeable contingencies from possible conduct on your part, is, my dear Sir, the regard and esteem with which I subscribe myself

Your faithful Servant,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

CARELESS COURT CIRCULAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WISH to call your attention to the careless manner in which some of the Newspaper Court Correspondents dismiss the proceedings of Royalty. I *do* (as who does not?) like knowing all that my Prince does! and my Princess. I should like to be informed as to his movements in shaving; his cuts, that I might sympathise with him; and how many times he is helped to pudding at dinner. Also, I should like to hear whether the Princess say tchicky, tchicky, or itty, itty, poosy sing, or what Her Royal Highness *does* say to the babies, and what the babies *do* say to her. Do they chuckle and crow Royally or not, or what? Is it not hard, then, to be cut short with—

"The PRINCE OF WALES with PRINCE LOUIS, &c., went out shooting."

"&c." What's etcetera, who's etcetera? Is it the PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS (that's not unlike etceteras, Prince of the Etceteras might be a grand title), or the Prince Holohoulu, I mean Holynoly, or Prince Nolensvolens (I never *can* get that name right), or, in short, as I said before, what does the writer mean by etcetera?

Sir, if this sort of thing is permitted, or passed over without notice, the Royal JENKINS' employment will be gone, and our Court Circular will be reduced to this sort of thing:—

Balmoral, September.

The QUEEN, accompanied by &c., &c., &c., drove to the &c., &c., &c., and returned by &c., &c., &c.

PRINCESS HELENA went out driving with &c., &c., &c., BARONESS THINGUMMY and HON. &c., &c., &c.

H.R.H. &c., &c., &c., deer-stalking, &c., &c., &c., and killed, &c., &c.

On Sunday the Royal Family, &c., attended at, &c. DR. M'LEOD took for his, &c. The Equerries were, &c., &c., &c.

Now, wouldn't this be unsatisfactory? Of course.

Yours truly, THINGUMMYJIG.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

WE wish the English authorities would copy the following good example:—

"The authorities of the town of Kremsmunster, in Austria, have rigorously interdicted servant-girls, ladies'-maids, &c., from wearing crinoline."

So far this is good, but it would have been much better if the Austrian authorities had begun at the other end. Servants imitate their mistresses; mistresses are not in the habit of copying their servants. Now, if the above interdict had been put on the *Herzogins*, the *Gräfinns*, and the *Fraus* and *Fräuleins*, moving in the higher circles, the "servant-girls and ladies'-maids" of Kremsmunster would not have been long before they followed the fashion as set them by their superiors. Thus, Crinoline would in time have become virtually interdicted in the lower as much as in the upper classes, and before long would have been as little known in Austria as freedom of the press, liberty of conscience, or any other subject which is not allowed to be expanded without due authority from the Police.

The Fenians.

DIC, si Fenius es, quæ fœnea fœdera fiant.

Fœdera fœnisecæ fœnore, fac, faciant:

Factum in fœnili fœdus, furcæque, facietum est;

Furciferum a furcâ quis revocare velit?

FELIX MARTIALIS PUNCHIUS.

Note 1. *Ad doctissimos*.—The question of etymology is at once decided. Fenian, or rather *Fœnean*, meaning gentleman stuffed with hay (or straw), hence man-of-straw—scare-crow.

Note 2. *Ad tirones*.—FELIX MARTIALIS PUNCHIUS does not mean Field-Marshal PUNCH. The words describe *Mr. Punch* in his epigrammatic capacity.

On Dit.

THE Governor of the Bank contemplates giving musical parties every Saturday afternoon to the wearied Clerks. His band will be supplied from the resources of the establishment under his control. He has, we believe, already engaged a *Fifer* and *two Tenors*. As a note of one of the latter was false, he has been advantageously changed. Among the first *morceaux* attempted will be "*I know a Bank*."

INSCRIPTION FOR STREET LETTER-BOXES.—"*From Pillar to Post*."



TRYING SITUATION

OF LIEUTENANT DOLLOP, OF THE BAMSHIRE V.A., AT THE RAILWAY-STATION, AFTER A GLORIOUS FIELD-DAY. HE IS GREETED AFFECTIONATELY BY THAT INTERESTING INDIVIDUAL, BOMBARDIER M'GUTTLE, OF HIS BATTERY, WHO HAS BEEN, AS USUAL, INDULGING, BUT TO USE HIS OWN WORDS, IS ONLY A "WEE THING SQUIFFY," AND WHO PROFFERS A MEDIUM OF RECONCILIATION. THE LIEUTENANT IS WELL AWARE THAT THE EYES OF THE MISSES FENCIBLE, THEIR BROTHER THE LINE CAPTAIN, AND HIS OWN COLONEL, ARE ON HIM.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

THE Fenians conspired, and the devil a rason
Them bould revolutionists had for that same.
That's why they committed the crime of High Trason,
In as petty a way as 'tis asy to name.

They practised their broom-handle exercise nightly,
In the heart of the bog, on the crest of the hill,
After dark, with the moon on the turf shinin' brightly,
They shouldered their mopsticks and went through their drill.

Their necks whilst they qualified thus for suspension,
On what fond design were the Fenian boys bent?
The QUEEN to reject 'twas their hopeful intention;
To set up an Irish Republic they meant.

An Irish Republic! I'd like ye to see one;
Though I'd be a traitor to mane such a thing.
Och, sure, a rale Irish Republic would be one
Entirely controlled by an absolute King!

Domestic Economy.

"I DON'T so much care about the high price of meat now, as I am going to effect a tremendous saving in other respects; I am resolved that henceforth my children's washing shall not cost me more than Fourpence a-week." "Fourpence a-week! Why, do you know that you have got two boys and two girls?" "Precisely, but I have seen a very respectable place where they advertise, 'KIDS CLEANED AT TWO-PENCE A PAIR,' and I intend sending them there for the future."

UPON WHAT "LINE" HAVE THE GREATEST NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS HAPPENED?—On the C.R.I.N.O. line.

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

A DUOLOGUE.

SCENE—A Dining-Room.

TIME: Interval between First and Second Course.

CHARACTERS.

A Gentleman, who, having been roaming about the hop country, has much to say about it. He sits next to

A Lady, who takes no interest in the above-mentioned subject, but having lately been "taken in" at a Seaside Lodging-house, is "twice shy" because "once bitten."

Gentleman (during a pause, turning to the Lady). I've been in Kent lately.

Lady (reserving her story). Indeed?

Gentleman (thinking she might have asked him something about the county, decides that he won't say anything further). Yes. (Changes his mind and proceeds.) You could hardly get about, out in the fields, because of the hoppers.

Lady (with a lively remembrance of her own sufferings in the Lodging-house). Oh! how horrible!!!

[Goes on to explain that she had given notice in consequence, and that the Landlady had had the impudence to accuse her of having brought them in herself in the luggage. But she didn't know that out of doors, &c. &c. Gentleman tries to explain that he didn't mean it— Enter the Second Course.

POOR CONSOLATION.—It is but poor consolation to a Frenchman, who, on the Folkestone boat, is suffering agonies from sea-sickness, to attempt to assure him that it is only "une maladie passagère!"

WHAT TO EXPECT AT AN HOTEL.—Inn-attention.



CUB-HUNTING.

MONSIEUR FRAMBOISE MAKES HIS DEBUT IN THE ENGLISH "CHASSE." THE FIRST VIEW HALLOA GIVES HIM A LIVELY IDEA OF THE MUSIC HE HAS HEARD SO MUCH OF.

A NIGHT AT THE ADELPHI.

IF you care for first-rate acting, visit the Adelphi while Mr. JEFFERSON is personating the drunken, incorrigible *Rip*. He plays with the most perfect ease throughout, and produces his greatest effects without an effort. There is no straining for points, and it is not so much this or that particular touch, but the picture as a whole that evokes from the crowded audience the heartiest and warmest expressions of approval.

MR. WEBSTER, I see, advertises his seats as "re-stuffed;" from observation I should say they could be stuffed and re-stuffed to overflowing any night during the run of *Rip Van Winkle*. So MR. WEBSTER "Here is your good health, and your family's, and may they live long and prosper."

I am going again, because I like the piece, and because I went with a learned friend the other night. I call him "my learned friend" because he is a gentleman who always knows everything about anything. During the first act of "*Rip*," he asked me to tell him the story, and finding that I was uncertain in my details (for I wanted to listen to the dialogue), he told me the story; explained what a difficult subject it was to treat dramatically, mentioned the number of times it had been "done" before, how often MR. JEFFERSON had played it in America, with other interesting anecdotes concerning MR. JEFFERSON, and other members of the theatrical profession in private life. At the end of the act my friend went out, returning three minutes before the commencement of Act II. My Synopsis of the second and third acts is as follows:—

ACT II.

Rip, in *Sleepy Hollow*, fires his gun—my friend asks to see the bill, and informs me that the legend exists in Irish, in Spanish, in French as well as in German. MR. C. J. SMITH enters as a dwarf. My friend informs me that MR. SMITH is a very clever actor, that he saw him once as *Snuffles*, a Prompter in *Dinorah under difficulties*; that he recollects, do I? O. SMITH, who played the villains. Scene changes—shows *Hendrick Hudson* and his ghostly crew playing bowls. My friend wishes to know if I recollect that wonderful outline etching of

this situation; as I do not, shouldn't I say that GUSTAVE DORÉ would illustrate this subject admirably? He thinks the adapter has missed a point here, he should have made the old fellows, at least—he doesn't know if it isn't better just as it is. Here follows a brief account of the life and literary career of the author, with an inquiry into the merits of melo-dramatic pieces generally and the state of the Drama in England during the last twenty years.—*Rip* falls, curtain falls.

End of Act II. Exit Friend.

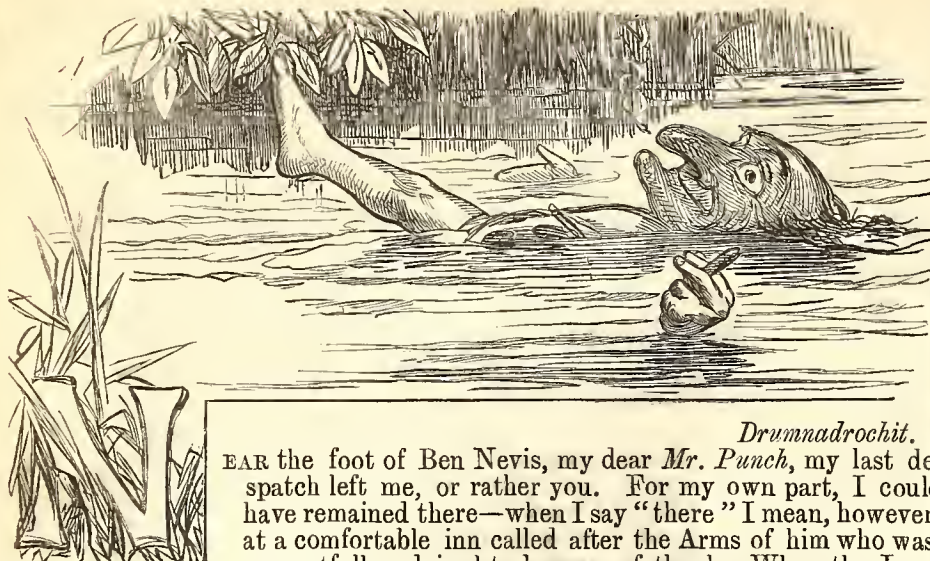
ACT. III.

Sleepy Hollow. JEFFERSON waking. Capitably made-up; supernaturally old of course—should like to see his dog—Village of Falling Waters—lapse of twenty years supposed. Friend returns—soda-water, not iced—mistake—don't think soda-water and brandy good as a quencher—wishes he hadn't taken it—MR. PHILLIPS appears as *Old Derrick*—Friend thinks PHILLIPS ought to be quieter—recollects seeing PHILLIPS very good in some things—thinks MRS. BILLINGTON excellent. Wasn't it fifty years that *Rip* was absent in the original?—don't I know?—think it wasn't, eh?—very likely. Charming writer WASHINGTON IRVING—no one like him—I've read the *Sketch Book* of course? How capitably JEFFERSON's made-up, isn't he? Where's his dog—dead of course—pity one didn't see the dog in the first scene. Recollects a dog performing in some play, *Dog of Montargis* thinks it was—WEBSTER might have got that dog—only it was years ago—forgets how long. Saw WEBSTER once in a beard like JEFFERSON's—only dirtier: after he'd been in the Bastille—dreadful thing the French Revolution and the *Dead Heart*, yes, that was the name of it. Miss SIMS plays the daughter very well, ROGERS isn't bad, saw ROGERS in *Minerva* twice—thinks the piece will have a long run; very good really, hope he'll come on after the curtain's down—clever fellow JEFFERSON, very clever. Curtain falls—re-enter MR. JEFFERSON, in obedience to a unanimous call—my friend says good night to me, and hopes I've enjoyed it.

If ever again I— but no matter.

A GOOD GAME OF CRICKET.—Eleven Bachelors play eleven Spin-sters at Lady's Ground, and the result is a Tie.

FROM A VALUED CONTRIBUTOR.



Drumnadrochit.

NEAR the foot of Ben Nevis, my dear Mr. Punch, my last despatch left me, or rather you. For my own part, I could have remained there—when I say “there” I mean, however, at a comfortable inn called after the Arms of him who was respectfully advised to beware of the day When the Lowlands should meet him in battle array—but *aliter visum*—and once more I had to rise at six in the morning. I like to sit in a chair when I eat my breakfast, and to-day I indulged this whim before embarking. While dispatching my modest meal (haddock, chop, ham and eggs, eggs plain, bramble jam, toast, marmalade, strong tea, and a dram), my eye fell—bother, both my eyes went up to an engraving of MR. FRITH’S celebrated picture—which depicts the ceremony of gratulating a young heir, of other days, on his coming of age. You tell me that large numbers of your readers desire to know “what your Valued Contributor is like to look at.” Let them procure that engraving, and in the face and figure of the graceful young Heir they will find a remarkable resemblance to myself. If I regret anything, it is that I was not also born to a mansion and estate, though your liberal appreciation of my genius makes this regret almost ungracious. I wish that MR. FRITH would paint the touching scene that occurred when you, manly tears half choking your utterance, presented me with the delightful Villa and grounds, coach house and stables, and hot and cold water on the premises, to which I shall have returned in a few days.

But a steam-boat, commanded by CAPTAIN PETER TURNER, the most agreeable of all captains, and yet a strict disciplinarian, would scarcely wait even for me, certainly for no one else, were he a Duke. I strode on board the *Edinburgh* as the clock began to strike seven, and with the last stroke the order was given to unmoor. We glided along the smooth Canal of Caledonia, and all the mountains were bright in the morning sun. The mists rose from each hill, as the clouds of obscurity disappear and unveil genius (especially of the Valued kind) and the lady’s maids and flunkeys were ordered to the fore-part of the vessel. Aristocracy of the most preternatural order came on board, and I counted one Prince, three Dukes, and half-a-dozen Marquises, besides many splendid Chiefs and Chieftains in full Highland costume. I counted nothing lower than Earls. We were a goodly company, and I felt irradiated by so much magnificent Pedigree. When I tell you that one nobleman offered me a fusée, another told me that we were fortunate in the weather, and a third lent me the *Saturday Review*, you may judge of the terms of easy affability upon which I placed myself with that illustrious assemblage. The great Highland Gathering at Inverness had—in addition to the report that I was to be on board—crowded the boat with that galaxy of the well-born. Our voyage was not marked by aught calculated to disturb our aristocratic composure, and we reached Inverness early in a roasting afternoon. Here, however, all composure vanished. The landing place is some distance from the hotels, and carriages are necessary. There was about a tenth part of the number that was required. The pile of luggage was not so large as the great Pyramid at Gizeh (which you are aware I have ascended*) but larger than any of the neighbouring pyramids, and this pile had to be subdivided, and heaped on the few vehicles. The owners of these carriages were true philosophers. They stood stolidly by while we fought for possession, and kindly permitted us to hoist our own luggage to the roofs. When we were closely packed, they forced in a few more passengers, and demanded our fares. Some paid. I would not pay. But I saved nothing. I had one companion, and two trunks. A London cabman, of the most savage character, would have deemed himself overpaid with two shillings, for the journey that was performed with me. I nobly tendered half-a-crown, expecting thanks. A second half-crown was demanded. You know my sweetness of nature, and may in some sort guess at the reception of this demand. But my gentle pleading did not avail, and being apprised by a friend that I could not drag the driver to a dungeon, I flung him down his second coin, with a *gratis* description of my views of the business, and in regard to his Future. He picked up the money. I hope he will spend it in drink, and insult an Inverness magnate. Then he will catch it hot and hot, for a Scottish magistrate is none of those who mewl over an offender, but is of those who recollect that—

“If he hath not gold to fine,
He hath shins to pine.”

* If we are not, it is not for want of our Contributor’s incessant allegation that he has done so.—ED.

Inverness is a favourite abode of your Valued Correspondent. It is one of the cheerfulness of cities. Even the Cemetery is delightfully laid out on the top of a great hill, or small mountain, called Tomnahurich, and I have never seen elsewhere so admirably chosen a resting-place. The Ness is always sparkling and singing among its islands. It must be a comfort and satisfaction to a criminal to be tried and sentenced in such a handsome place as the Castle. The Volunteers are very gallant, and send crack shots to Wimbledon. A new street has been built since I was last in the place, and it is a very handsome street indeed. It has been called Union Street, in honour of the union between Scotland and England, and to show that the capital of the Highlands is loyal to the House of GUELPH. MR. SNOWIE, who had better, when he gets to the Happy Hunting Grounds, keep out of the way of the deer, for he not only furnishes the weapons that slay them but embalms their heads for the haughty slayers, has a grand gallery of horns, and discourses learnedly upon them. In fact, you may make out your time very agreeably in this capital, especially if one is living at the costs and charges of one’s friends, a practice of which I am rather fond, not for the sake of saving money, for which I care nothing (except as a means of doing good), but because it enables those friends to display the beauty and kindness of their nature. It is our duty to assist others in developing their best characteristics, and what is better than hospitality and generosity?

Of the Highland Games, which I attended, and for which a fine new field is provided, with a handsome gallery for the ladies, I shall say little. I did not, this year, engage in them myself, but a man from Carlisle, which is an English place, beat the Highlanders almost as completely as I should have done had I competed. There was much beauty in the gallery, but I think that a very fair share of that beauty was contributed by pretty visitors to the north. But if you insist on the truth, I did not remain long in the privileged enclosure, after I had made my appearance, and gracefully recognised the plaudits that were showered upon your Representative. I retired to the outer circle, and endeavoured to cool myself a little with smoke, in company of a literary and artistic kind. Who my friends were matters not to the world, proud as I am of such friendship, but I believe that from the stores of my universal knowledge, I afforded to one of them some new information as to the works of POPE, and to the other threw some new light upon the character of MURILLO. When such minds meet, it is a good thing for mankind.

If you ask me what made me revisit Culloden, I am utterly unable to tell you, and therefore I think your wisdom would show itself more richer, as SHAKESPEARE (or LORD BACON) says, in abstaining from the question. The day was broiling, the road was dusty, and I knew the ground perfectly well. Yet I went, and sat upon the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND’S big stone, or boulder, added my own stone to the cairn over the grave, and came back again to Inverness. I have not, as I remarked in another letter, my dictionary of quotations with me, but is there not some wonderful Latin saying about *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*—no, DICK TURPIN’S non-repentance is nothing to the present purpose—the quotation I mean is *nemo omnibus horis sapit*. But the Pretender himself was not particularly wise in coming to Culloden. Suppose he had won that trick, and the others, and the Stuarts had reigned until now, what should I, your Valued Contributor, have been? An awful consideration! My talents would have fitted me for anything, of course, and perhaps I should have been a Cardinal. But I should certainly not have been a gay and playful Valued Contributor, remitting alternate diamonds of wisdom and spangles of wit to a Satirist of kingcraft, priestcraft, and mobcraft. I think that you, Mr. Punch, would have been hanged. It is not for me to speculate whether the result which that incident would have had upon the welfare of mankind would have been beneficial or the reverse.

But I had conversed with men and women too long, and I began to feel it was necessary for me to commence a conversation with Nature. I therefore filled my cigar-case, gave directions that the *Times* should be regularly sent on to me, put EDMOND ABOUT’S last volume into my pocket, and once more threw myself on board the vessel which CAPTAIN TURNER on this occasion commanded from the quay only. I caused myself to be set ashore at a small pier projecting into Loch Ness. Near that point I knew, of old, that there was a calm and sequestered scene, easily reached, yet far removed from the noise, turmoil, and strife of a city. There are hills as old as creation, and women who look a little older. There I determined to rest and be thankful. But I resolved to defer

the commencement of a natural life until I should arrive at my place of sojourn, so I got into a carriage, and was driven into the glen in which I write. I am at Drumnadrochit, which means, I am told, the place behind the bridge, so it must have been christened from over the way, as the village is before we come to the bridge. The scenery is lovely, but I have not yet been able to throw myself upon the bosom of Nature. The Highland breakfast is sadly in the way of a man who would live simply and abstemiously, and open his soul to the influences of the Spirit of the Earth. Instead of feeling humble, and pure, and trustful, and intellectual, you feel just jolly, and you stick yourself in an arm-chair, light your weed, and laugh. That is not, I suppose, the attitude of mind or body in which the Pantheist worships the Vast Snake. But what can I do? Nobody can resist those breakfasts, and what would the handsome Highland lass who spreads them for me say, if I bade her remove everything but toast and cold water, because I wished to be sublimated? Ought I to wound that black-haired maiden's feelings? Ought I to infuse doubts into her mind, and instruct her that there are other faiths than her own exceedingly hot Calvinism? How beset with difficulties, O my friend, is our path in this life! but surely we can never be wrong in doing what is pleasant to ourselves, for we thereby preserve ourselves from being tempted into the ill-humour usually attendant upon doing what is called our duty. Therefore, at present I will abide in this pleasant place. I will gaze upon the mountains, and listen to the sound of the stream, even the Ennerick, and I will wander to the blue lake, and climb to the cataract called Divach, or sit among the rocks at its foot. Likewise, I will visit a huge wild cat, which is detained behind iron bars, and tease it, and I will give a penny to any barefoot little Highland girl who is pretty and clean—the conditions prevent extravagance. But for the present, also, I will abstain from qualifying myself for other communings with the Spirit of Nature. Indeed, I am far from sure that DR. TRIPLEX would approve of my tampering with my constitution. It may be that you shall hear from me again before I write for money to take me home.

Yours pensively,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

A BRIGHT, (BUT NOT) PARTICULAR, *STAR*.

THE most conspicuous of the gentlemen whose names appeared in the mendacious list of Confederate Loan holders, concocted in America, and republished and commented upon here by the *Star*, in its own peculiarly generous and candid style, having given the lie direct to the concoctors of the forgery, the *Star* turns from virtuous indignation to humble pie. But even its humble pie is served up with the peculiar Stellar sauce.

"Nobody," exclaims the voice of the *Star*, "can pretend to say that the comments of the *Star* upon MR. DELANE's appearance in the list would have been in the slightest degree unfair if the document had been authentic."

"If!" "Great virtue in an if,"—even for the unerring *Vox Stellarum*. People out of the starry region will run away with the notion that the unfairness consisted in making such comments before verifying the authenticity of the document.

Oh, that an enemy had done this! How the Judges of the *Star*-chamber would have been down upon him, pinched him in the Spanish boot of dilemma, flogged him with sarcasms, pressed him to death with heavy leaders! But sublimer still in its coolness, is the comfort which the *Star* extracts even from exposure:—"One or two of our contemporaries have made an elaborate boast of their determination not to publish the now famous list, until the document had gone through some private process of verification here."

The ridiculous purists—the silly scruple-mongers!

What! find a handful of mud, reeking and ready-made, to fling at an adversary, and talk of *analysing* it!

The *Star* knows better. "Nothing," it observes, "could be more foolish and *baleful* than such a notion of propriety. . . . Whispered about, this charge might have endured for ever: openly exhibited, it has been refuted within two days!"

And so the *Star* shuts up—radiant! In spite of the castigation they have brought on themselves, people "with baleful notions of propriety" will be apt to insist, that the *Star* is condemned, not for publishing the list, but for taking its truth for granted, and making it the text for a gross and personal attack on some—we were going to write *brother*, but we will say—contemporary journalists. The question of comment apart, they may probably maintain the opinion that even if disseminating lies be one way of inviting their refutation, the task is not a very dignified one. That, no doubt, is *another* baleful notion of propriety.

It is an old complaint—as old as the decay of Astrology—that the voice of the stars is a lying voice. But now we see that *one* star, at least, feels the utterance of lies to be one of its most useful functions, and loudly takes credit to itself for uttering them.

Happily, there is an appeal from this new *Star*-Chamber to Englishmen's sense of fairness, courtesy, and honour.

THE THAMES AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

HERE is an announcement, from a trustworthy contemporary, that must needs interest all those who are accustomed to drink any of the water which London is supplied with:—

"THE THAMES COMMISSIONERS AND THE SEWAGE OF WINDSOR.—MR. MENZIES, acting under MAJOR-GENERAL SEYMOUR, Deputy Ranger of Windsor Great Park, attended at the Windsor Board of Health yesterday, and stated that he appeared on behalf of the Board of Works for the purpose of obtaining the consent of the Windsor Board to the surveyor in giving the necessary statistics and other information with a view to the disposing and utilising the sewage of Windsor, instead of permitting it, as at present, to be discharged into the River Thames."

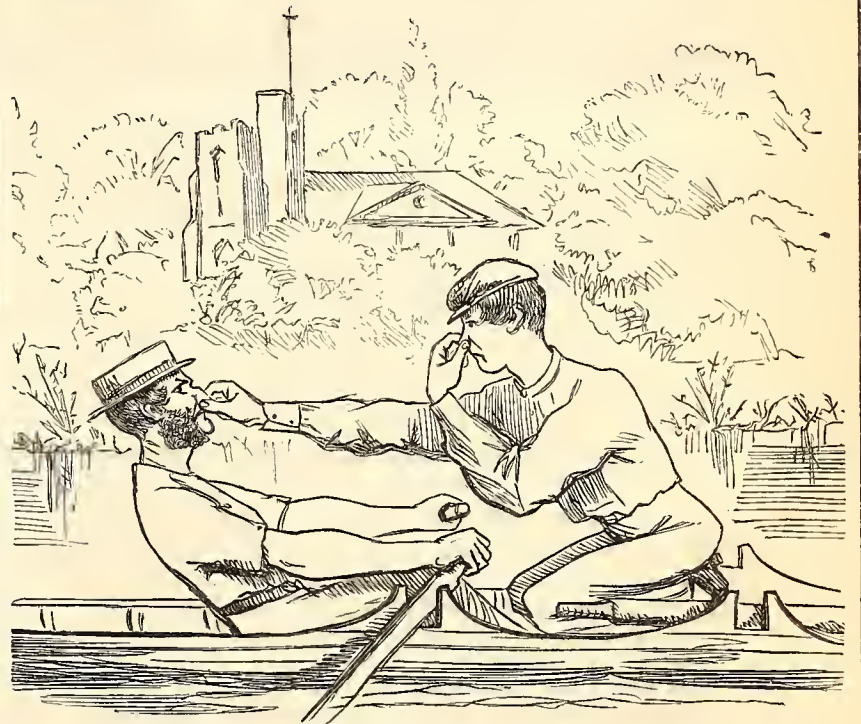
When our fellow citizens consider that the town of Windsor lies considerably above that part of the Thames whence the water which constitutes their beverage, or at least a part thereof, is derived, they will rejoice to see that some movement has been made towards obtaining the knowledge requisite to effect the intention of stopping, at some future time, the discharge of the sewage of Windsor into that river. The following continuation of the foregoing statement will give additional zest to the relish wherewith they will imagine themselves drinking hereafter a glass of water that shall have been taken from the purified Thames at Thames Ditton:—

"From MR. MENZIES' statement it appears that the Commissioners of the Thames Navigation have been making a general survey of the river from Oxford, with a view of ascertaining the general effect of the discharge of sewage into the Thames from the various towns and villages between Oxford and London."

So long as the sewers of those towns and villages are tributaries to the Thames, they will continue to pay tribute also to the cisterns of London. For:—

"You may cleanse, you may filter, the Thames as you will,
But the soluble filth will abide in it still."

Not only at Windsor, but at all the other towns on the banks of the Thames, MR. MENZIES, has found the discharge of sewage into the Thames a "great nuisance." When that nuisance shall have been abated, those who do not drink the fluid for which, nevertheless, they pay water-rate, will at least be enabled to wash their hands in it without shuddering.



IT WAS RATHER AWKWARD ROWING LIKE THIS; BUT THE FACT IS, YOU KNOW, WE WERE PASSING THAT LOVELY TWICKENHAM.

A CHARADE FOR A DULL EVENING.

PART I.—Enter Somebody in evening dress. He bows to the audience, and asks the following conundrum:—

What bird may be said to pour forth its notes?

[Music. Everyone gives it up.

Same Somebody in evening dress. A nightingale.

[Chord. Bows and retires.

(An interval of ten minutes for ices and wafers.)

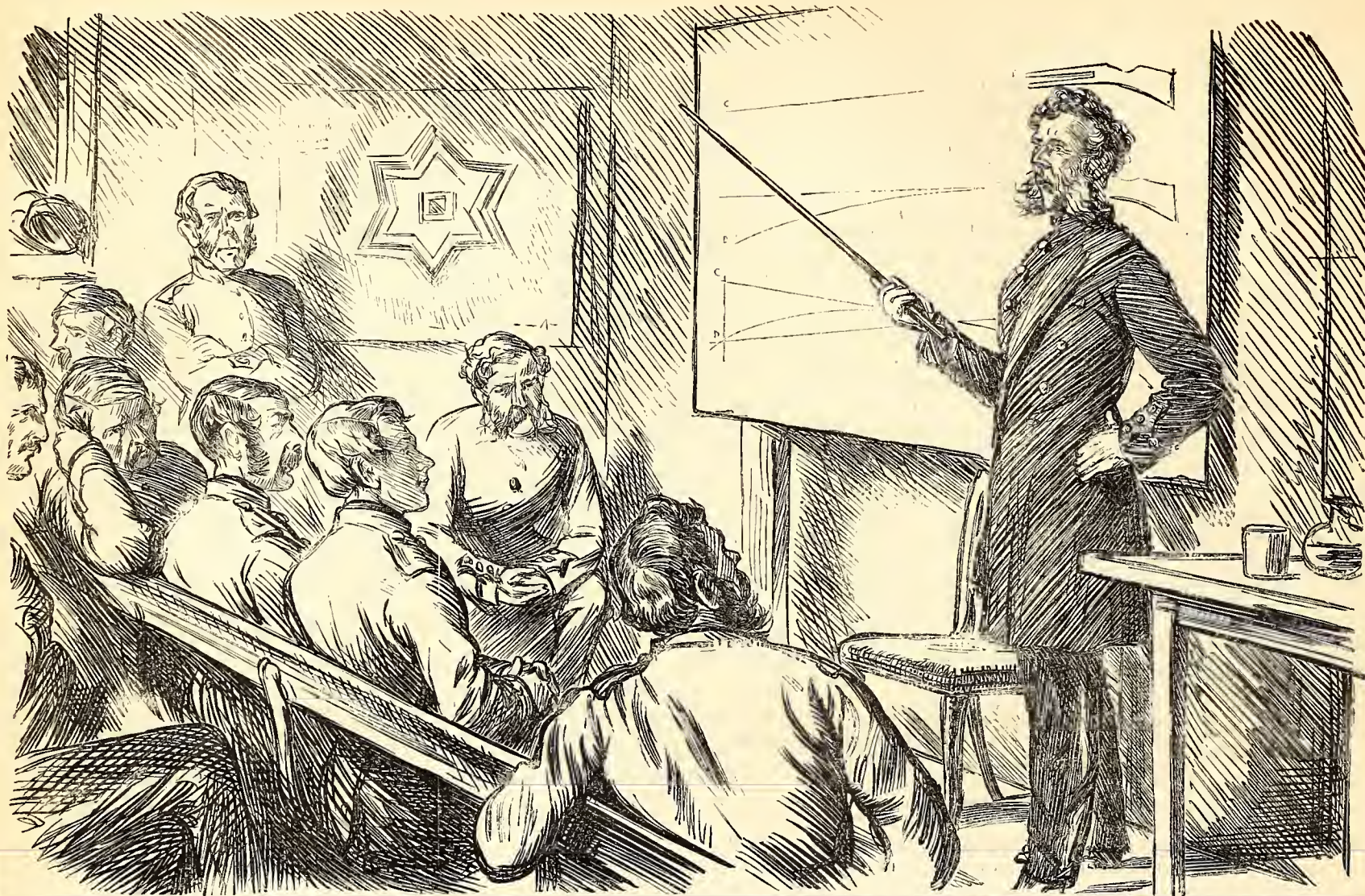
PART II.—Enter another Somebody. He smiles and says:—

Why can a nightingale be said to pour forth her notes?

[Music. Interval of fifty years supposed to elapse. Everybody gives it up.

Somebody (same as before). Because she has a jug. [Exit sharply.

[Pause—Chord—Roars of laughter—Music—Supper—Exeunt.



MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

Musketry Instructor (who wishes, by simple Practical Examples, to bring the fact of the Air's resistance and elasticity to the mind of Intelligent Pupil, No. 450, Private Jones), log. "FOR INSTANCE, YOU HAVE SEEN AN AIR-CUSHION, AND FELT THAT IT CONTAINED SOMETHING YOU COULD NOT COMPRESS. WHAT WAS IT?"

Private Jones (readily). "'ORSE 'AIR, SIR!"

[Enthusiastic Instructor tries again.]

THE REAL SWISS BOY.

A NEW VERSION OF THE WELL-KNOWN BALLAD.

(Respectfully dedicated by Mr. Punch to the Alpine Tourist, on his return home.)

MR. PUNCH singeth to Swiss Landlord—

COME, carouse thee, carouse thee, my knowing Swiss boy,
Sack thy gains, and from labour away.
Stick the tongue in the cheek, and sing "*La République*
(Like *l'Empire*, as we know) *c'est la paye!*"
The season's done, with purses low,
The weary tourists homeward flow—
Then carouse thee, carouse thee, my knowing Swiss boy,
Sack thy gains, and from labour away!

Swiss Landlord respondeth—

Am not I, am not I, say a merry Swiss boy,
When I hie from the mountain away?
Les Milords they may climb, without reason or rhyme,
But, *beigott*, for their climb they shall pay.
My shutters up, no thieves to fear,
Till back the tourists come next year,
Then will I, then will I, as the merry Swiss boy,
Take purses upon the highway!

By the nose, by the nose, Sir, the knowing Swiss boy
The *Milords* and *Miladis* can lead;
Through the nose, through the nose, too, the knowing Swiss boy
The *Milords* and *Miladis* can bleed:
Hotels so high high charges grow;
Point d'argent, point de Suisse, you know.
So with *Vivent les Anglais!* locks the merry Swiss boy
The francs in his strong-box away!

THE PRUSSIAN ROBBERS ON THE STAGE OF EUROPE.

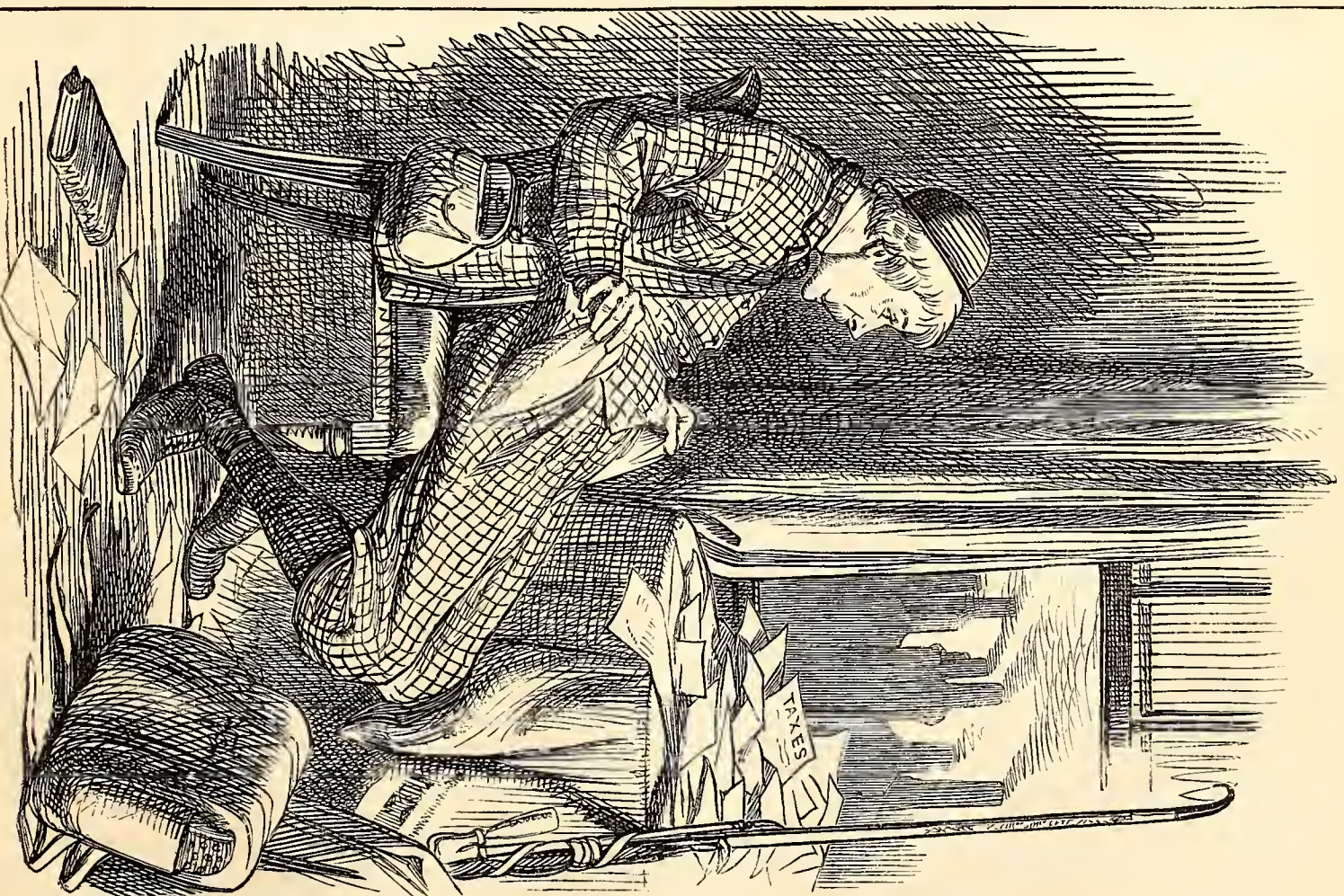
THE Tragicomical Melodrama of *The Plunder of Denmark* is not yet over. Another scene in that villainous piece was enacted the other day, when the KING OF PRUSSIA went to take possession of the stolen dukedom of Lauenburg. His Majesty was received by the beadle and corporal of the duchy, and by the assembled postmen. Two young ladies, dressed in "virgin white," welcomed him with the recitation of poetry. The station at which the train containing him arrived was hung about with garlands. This is the way to do business on the stage of Europe. If the performers are hissed, what then? "*Populus me sibilat*," says the First Villain of the piece, &c. "When I survey Schleswig and Lauenburg I applaud myself at Sans-Souci, and defy execration.

GENERAL MANTEUFFEL plays the part of Third Robber. When this fellow went to be invested with his new dignity, the Governorship of Schleswig, he said, that rather than restore any part of the Duchies to Denmark, he would be prepared to cover seven feet of land with his body. He doubtless meant seven square feet; but in order to be spread over all that space, he would require to be flattened out very considerably. What MANTEUFFEL intended to say, therefore, seems to have been that, before he would consent to surrender any of the territory that had been stolen from Denmark, he would be dashed.

No; *The Plunder of Denmark* is not yet ended! The catastrophe has yet to come. May we live to see the guilty personages of the drama overtaken by retribution as real as the blood which they have shed!

Notice to the Jockey Club.

SINCE the hubbub about *Gladiator* and his mouth, Mr. Punch has been overwhelmed by an avalanche of little notes in feminine handwriting, expressing the thankfulness of the writers that *their* age cannot be detected by an examination of the teeth.



THE "MERRY SWISS BOY."

THE RETURN OF THE TOURIST.

OUR YACHT.

Log. "Out at sea. Between Puffin and Liverpool. Both places invisible. Wind, none. Long. and lat. uncertain. Been uncertain for two days. Wish we could get on."

In fact, it was a dead calm. For one whole day not a wave, not a ripple, to be seen anywhere. The sails wouldn't act, the rudder couldn't act, *we* couldn't act. We had nothing to read, and had, as the notices of weddings run, "no cards." When I say we had nothing to read, I do not mean that there was a scarcity of books; no, on the contrary, the Commodore had three shilling volumes—*The Gambler's* something, *The Forger's* something else, and *Revelations of a somebody*. These we had read, and hard work it was. The Lieutenant possessed an Almanack, an Index to an Atlas (Atlas wanting), and part of a Catalogue of the South Kensington Museum. I had two old letters unanswered, a collection of small bills unpaid, a metallic pocket-book without a pencil, and a book of *Black-Eyed Susan*, with the cover off, and defective in pages towards the climax. This last, and the Almanack, afforded us some amusement in the earlier part of the day, from, I should say, 7 A.M. till 10; after that hour commenced an uncertainty about time in general. The Lieutenant hadn't got a watch, the Commodore had lost his key, and I had forgotten to wind mine up. The Commodore said he never saw such a fellow as I was for forgetting a thing. Having nothing to do, we breakfasted for the third time, and the Lieutenant gave out double rations to the Crew. We then lay on our backs at the stern, and smoked. We began by saying that this was very jolly. In the course of an hour, I said I didn't think it *was* so very jolly, which provoked the Commodore into remarking that I knew nothing about yachting, and that if I was getting tired of it, I'd better give the whole thing up.

If ever I have a yacht of my own, I'll have a billiard table on board. That's what we wanted, a billiard table. The Commodore and Lieutenant smoked incessantly: I tried to, but never can manage more than two pipes and a half; and the half's a little uncertain. I endeavoured to get up a conversation on a sailor's resources when there's a calm. Billiards for instance. They observed, Billiards! contemptuously. I referred to *Black-Eyed Susan* as an authority. *William*, I recollected used to swear pretty considerably, call people on shore swabs, land-lubbers, his wife's relations grampusses, and a ploughman, from whom he wished to gain some information, "a dying dolphin;" while on board he'd reef in yards, pipe broadsides to quarters, stride like a lion with surf in his face, whispering "Susan," to frighten the bullets in an action, bring other people on their beam-ends, heave a head, charge an elderly gentleman of bad character with "cutting the painter of a pretty pinnacle, and sending it (the pinnacle) drifting without a compass," and so forth; but what he did when there was a calm doesn't appear; unless at the end, which was torn out in my book, and then, if I recollect right, the only time there was a calm, the Admiral took advantage of it to try *William* by court-martial, and have him hanged before it got rough again. I suggested to the Commodore that sailors generally had a fiddle on board, and used to dance. The Commodore said grumpily, that there wasn't a fiddle, and if there was he wouldn't dance. The Lieutenant called upon me (he was lying stretched out like a star-fish) for a song. Being unable to oblige, I offered to read *William*. Offer declined without thanks. I said I was sure I'd heard something about dancing round the caboose, or spinning yarns over the galley fire. I knew I'd seen a picture somewhere of "Saturday night at sea." The answer to this, on the part of the Commodore, was, that it wasn't Saturday night. As to sitting round the galley fire in the caboose, which was where the Treasure cooked, it was evident that, as there was only room for the Treasure's head and shoulders, three people attempting to dance there, or spin yarns, would find themselves inconveniently crowded. The subject dropped. The Captain here appeared and requested rations. Considering that it was calm, and that the Captain was an Old Salt, he seemed to keep his legs very badly. On his request not being immediately acceded to, he repeated the word several times with variations, as if he had not, in the first instance, succeeded in making himself sufficiently intelligible.

The course he chose to adopt (these sailors are the queerest people!) didn't improve matters, as he slipped from "Rations" down to "Rachel," and from that to "Rayshe," when he caught hold of a rope, and then began to laugh as if he'd done something clever. As he had evidently come up to amuse us, I laughed too, just to humour him, whereat he became suddenly grave, and frowned upon me rather rebukingly.

It struck me at the same time that it evidently did the Commodore, that this was the effect of a calm upon the Captain. The Lieutenant thought that rations had something to do with it. I should perhaps have been inclined to his opinion, but for the Captain himself saying it was the calm.

AN IRISH SUGGESTION.—The Fenians style their society of addle-headed Conspirators the Fenian Brotherhood. Its more appropriate title would be the Fenian Botherhood.

THE ALLOCUTION ON FREEMASONRY.

O VENERABLE Brothers of our sacrosanct Consistory,
There is a confraternity wrapt up in darkest mystery,
Themselves the men of Masonry and Freedom they denominate:
All freedom, save our own, we do most utterly abominate.

This good-for-nothing, execrable, pestilent Society,
United in the fellowship of error, and impiety,
Extends itself, O shame! the whole world habitable wide over,
Beside that universal realm which we as King preside over.

Of all law, human and divine, the enemies these wretches are.
Tartarean brood, among the corn they, burn them, vilest vetches are.
They glory in the practice of all manner of atrocity,
And specially addicted are to guzzling and gulosity.

There is in that proud Capital with River Thames irriguous,
A temple nearly to the Fields of Lincoln's Inn contiguous.
There are they wont to celebrate their orgies with audacity
Unheard of, gormandising with incredible voracity.

What shall I say of gridirons when they neophytes initiate?
And what of red-hot poker in commencing a novice?
And what of those most horrid oaths, with ceremonies sinister,
Which they are to each candidate reported to administer?

But what we most detest in them excites our ire professional;
It is that Secret which they keep in spite of the Confessional.
O reticence most obstinate of stubborn indocility,
That dares hold anything concealed from Our Infallibility!

It is an error to believe in what they call their charity,
As though they with the Faithful were at all upon a parity,
Condemned be the suggestion of such scandalous equality!
Their ends are eating, drinking, conviviality, and jollity.

The ruin of the Church and Civil Government they're aiming at.
No visionary phantom 'tis that we are now declaiming at;
The Freemasons and Fenians are only two varieties
Of secret sacrilegious and heretical societies.

Their aprons be anathema, their gems and decorations all;
Their symbols, signs, and passwords we declare abominations all;
And, if they do not penance and submit to Our authority,
Adjudge them to the regions of profound inferiority.

TWO MISTY ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE copy the following desirable investments from the *Leeds Mercury*. The first is described as:—

ON SALE, a 60-inch SCRIBBLER, quite new. For particulars apply to, &c. &c.

What a rush there will be on the part of the worn-out periodicals, to secure this, "SCRIBBLER," who is further recommended as being "quite new!" We hardly understand the distinction of "a 60-inch scribbler." Are the inches to be measured in length, or breadth, or depth? If it is the latter, we are afraid that the "60-inch scribbler" would be a bit of a bore. We like a writer to go to the heart of his subject, but one who displayed his powers of penetration to the extent of five feet, might carry his readers further than they would care about, as it would require the most breathless attention on their part to be able to follow him.

The second investment is one, considering its vast extent, that is not often seen in the market:—

TO be SOLD, Eleven Acres of good FOG, &c. &c.

We did not know that "Fog" was an article of commerce, excepting occasionally in articles of literary composition. In the latter case, the "60-inch Scribbler," above advertised, might beneficially employ his penetrating capacity in clearing a way right through those "Eleven Acres." We are glad to notice that the fog in question is particularised as "good Fog," though what a good fog is, we doubt if any one, unless he had lived in London all his life, would be able to tell. For what we know, the advertisement may be a roundabout way of announcing the sale of a series of old parliamentary debates, for any one who has attempted to travel through these foggy districts, could well testify what tremendous "acres" they are! Curious town that Leeds, where Scribblers and Fogs are kept on sale! It may be that the former may be partially the cause of creating the latter.

THE TYPE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.—Pike-a.



CANDID.

Gentleman. "I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE THE KEY OF THE WINE-CELLAR?"

Butler. "THAT ENTIRELY DEPENDS ON THE VINTAGE, SIR!"

GRINDING AND CRAMMING.

"A TEACHER" writes to the *Sheffield Telegraph* to contradict the popular notion that the youth of that town are such semi-savages as they are represented to be in the Commissioners' late report. According to his version, they are bright, knowing, intelligent lads, and up to all kinds of fun. With regard to the ignorant answers attributed to them, he says:—

"The fact is, the Commissioners have been utterly sold by the small boys of Sheffield."

With their uproarious sense of humour, these small boys could not help, with the quantity of dust flying about them, just throwing a little into the eyes of the "stately prigs" (so denominated by this most benevolent "Teacher") who came to examine them. These young blades, who evidently do not belong to the section of "Charitable Grinders," are so delightfully cool, that it is no wonder they oppose the introduction of the "Fan" that is charitably proposed to ventilate their rooms. Though they do object to being blown upon themselves, they do not in the least mind blowing upon others. Their average of life may be extremely short, but what does that matter, so long as it is a merry one? At the late Cutlers' Feast, EARL FITZWILLIAM stated that, in consequence of the dense smoke round Sheffield, all the big trees were fast disappearing from its neighbourhood. We should rather be inclined to doubt that fact in the presence of the above gigantic hoax. If there is any display of pictures in the town, these poor Commissioners might be exhibited, and appropriately labelled in the corner, "SOLD." Having found out to their cost how excessively sharp these young filers are, they will be very cautious for the future how they handle them. With sparks of humour irradiating thus profusely from their wheels, instead of growing prematurely old, they should with every turn they give the wheel be ground young again. In the meantime, who ever would have suspected that that the Abode of Fun was to be found in a grim, smoky, dusty, sniffy, blinding, deafening, steel-fork grinding shop at Sheffield?

THE CANINE SPECIE.—A return has lately been published of the Dog-Tax. Does it include the "Jolly Dogs" we have heard rather too much of? If they are not taxed, our patience is.

MR. HOMEGREEN ON THE DROUGHT.

SITCH weather as we've had this two months past
I never know'd in all my life afoor.
I wonders how much longer ut ool last,
And when we he to haa some rain once moor.

As Scotchy sez in that are murderun play,
I gins to be aweary o' the zun,
As keeps a shinun on vrom day to day,
And wishes this here tajus drought was done.

The trees be powdered over all wi' dust,
As bad amost as livery-footmen's heads.
O' moonlight nights you'd fancy, like, at fust,
The white was frost upon the barns and sheds.

As for the turmuts, they be done for, some,
As 'tis; I s'pose there wun't he nare a crop.
The mangold, too, bids foul to turn out rum,
'Tis sitch a while since they've had are a drop.

The darth o' roots must tell upon the stock;
And then the hay was no great shakes this year.
'Twood be a tryun time for drove and flock,
And mate, no douht, 'ool goo on gettun dear.

Well, there, if prices rises, to be sure,
'Tis broad as ut is long, or thereabout,
So fur, the cattle-plag is uts own cure;
And that's our consolation for the drought.

Then there's the pigs a payun well in parts,
The young uns, hereabouts, they fetches, now,
At laste a pound each—bless their little hearts!
Happy the man as owns a good old sow.

But, howsomever, if the sky 'ood change,
No doubt hut what 'twould be the best for all;
This brightness out o' sazon do sim strange:
The clouds 'ool he relief when comes rainfall.

There han't a bin, this last September, what
I thinks you calls the Aquanoctial gales;
Instead o' which we've had it dry and hot
Just then when mostly storms and showers prevails.

Well, soon or late, and very soon, may be,
Afoor what I'm a writun can be read,
The heavens all blue, from clouds that's now so free,
May turn all black as this here ink instead.

And when the wet do come, 'tis ten to one
That cats and dogs will tumble down in showers;
Because a truer sayun there is none
Than that it never rains but what it powers.

THE HEALTH OF THE METROPOLIS.

OUR own Private Officer (no less an officer because Private) deputed by our own Board of Health (need we say our carefully-provided dinner-table?), has furnished us with the following Report:—

"People residing in the neighbourhood of the Monument should in this hot weather be cautious. *The Monument is very high.* Let the authorities look to it. (We saw a policeman looking at it, but that's not the same thing.)

"The residents in the Temple complain that *the City is very close.* Now, if it is close to *them*, what must it be to the inhabitants of Cheapside and Cornhill? More air.

"Near Commercial Road East, in a populous locality, the inattention of the authorities is most reprehensible. *There is a dead wall* in this neighbourhood, in the open street, close by the pavement, and no steps have been taken for its removal. (We saw some one taking steps in this direction, but it was the Lamplighter.)"

"Similia Similibus!"

WE read that "a new process of Photographing on Wood" has been patented. It is found to be specially adapted for all blockheads, and the members of different Boards. Persons who are plain, however, object to this new style of portraiture, for fear that they might, should the wood be in the least ill-grained, come out a deal plainer.

TO MY ABSENT HUSBAND.



ELL me, EDWARD, dost re-
member
How at breakfast often we,
Put our bacon in the tea-pot
While we took and fried our
tea?

How we went to evening
parties
On gigantic brewer's drays?
How you wore your coats
as trousers,
In those happy happy days?

How we used to pocket ices
When a modest lunch we
bought?
Quaff the foaming Aber-
nethy,
Masticate the crusty port?

How we fished in deep sea
water
For the barbel, tench and
carp?

Wore our rings upon our pencils
While we cut our fingers sharp?

How we cleaned our boots with sherry
While we drank the blacking dry?
How we quite forgot to pay for
Articles we used to buy?

How, a ruffian prosecuting
Who'd been swindled, so he said.
We appeared at the Old Bailey,
And were done ourselves instead?

PITY THE POOR PARTRIDGE SHOOTERS!

MY DEAR SMITH,

WHEN *Hamlet* wished his "too, too solid flesh would melt," he should have tried a few days' shooting in such sunshine as we lucky dogs have recently been roasted in. The oldest sportsmen never knew such a sweltering September. The thermometer has been standing at 90° in the shade of the biggest mangelwurzels. And such whoppers there are this year! at least in Mangelwuzzelshire. I constantly was buried to my armpits in their leaves, and, my stature being short, I was really half afraid of a complete interment. Once, forgetting where I was, I screamed for the police to come to my assistance; and I wildly fired my gun as a signal of distress. But all I got by the explosion was another one—of wrath—on the part of my companions; who told me I had spoiled a lovely point the dog was making, and had caused a splendid covey to rise clean out of shot. I solemnly assured them that, standing where I did, I could not see the pointer, and so it was no wonder that I did not see the point. But they did not seem to see the point of my remark, and the keeper muttered something about "might as well go home," which, as there was beer there, I thought we really might.

This was the only covey that we saw this day; and indeed, in the respect of our not seeing many birds, any one day of the week was just like any other. They seemed to have swallowed fern seed, and so made themselves invisible; or else they got into the rabbit holes to get out of the heat, or sat up in the oak trees, where no pointer could get scent of them. Partridges apparently object to being roasted, baked, or grilled, before they are shot; and whenever in hot weather they play at hide-and-seek with you, it is most difficult to find them. With the exception of the signal of distress that I have mentioned, I only fired my gun off six times in six days; and, although my aim is usually unerring, it happened that the temperature quite neutralised its accuracy. Wonderful as it may seem, I did not bag one bird of all the six I shot at! So extraordinary a fact deserves to be recorded, and in the cause of science I do not hesitate to mention it. Several theories were adduced to account for the phenomenon, and some, although ingenious, were barely complimentary. For instance, one young friend suggested that possibly I missed because "the sun was in my eyes," by which he meant that I had taken too much beer at luncheon. Another playfully alleged that the partridges escaped, because I shut my eyes while shooting, which was the fact on one occasion I candidly admit, for exactly at the moment when I raised my gun to shoot, a little fly flew up my nose and made me want to sneeze, and somehow I am always forced to shut my eyes while sneezing. My own idea is, that the heat

was so intense that the shot was melted instantly on leaving the muzzle of the gun, and being fused thus, fell to earth directly in a semi-liquid state, or if it reached the birds, it singed their feathers merely, and was far too soft to penetrate.

So, my dear fellow, you see, the sad truth must be owned, that birds of my own shooting I had really none to send you; and indeed if I had bagged any, the weather was so hot, I should have scarcely dared to send them. My friends, whose shot I fancy was harder than my own, and not so liable to melt, contrived after vast labour to get a few brace every day; but I thought you would best relish the birds I shot myself, and so I waited in the hope of seeing some that I could shoot. For fear of its not keeping, we ate up every day for dinner nearly all the game we bagged, and then consumed at breakfast the small remnant that was left. So you see it really was not possible to send off any birds; for with the cattle disease about us, we dared not eat much beef or mutton, and if we had sent our game away, we might have very nearly starved ourselves.

I trust this candid explanation will fully satisfy your mind that I have not forgotten you, or the promise that I made, which I hope, weather permitting, to keep next season without fail.

Meanwhile, pray believe me, yours most sincerely, glad to have returned to London, dull and dismal as it is, when every one is out of it,

CHARLES AUGUSTUS CRACKSHOT.

SCENES IN THE WEDDING RING.

HERE are some entertainments that we little suspected were taking place daily in the wedding ring:—

YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND, OR WIFE'S, TRUE CARTE DE VISITE.—MONSIEUR BLAGUE, the celebrated French Astrologer, will send the true Carte de Visite of your Intended, with Name, Age, and Date of Marriage for Sixteen Stamps. State age and sex. Send stamped directed envelope.—Address "M." &c., &c., &c.

How the Clown to the above Ring must laugh in his sleeve at the fools who patronise his entertainment! We wonder whose photograph he conjures up for their delusion? It may be MÜLLER, or DR. PRITCHARD, or some female impostor, or malefactor, whose portraits he has picked up as a cheap lot. The simpleton, who sent his sixteen stamps, would never be any the wiser. The cry was, a short time ago, that no one could marry under £300 a year. The completest contradiction to that high-priced estimate is the above advertisement, wherein it appears that any one can procure a husband, or a wife, for the low figure of one-and-fourpence! What amuses us in MONSIEUR BLAGUE's announcement is, that nothing is hinted about the chances of rejection. Once armed with the *carte de visite* of your intended, the most timid Irishman, the most nervous widow, can propose with every certainty of success. It would be a long-lived disappointment, however, to the poor DULCINEA who, believing thoroughly in the matrimonial validity of the photographed MÜLLER, wandered patiently through the world, in the hopes of meeting with her future husband! In only one respect do we find fault with MONSIEUR BLAGUE. Having given the name, and the age, and the date, &c., why not have gone a little further, and have promised to furnish the fire of the eyes, the luxuriance of the whiskers, the architecture of the nose, the longitude of the purse, the texture of the hair, and many other particulars most interesting "to persons about to marry?" We are strongly tempted to enter into competition with this "celebrated French astrologer," and to beat him out of the field by outbidding him.

As a proof that we mean mischief, we beg to inform MONSIEUR BLAGUE, that we have forwarded his real name and address (at least those as given by him in his advertisements) to the Mendicity Society. He may thank his lucky stars, if he is not taken up, before the week is over, for obtaining money under false pretences. It is a question also, whether the proprietors of provincial newspapers, who insert the mendacious advertisements of this "celebrated French astrologer," might not similarly be taken into custody for aiding and abetting him in his nefarious practices. The next *Carte de Visite* they should deal with ought to be the Police Van.

A ST. PATRICK IN PETTICOATS.

A FRENCH woman has been earning many hundreds of francs by destroying vipers. It appears that she possesses a wondrous skill in finding out the hiding place of all poisonous reptiles, and of then attracting them to the surface, when she can do what she pleases with them. Why does not the English Government engage her services, and send her to Ireland? She might be profitably employed there in tracing out the various dark haunts of the Fenians, and hunting them from spot to spot, succeed in either destroying them, or else driving them effectually out of the country—thereby saving an infinity of trouble to the constabulary, the magistracy, the judges and juries, and all legal functionaries, including, it may be, the assistance of a gentleman, who generally "hangs out" at the Old Bailey.



SWEET DELUSION.

Chorus of Young Ladies (speaking technically). "No SPOONING, MR. LOVEL! NO SPOONING ALLOWED HERE!"

Miss Tabitha (with the long Curls). "THOSE NAUGHTY, N-N-NAUGHTY GIRLS! I SUPPOSE THEY ALLUDE TO YOU AND ME, MR. LOVEL. BUT, LOR! NEVER MIND THEM!—I DON'T."

"MY FOOT IS ON MY NATIVE HEATH,
AND MY NAME IS—JENKINS!"

"OUR JENKINS, *Punch's* JENKINS, is not dead." He has neither been translated into the seventh heavens by chronicling LORD GRANVILLE'S wedding for the *Times*, nor sunk below the nether deep by the heavy sarcasms of the *Saturday Review*. JENKINS is immortal; and like Brahma hath many *avatars*. Following the fashion of those nobles of the land whom he loves, JENKINS is *on the moors*! Yes, he is at this present writing incarnate in a Scottish body—called there "buddy"—and wears the grey kilt and blue bonnet of the *Gillie*. But even there and thus attired, instead of rifle or spy-glass, he wields the immortal pen, wherewith he stalks a statelier game than even the great red-deer—the princes of the Land! Hark to the crack of the well-known weapon!

"On Friday last, a grand deer drive took place in the forest of Abergeldie. To the wooded profile of Craig Yoniso the antlered monarchs were driven from the sheltered dales and corries around. Capital sport was had by the PRINCE OF WALES and party, amongst whom was the Chief of Invercauld, the gallant COLONEL FARQUHARSON, who shot down two fine stags as the swaying herd swept past. Bang, bang, went the PRINCE OF WALES'S rifle, and other two noble stags bit the dust, and rolled dead in the blooming purple heather. Other two stags fell, one of which was killed by the youthful MR. PHIPPS. On the home route two pretty roebucks were shot by the party, which concluded the day's sport."

This is something *like* word-painting. How the scene rises before us. The "antlered monarchs" driven to "the wooded profile of Craig Yoniso."—OSSIAN, by heavens!—the grim suspense and murderous aim of the Chief of Invercauld, the gallant FARQUHARSON, "as the swaying herd sweeps past"—the "bang! bang!" of the Prince's rifle—the noble stags performing that *kotow* to a Prince which JENKINS loves, and winding up their rapid act of submission by the well-known feats of "biting the dust," and "rolling over in the purple heather!"

Then how instinct with the delicately discriminated Jenkinsian colour, is the *rallentando* movement. "Other two stags fell, one of which was killed by the youthful MR. PHIPPS." It would take a column of comment to bring out all the subtlety of compliment, the

latent grace of suggestion, in this short sentence. Observe, the stags that fall to the rifle of the Prince are "noble;" not so the creatures that succumb to the more plebeian bullets of the suite—they are "stags" simple, and unadorned. Nor are their deaths of the ornately respectful kind practised by the happy quadrupeds who are honoured by the Prince's ball in their briskets. They "bite the dust," and "roll over in the purple heather;" the stags killed by the commonalty content themselves with "falling." Then note the sense of that dignified courtesy which should enshrine all belonging to a Court in "the youthful MR. PHIPPS"—not "PHIPPS Junior," nor "Young PHIPPS," nor even "Young MR. PHIPPS," but "the Youthful MR. PHIPPS!"

This is how history should be written! Touched thus by a master-hand, what delicacies of respect may be conveyed by language—how tropes and figures, epithets and idioms, nay plain adjectives and substantives, may be compelled to pay homage to rank and station, and to bow them down at the shrine of Snobocracy, of which JENKINS is the high-priest!

Complementary Colours.

THE Irish Republic which the Fenian traitors conspired to establish, may, if regarded with reference to its objects, be considered a Red Republic. Contemplated, however, with a view to the means and measures whereby the conspirators proposed to effect their design, the projected Republic of the Emerald Isle assumes a tint in character with that of the gem which is associated with the name of Erin. Although it found no favour with the Irish nation, it wore the national colour. The Fenian Irish Republic was a Green Republic.

NOT A DRY JOKE.

MOVED by the perusal of DR. DRUITT'S Report on Light Wines, the other day we partook of some excellent Hungarian wine, called Ofner Auslese. A better judge than joker had the courage to remark in our hearing, that what he had to say of the Ofner Auslese was, the oftener a fellow could drink it the better.



CARBINE PRACTICE.

SANDY MCGUTTLE AND A FRIEND OF HIS MARKING IN BUTT. OFFICER IN CHARGE OF SQUAD AT THE SHOOTING-RANGE WONDERS WHY THE DEUCE THEY DON'T SIGNAL THAT LAST SHOT. HE HAS ALSO GRAVE DOUBTS ABOUT THE NUMBER OF BULLS'-EYES ALREADY RECORDED.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

At the Sheffield Meeting the following Papers were omitted to be read, owing to want of time, loss of manuscript, illegibility of handwriting, nervousness, pleasant excursions, approach of dinner, and other causes.

LAW.

On "The Reformatory System as applied to hardened Conservatives."
On "Juries' prudence, as exemplified in some wonderful verdicts."
On "The Law of Storms." By a Married Sexagenarian.

EDUCATION.

On "Political Arithmetic, proving the common calculation that two and two make four to be a vulgar error." By an Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer.

HEALTH.

"What is the explanation of this contradiction? Young ladies who can gallop and waltz through a long ball are unable to take a country walk of two miles."

On "The 'Grinderpest,' or, Street organist."

On "The Restlessness of Government Clerks at 3:30 P.M."

"What will MISS GARRETT be called in common speech? A Medical 'woman'?"

On "The Injurious Effects of Cold Meat three days running."

"To Smoke or not to Smoke; with thoughts on the pipe, the cigar, and the judicious Hookah."

ECONOMY AND TRADE.

On "The Decrease in Crinoline as affecting the Sheffield trade."

"Where the family is large and the means small, how would you settle the following points of domestic economy?"

1. Would you have your dresses made in the house, or from home?
2. Would you have the bread and butter cut in the kitchen, or the loaf brought up?

THE RETURN.

FROM MY BERTH.

THE big Channel steamer is rolling exceedingly,
Frenchmen around me are bilious and fat,
And prone on the floor are behaving unheedingly,
It's a "sick transit," but never mind that!

There's pleasure in feeling so coldly and clammy,
Joy in the needles and pins in my leg;
Pleasure in watching that foreigner's family
Eating stick chocolate mixed with hard egg.

There's joy in the berthing that's managed so scurvily,
Pleasure in each individual lurch;
Joy in the pitching about topsy-turvily,
Fun in the custom-house officers' search!

For I'm tired of long *table-d'hôte*-ing formalities,
Sick of my costly devotion to "red;"
I'm weary of fathoming gambling fatalities,
Long for a night in a big British bed!

For whenever I visit the bad Baden rookery,
Dreams that I dream have a single key-note;
That I'm fastened, in fetters of cast-iron cookery,
Down to a complex *roulette-table-d'hôte*!

I grieve for my tub and its naked simplicity,
(Grief that they ask me to drown in a "bowl"!)
And this is ascribed to inborn eccentricity—
"*Tiens donc ces Anglais! mais comme ils sont drôles!*"

Tired am I of the sea-bathing merman-y,
Tired am I of the *sabot* and *blouse*,
Tired am I of the natives of Germany,
Tired am I of the noisy Mossoos!

After for weeks of my presence bereaving you,
London, to rush to your bosom I yearn.
You remember the jokes that I uttered on leaving you?
'Twice as delighted, my boy, to return.

An Omission.

In the usual October introductory addresses to Medical Students no mention was made of the circumstance that when doctors, like all other men, undergo midnight harangues from their wives, they are not called Curtin, but Clinical, Lectures.

3. Would you have the beer on tap, or fetched from round the corner as required?
4. Would you have the washing done at home, or put out? If put out, which is the cheapest arrangement, by the dozen or the quarter?"

On "The Degeneracy of Domestic Servants as regards early rising, with a glance at the best means of awakening them to a sense of duty—and to light the kitchen fire."

On "The Decline of some old Usages:—

1. Looking under the bed at night.
2. Taking wine at dinner.
3. Going down on your knees to make an offer.
4. Wearing night-caps.
5. Wearing Mackintoshes.
6. Taking snuff.
7. Having your bed warmed."

On "The Predominance of Steak in Pigeon Pie, with reflections on the curious idiosyncrasy that prompts so many idiots to say they prefer the steak to the pigeon."

On "The Tailor's Best Friend—the Anti-Macassar."

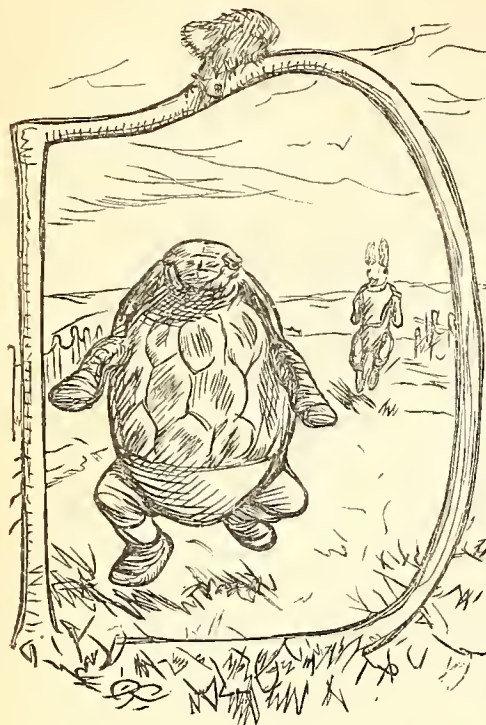
On "Some Popular Fallacies:—

1. That second-class railway travelling is as comfortable as first.
2. That electro-plate looks as good as silver.
3. That cheap gloves answer. (What do they say?)
4. What a 'turned' dress looks as good as new.
5. That you can hardly tell the difference between an alpaca and a silk umbrella."

Criticism as Understood by all but Critics.

TRUE criticism, when it praises, is only a correct appreciation of the meaning of the author; but the moment it begins to find fault, it degenerates from its high functions, and sinks into vulgar abuse.

FROM A VALUED CONTRIBUTOR.



Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Though our respective positions are now very different from what they were when I last wrote to you, I have no desire to make you feel the distance which exists between us, and I address you politely and even playfully as heretofore. It is not probable that you will have many opportunities of being tempted to take advantage of my affability, as, though I shall always be glad to hear that you are conducting yourself well, and prospering, the rules of society will prevent our being intimate for the future. It is due to you that I should state what has occurred, so that your own good sense may prompt you to assume a befitting social attitude in regard to myself.

My last letter, dated from Drumnadrochit, apprised you that I was in retirement at that delightful locality, and was seeking communion with the Spirit of Nature. It is probable that some very remarkable literary compositions would have resulted, had I remained in yonder Glen. It is a place for the Poet-Philosopher. A short walk from the Drumnadrochit Inn (the admirable hostess does well to retain the good old word of "kindest welcome") takes you into sequestered glades of deepest shade, where you hear no sound but the voice of rivers, the song of birds, and the fizzing of your own fuses. Or, if you will, you may ascend a lofty and cragged hill in the rear of your inn, and, on yonder rock reclining your fierce and swarthy form behold, and you have a glorious prospect of mountain and valley, the blue Loch Ness on your left, Mealfourvie, giant of the Seafield star, before you, and to your right a noble group of mountains studding the scene to the west. The midges will not bite you much, at least not very much, if you smoke plentifully. If hungry, which it is difficult to be after Highland meals, there are heaps of what we call blackberries, but which the Scots call brambles, and whereof they make a jelly, which is tolerable. I mention all details, for nothing escapes the true artist—it is your smatterer who dwells in slovenly generalities. HOMER tells you of the nail on which the hero hangs his sword.

Believe me if all those endearing old charms which I gazed on while squat in yon brae had been permitted to exert their influence on my naturally romantic and impressionable nature, I should have produced a poem which would have been Some, as my American friends say. I found myself unconsciously turning my mind to lyrical construction, and constantly inventing rhymes to the names of the mountains and other prominent objects around me. This showed that poetic inspiration was coming—that the tripod was steaming for the Sibyl. Drumnadrochit itself had been a good deal rhymed to by ingenious persons who had inscribed poems in the visitors' book at the inn. (MR. JOHN BRIGHT, by the way, has written verses therein, and they do credit to his humanity and also to his ear.) Pocket occurs rather promptly in aid of the bard, and so does *Lucy Lockit*. But Mealfourvie was rather a staggerer, and I was reminded of another distinguished author who designed a poem on the Mediterranean Sea, but gave it up because the name would not come into heroic verse. The name of the mountain means a heavy lump on a dull Moor, and might therefore apply to the severe criticism you might inflict on a bad performance of *Othello*. I was one afternoon reposing in the shades and coverts hid from day, and meditating an ode on the eclipse of the moon (which occurred on the previous night, and was caused by the shadow of the earth being projected upon the lesser planet) when a beautiful Highland maiden stood before me. My story does not connect itself with the history of this damsel, therefore spare the sneer which I already behold forming itself upon the editorial lip. You speak falsely. I am not forty-four, and my hair is not grey—not very grey—and if both assertions were true, they are nothing to the purpose. A man's age is what he feels. Is LORD PALMERSTON old? Are you young? But I repeat that I have not a love story to relate upon the present occasion, though, were my adventures truthfully told, which they never shall be, it might be found that I had not been less fortunate in securing the virtuous admiration of the other sex than many who talk constantly of such things, and ostentatiously wear hair watch-guards and photographic lockets.

"A gentleman was wanting you," said the bright-eyed and dark-haired maiden.

"Does he want me still, MARGARET?" I replied, with a pleasant smile.

"In your room," returned MARGARET.

"And I, with poetic negligence, have left all my papers lying on the table," said I, "and he will see that confidential letter from LORD P—N, who writes such a great big hand that the most delicately-minded visitor could not help seeing what he says about GL—E."

"Toddy," said MARGARET, who hates to wear out her words by using too many of them.

"'Tis well, MARGARET," I said, "*Thoir dounbh pooag*."

Gracefully, modestly, she received my paternal salute upon her brow, and retired. She will tell her great-grandchildren, in their Highland home, that at the age of nine she had been honoured by a kiss from the great EPICURUS ROTUNDUS, the Saxon Poet-Philosopher.

To spring from my rocky seat, snatch my long Highland hooked staff, and bound away, like a deer of the region, down the perilous glen, to cross the bridge, and to dash up the road until I gained my inn, might have been the work of ten minutes, if I had hurried myself, but as I never do, I was home in about half an hour. Ascending to my drawing-room, I found a gentleman awaiting me, and, as little MARGARET had hinted, beguiling the interval with the Wine of the Country.

"Your health in a Dram, Sir," he said, as I entered.

This phrase, Sir, is now used far and wide over the Highlands. It was invented, it seems, about five years ago by some frivolous contributor of yours who visited, or says he visited, this inn at Drumnadrochit, and who wrote to you in its praise. ANDERSON'S *Guide to the Highlands* says, "At the mouth of Glen Urquhart there is a large and excellent inn, Drumnadrochit, long a favourite, but now still better known to fame by a letter from ***** to *Punch*." And that dispatch is still written of, in Scottish newspapers, as the "famous letter." Your contributor, whoever he was, need not, if he still exists, be particularly proud of this, for the Durham Letter and many other State papers are as well known in history as the Drumnadrochit Letter. And this phrase about the dram, was, it seems, introduced in a ridiculous manner into the document in question.

"You are very good," I said, loftily, and with that icy intonation which effectually chills the presumptuous.

"I hope to show myself moderately so," he replied, humbly.

Instantly softening, I expressed my regret that I had detained him, and begged to know in what way I could be of use to him.

"I must preface my answer with a little narrative, Sir," he said.

"I do not want any steel pens, any water-colour drawings, or any Commentary on the Scriptures to be published in 75 numbers, and paid for in advance, mind that," I said, myself mindful of sells which are constantly attempted at what was my London residence.

"But I have nothing to sell you," he replied.

This made me more distrustful.

"I am not going to save a virtuous tradesman from ruin by advancing ten pounds on a pianoforte that can be shown to have cost a hundred and eighty guineas, money to be returned with fifty per cent. interest the day after to-morrow."

"But I do not need to borrow," he said.

"I subscribe to nothing except the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Opera," I said, very sternly.

"You owe me no subscription, as *King Lear* observes," was his reply.

Well, I thought that I had taken sufficient care of myself by this time, so I said that I should be happy to hear what he had to say.

"You will be happier still, Sir, I hope, when you shall have heard me," says he.

"Why, yes, Sir, one is always glad when a story is over," says I.

"That is not my meaning, Sir," he replied, smiling. "Will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"Certainly. In fact, I don't see how I can hinder you, except by running out of the room. I shall answer it or not, of course, as may seem good unto me."

"Then I would ask, Sir, whether you remember travelling on the Great Northern Railway on the 6th of August, last year?"

"I have a reason for remembering that date, and I know that I was travelling on the line and day you mention."

"Do you, Sir, also recollect that at a certain place you saw a number of men digging in a field near the line, and that you kindly flung down a newspaper to them?"

"It may be so. I am always doing kind things, and seldom get thanked for them, except by my own approving conscience."

"There will be an exception in this case, Sir. I was one of those workmen. The paper fell nearest to me. For that reason, and because I could lick any of the others, and because I was the only one who could read, it was decided that I should have the paper. It is here."

He produced from a velvet cover, richly jewelled, an excessively dirty and crumpled copy of one of your contemporaries.

"This is it."

"You were very welcome to the paper," I said. "I am sure that I should not have thrown it out unless I had quite done with it."

"Sir," he said, "there was Fate in the act, and you were the agent

of Fate. That paper fell at the feet of the man whom a paragraph, presently read by him, announced as the Heir to an Estate of Seven Millions of Money. I am that Heir!"

"I am glad to hear that air," said I, with much ready wit.

"And I have traced you out at last. Those noble features were imprinted on my memory at a glance, and I recognise the beaming smile that accompanied the priceless gift. Half of my fortune is yours."

"I should prefer two-thirds," I said, laughing, "but we'll talk about it."

I rang the bell. It was instantly answered.

"MAGGIE! You will request MRS. WELLS to continue sending up whiskey and hot water until further notice."

The *séance* was long. My tale shall be short. I am a Millionnaire. I have purchased the best house in Grosvenor Square, and one of the county Members (they toss up which) retires, as I wish to come into Parliament. Nevertheless, I remain,

Your sincere friend,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

A NIGHT IN CHINA.

(With a Friend or two.)



HE music of the Spheres is often referred to. If it is like the music of the Celestials, as given to the world by M. OFFENBACH in *Ching-Chow-Hi*, why let not MR. GERMAN REED lose a minute in producing it at the Gallery of Illustration.

I should have enjoyed my night with OFFENBACH amazingly, had it not been for the learned friend who accompanied me to the Adelphi last week, and another friend who came with my learned friend. One of them "knew all about it, and had seen it before—twice," and the other had not only never seen it, but, having been a long time in the country, had never even visited the Gallery during the present *régime*. This

latter gentleman was firmly impressed with the conviction that every one was either a MR. or MRS. GERMAN REED or MR. JOHN PARRY. My enjoyment was marred somewhat in this fashion:—

Overture over, Curtain rising, discovers a beautiful Chinese Landscape.

First Friend (who has seen it before, leaning against me). Capitally painted, isn't it? (As if I couldn't see this for myself. However, I say "Yes," and hope that there's an end of it.)

Second Friend (who knows nothing about anything, and has lost his programme). Have you got a bill? (I hand it to him in silence.)

Enter Three Chinamen, dancing and singing. I laugh, and am pleased.

First Friend (taking advantage of my good-humour). Isn't that good? Eh? (I am perfectly aware of its merits, and go on trying to enjoy myself. He continues, speaking, as the Stage-books have it, "through music.") Just ask What's-his-Name (he means Friend No. 2) what he thinks of it.

Myself (nodding and smiling towards the stage, as if I saw somebody there I knew). All right. H-s-s-s-h! (This is said sotto voce, and deprecatingly.)

(The Three Chinamen have been singing a Chorus all this time.)

Friend No. 2 (who has been muddling himself by reading the names in the first part of the bill). Who are these? Eh? (alluding to Chinamen). That's not GERMAN REED, is it?

Myself. No, no. (I point to the bill, and am silently explanatory.)

Friend No. 1. (to me, curiously). Whom did he think it was?

Myself. H-s-s-s-h!

Friend No. 2. (to whom it appears the bill is of as much use as if printed in Hebrew, points to MR. SHAW, who is playing the Chinese Emperor, and says) WHIFFIN's very good, isn't he?

Myself. That's SHAW! (Friend consults his bill, and thinks which is PARRY.)

Friend No. 1 (accompanying the music with a low hum, and directing it with his right forefinger). Tum tum tum tum, tum tum tum too, tum tum tum tum, tum tum tum too. Ah, charming! Beautiful!

Myself (forced into enthusiasm). Yes—beautiful!

Friend No. 2. That SHAW (alluding to WHIFFIN) is admirable.

Self. That's WHIFFIN. (Friend No. 2 consults his bill.)

Friend No. 1 (applauds MISS HENDERSON). AUGUSTA THOMPSON used to sing that part.

Myself (nods quickly, as much as to say, "I knew that.")

Friend No. 1. Tum tum ti tum! Now, you'll hear the most charming thing. (Leans across me, and addresses No. 2) You'll hear something now that will delight you.

Friend No. 2 (not exactly catching his meaning). Eh? What? WHIFFIN, is it?

Myself (considerably inconvenienced). No; it's a quartette—SHAW and—

Friend No. 2. Oh, not WHIFFIN?

Myself (bothered). Oh, yes—no—

Gentleman in seat behind. Sssssh!

The Quartette is in process of execution, and I am enjoying it, when—

Friend No. 1 (thinking to enforce its beauties). There! Now the reprise! (Turns towards me, opens his eyes and mouth, and hums the REPRISÉ somewhere down in his throat.)

Friend No. 2 (after vainly studying the bill). When does MRS. GERMAN REED come on?

Myself (impatiently). They don't appear.

Friend No. 1 (stopping in his tum tum tum). What's he say? (Giving up his interest in the question, exhorts us.) Now this movement, it's a gem; quite a gem. (Leaning over to Friend No. 2.) Best thing OFFENBACH has written.

Friend No. 2 (vaguely). Yes? (Inquiringly.) For SHAW? (Explaining while they both lean across me.) Written for SHAW? (Looking towards WHIFFIN.)

Friend No. 1 (not understanding him). No; OFFENBACH.

Friend No. 2 (to myself, rebukingly). Why, you said SHAW!

Myself (wishing they'd be quiet). No; that's WHIFFIN.

Friend No. 2. That's OFFENBACH? (meaning WHIFFIN.)

Myself (repressing my temper heroically). No, no—SHAW's singing, I mean WHIFFIN's singing what SHAW—(louder) I mean it's OFFENBACH's music, produced originally in Paris, and brought over here by—

Friend No. 2. By SHAW. Oh, yes, I see. Where's JOHN PARRY? Two or three People behind. Sssh!

THE MACADAM OF PARIS.

"GENTLY over the stones" is an admonition which the state of the roads in and about London, at intervals not too long, constantly impresses on everybody who rides a horse or drives a vehicle. Gently over the stones, JEHU, unless you can manage to drive by them at your own pace, between them and the footway, which you are commonly prevented from doing by logs of wood, or masses of rock, obstructing the side of the road that has not been mended. As you go gently over the stones, rough angular pieces of granite, you contribute in some small degree towards crushing them into a passable state, under the wheels of your carriage and the feet of your horses, on which, in the meanwhile, they inflict a large measure of damage. You and your cattle alike suffer from a barbarous arrangement, which combines churlishness to man with cruelty to animals. How long, ye Commissioners of Works, and ye Local Powers, will you persist in this hoggish brutality? Cannot you do, as well as Frenchmen, what is thus described by the correspondent of the *Post* at Paris?—

"Steam scavengers and 'macadamiers,' having been found to answer their purpose extremely well in the streets of Paris, we have now in daily operation a steam-roller for crushing the stones and levelling and consolidating the roads."

Do you doubt, gentlemen, so to call you, that a steam-roller is a thing more suitable to crush stones with than carriage-wheels and the feet of horses are? Then read on:—

"This powerful machine weighs about 14,000 kilogrammes, and is now being worked with the utmost facility on the Pont Royal, making the ascents and descents without the least difficulty."

Considering the weight necessary to overcome the resistance offered by stones to the agent of crushing them, you must see that a steam-roller would constitute an appliance for performing that process considerably better adapted for it, and more effectual besides, than at least your own carriages, or your own horses.

Know also that two men, an engine-driver and a stoker, suffice to work the Parisian steam-roller, so that the employment of that contrivance would be in no wise objectionable, even to penny-wisdom or parochial economy. And when you are told that it is found not to frighten the horses whose feet it saves, you are deprived of all excuse that negligence, indifference, and pigheadedness could allege for not managing this matter of macadamising, as well as it, among other matters, is managed in France. If the French were our natural enemies, instead of being our natural allies, the maxim *fas est et ab hoste doceri* might admonish you to learn of them how to mend your ways.



PRETTY INNOCENT!

Little Jessie. "MAMMA! WHY DO ALL THE TUNNELS SMELL SO STRONG OF BRANDY?"

[The Lady in the middle never was fond of Children, and thinks she never met a Child she disliked more than this one.]

THE FENIAN BOYS IN A FIX.

OCH, bad luck to the dhrink that bedivilled our rason,
An' degraded us down to the level uv bastes,
Or we wouldn't have played the low game uv high trason,
An' conspired to desthroy all the gintry and praists.

It was fun for a boy to rehearse insurrection
Overnight, but the evenin's amusement, he feels,
Won't at all at all bear the next mornin's reflection,
When he wakes up an' finds himself laid by the heels.

Thin he says to himself, Without cause to turn thraitor,
What a big fool, an' jackass, bedad, I have been!
Just through takin' too much of a dhrop o' the cratur;
An' the headache I've got, divil fetch the potheen!

There was thraitors 'mongst thraitors when dhrunk and deluded,
We were larned in the goose-step to practise our legs,
Or on plots uv rebellion an' massacre brooded,
Like the geese that sits tryin' to hatch addled eggs.

Ah, the base dhirty blackgyards! 'twas false that they played us,
For they pached on their own pot-companions in guilt.
To the Governmint Judases went an' bethrayed us;
There was no blood but only the buttermilk spilt.

All us boys in our brogues might have doomed been to dyin',
With our heels in the air or our heads upon blocks;
An' JACK KETCH round our necks hemp cravats might be tyin';
Whereas now we've got only aitch fut in the stocks.

But it's sorrow enough to sit here in our places,
While derision exclaims, "Sing us *Green above Red*;"
An' malicious photographers takes off our faces:
Phoo! what signifies that whilst I keep on my head?

A FEARFUL WARNING.

WE copy the following from an amusing American paper, called the *New York Saturday Express* :—

"The Fenians are obtaining a foothold in Dublin, and there is some prospect, therefore, that the beautiful city will soon be 'governed by the Irish.' Our Dublin friends who have visited New York, and seen how splendidly the Irish govern here, must be delighted."

Our Transatlantic well-wisher will have found out by this time that the only "foothold" the Fenians have obtained in Dublin has been in the law courts. The Irish rowdies are always complaining that they are ill-governed. We will not be so malicious as to wish that the day may ever arrive when they shall have an opportunity of being governed by themselves. As to how they govern others, we would point to the excesses, the abuses, the endless acts of corruption in the New York State, and which shameless acts are mainly attributable to the influence the Irish rowdies exercise over the city and other elections. Frightened by the example of their brethren in America, we think it will be a long time before Dublin thinks of crying out, "New York, you're wanted." Even JOHN BRIGHT himself, we imagine, would object to any of our institutions being Hibernico-Americanised.

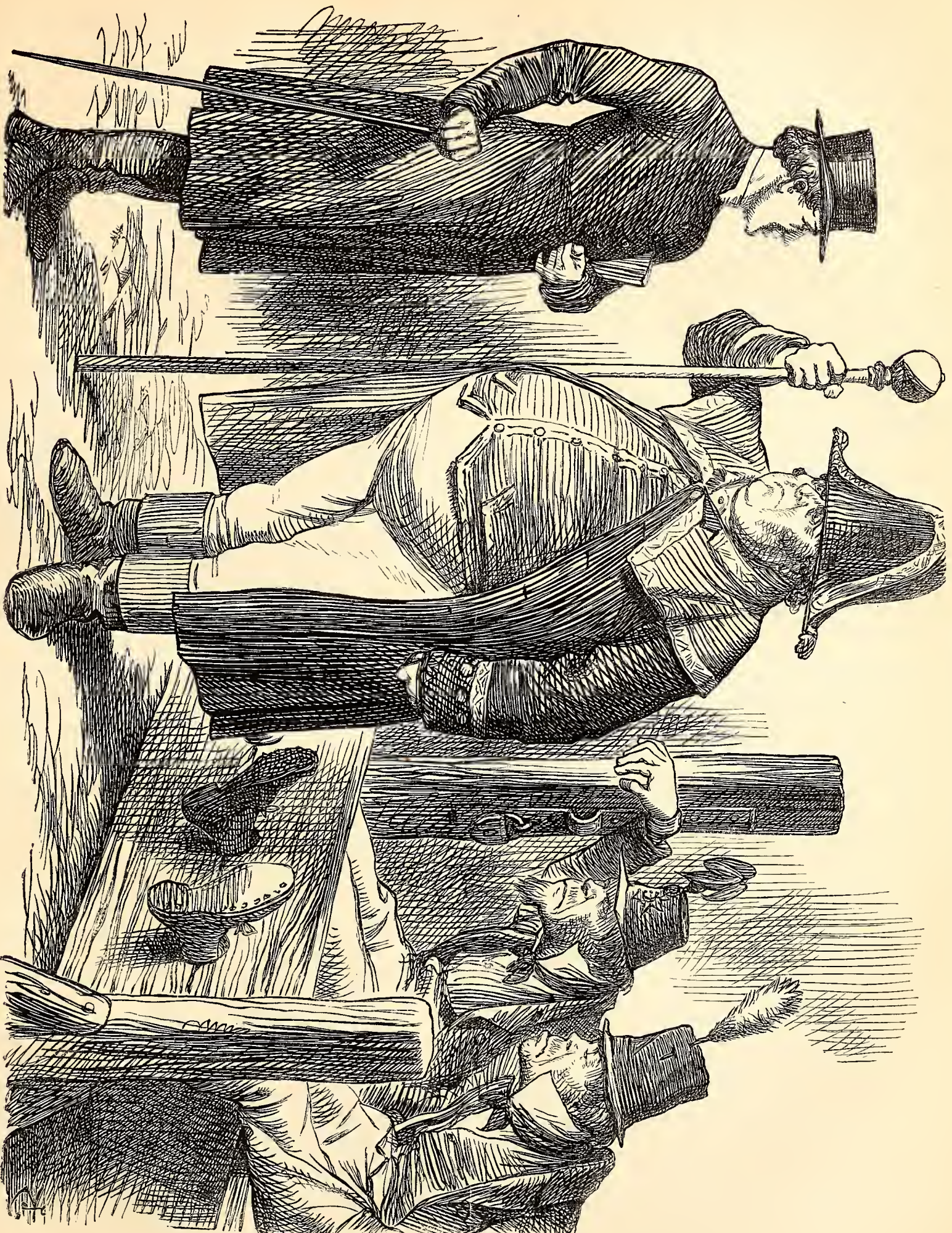
Wit from the Bench.

MR. PUNCH, having privately announced his intention of regularly making honourable and public mention of the best epigram that may have proceeded from the judicial bench during the week, has much pleasure in commencing the Prize Series with a witticism by

MR. PAGET.

"It is bad enough that your windows should be broken, but it would be worse were I to break the law."

(To be Continued.)



FENIANS "IN A FIX."

HIS REVERENCE. "AH, THIN, MISTHER BULL, IF THE BOYS HAD LISTENED TO ME, THEY'D HAVE BEEN OUT OF THAT ONTIRELY."

DISRAELI'S LAST.



AND MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI has said a great many good things in his time; but, of all of them, BEN'S last is his best. It was spoken the other day at Amersham, where DIZZY was the guest of the Amersham and Chesham Agricultural Association, and, after making some observations about leases, delivered his opinion "as to the expediency of rewarding long service by a pecuniary donation." The EX CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons declared that he approved of that practice, and in answer to the objection that the sum usually awarded to meritorious labourers is small, advanced the exquisite argument reported as follows:—

"It is a very great mistake to suppose that because to the editor of a newspaper, who perhaps receives £1,000 a year, the reward may seem trifling, therefore it is small in the estimation of the person who receives it. Recollect, you must estimate the value of a reward of £3 to a labourer in proportion to his income. £3 to a labourer with 12s. a week represents a sum equivalent to £500 or £600 to a gentleman worth £5,000 a year. Now I have observed that gentlemen in the receipt of £5,000 a year are not absolutely indifferent to the chances of receiving £400 or £500 extra. (Laughter.)"

Naturally the squirearchical and agricultural auditors of this comic reasoning laughed to hear it. To be sure it constituted, and of course it was meant for, a joke at their expense; which they did not see. But they took a keen satire on their parsimony for a jocular illustration of their munificence; and so they laughed. They particularly relished the idea, ironically suggested to them, that, at the sacrifice of only three sovereigns, they were really bestowing, on the receiver of that absolutely not large amount, the relative equivalent of five hundred pounds.

It is almost cruel to open their eyes; but yet pity guides the hand of the surgeon that couches for cataract. Let them understand, then, that there is a converse to the statement which so highly delighted them. True, £3 stumpy down, is a great deal of money in proportion to 12s. a week. But, on the other hand, 12s. a week is a very small income in proportion to £5,000 a year. Not only that, but it is a very wretched income, a very insufficient income, for any man whose wants are above the wants of a beast; and it is hardly sufficient for those.

Never did there issue from the enclosure of our BENJAMIN'S teeth a jest more incisive than the mock eulogy with which he affected to flatter the members of the Amersham and Chesham Agricultural Society. What an advantage, however, it is to be pachydermatous, and to feel the sensation of being smartly whipped, as an agreeable tickling!

OLD SAWS NEW SET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM just home from a foreign tour which I have relished incontinently well. Musing one day on the subject of proverbs—by a singular coincidence I was on the Adige at the time—it struck me that many saws of English manufacture were rusty, antiquated, and not sufficiently polished, and might be reset to the gain of a genteel generation which has ceased to call a spade a spade, and only knows it as a gardening implement. Possessed with this idea I set to work, and gave my nights and days to adapting a few familiar proverbs to modern ways and customs. I now submit my brainwork to your judgment, in the hope that you will not object to give a world-wide currency to the new mintage.

Yours proverbially, ROBERT SAWYER.

Least broken soonest paid for. (Recommended to the notice of servants of all work) addicted to the grave offence of smashing.

Rolling stock gathers no dividend.

Money makes the Lord Mayor to go.

It is never too late to repair. (Said to have been originated by some humble tailor.)

Keep your breath to cool your Revalenta Arabica.

The better the client, the better the deed.

HOBBS laughs at locksmiths.

Troubles never come to the single. (The reflection of a bachelor of long experience.)

Good wine needs no puff.

Greenwich time and tide wait for no man.

Let not the repairer of boots and shoes go beyond his ultimatum.

Pride will have a "fall." (Supposed to have been said of the first housemaid whose ambition it was to wear a veil.)

Hansom is as Hansom does. (By one who has ridden in cabs for a quarter of a century.)

Never say dye. (An awful warning to all whose cry is, "No more grey hair.")

Drink before you leap. (The advice of the celebrated LORD HUNTINGFIELD.)

Do not enumerate your young Dorkings before the process of incubation is complete.

Indisposed weeds grow apace.

"FROM PLAGUE, PESTILENCE AND FAMINE."

"QUI LABORAT ORAT."—Medieval Proverb.

Who are they, that, sadly doubting,
Ordered prayer presume on scouting?
Who are they, that, darkly straying,
Question what's the use of praying?
Praying that our hands He'd strengthen,
Praying that our days He'd lengthen,
Praying blessing on our labours,
For ourselves and for our neighbours:
Blessing on our prayers and preaching,
Reading, visiting, and teaching;
Our relieving and our training,
Sewering, scavenging, and draining.
Praying selfishness to soften,
Rampant still though scourged so often;
Praying pride of purse to chasten;
Our slow-moving steps to hasten
To the goal of wise endeavour,
Still proclaimed, but compassed never.
Pray—but see the Church's *ora*
Finds its echo in *labora*.

He who links effects and causes,
He who works by law, nor pauses;
Who for all to read that run by
Writes, "Do as you would be done by."
He knows prayer is sorely needed—
Prayer, that lessons may be heeded;
Prayer, that ill ways may be looked to;
Stubborn backs due burdens crooked to;
Stony hearts to pity quickened;
Sluggish souls of idlesse sickened;
Till no more our towns' pollution
Call down plague's grim retribution:
Till no more centralisation
And self-rule in altercation
Jangle, while between them lying
Squalid youth and age are dying.
But how hope God heeds our *ora*,
While we heed not his *labora*?

Till the hands, in prayer uplifted,
From the lap for work are shifted;
Till the lips that move in praying,
Own how "doing" shameth "saying;"
While good law to tinder crumbles,
In the hands of bloated Bumbles;
While Domestic Thuggee smothers,
Baseborn babes of wretched mothers;
While unhappy childhood stunted,
Dwarfed of mind, with senses blunted,
Labours on from dawn to dark'ning;
While the soul's voice finds no heark'ning,
And its eye no glimpse of nature,
Not trod out of shape and feature;
While in our hot quest of riches,
Of fair streams we make foul ditches;
While we house our human workers,
As no squire would house his porkers—
Wiser 'twere, instead of *ora*,
If our Church would preach *labora*!



NOTHING CERTAIN.

Mother-in-Law. "Ah, MR. S., WHEN I HAVE LEFT YOU FOR EVER, YOU'LL MISS ME THEN!"

MR. CARLYLE ON PROGRESS.

To HOBSON DOBSON, Esq., *Chairman of the Omnium Junction Railway Company.*

WORTHY SIR,

IN the concluding volume of MR. THOMAS CARLYLE'S *Life of Frederick the Second*, you will find these words:—

"These are the results for England, and in the rear of these, had these and the other elements once ripened for her, the poor country is to get into such merchandisings, colonisings, foreign settlings, gold nuggetings, as lay beyond the drunkenest dreams of JENKINS (supposing JENKINS addicted to liquor); and in fact, to enter into an universal uproar of Machineries, El Dorados, Unexampled Prosperities, which make a great noise for themselves in the very days now come. Prosperities evidently not of a sublime type, which, in the meanwhile, seem to be covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud-blotches, soot-blotches, miscellaneous squalors and horrors; to be preaching into her amazed heart, which once knew better, the omnipotence of *shoddy*; filling her ears and soul with shriekery and metallic clangour, mad noises, mad noises mostly nowhither; and are awakening, I suppose, in such of her sons as still go into reflection at all, a deeper and more anxious set of questions than have ever risen in England's history before."

May I be allowed to offer you a brief exposition of part of the foregoing text? It is not nonsense, Sir, as you perhaps hastily call it, prefixing a strong epithet to a contemptuous appellation. No, Sir, neither is it ridiculous nonsense. It is strange language, I grant you, very different from that of a prospectus, but there is a sense in it, and that sense is no laughing matter. The meaning of it, Sir, is awful, perfectly awful.

What do you suppose, Sir, that MR. CARLYLE means by the "merchandisings, colonisings, foreign settlings, gold nuggetings, machineries, El Dorados, and Unexampled Prosperities" of which he speaks so disrespectfully? You will shudder, Sir, when I tell you that he means the development of the commercial and industrial resources, mechanical and material progress, of the British Empire, on which the sun never sets! These are the things which he speaks of as transcending the "drunkenest dreams" of a base and servile individual. Is not this derisive mention of the most important if not sacred things unspeakably shocking?

By the "Prosperities evidently not of a sublime type," which MR.

CARLYLE represents as "covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud-blotches, soot-blotches, miscellaneous squalors and horrors," he means those extensive works which now abound in almost every neighbourhood, and constitute sources of such ample emolument to their proprietors, whilst they only deposit an amount of carbonaceous matter on the adjacent objects, or darken and blanch the vegetation, or impregnate the streams in the vicinity to a certain extent with mineral or other matter. "Shoddy," Sir, is in MR. CARLYLE'S vocabulary, a synonymous expression for—what do you think? The manufactures, Sir, of Great Britain!

Under the denomination of "shriekery and metallic clangour," this extremely vituperative writer rails, excuse the jocosity, Sir, at railways. Fancy that! As if railways, or any other means of procuring wealth, were not matters to which all considerations of a merely sentimental nature ought to be sacrificed.

What are we to think, Sir, of a man who sneers at the omnipotence of Shoddy? What, but that he is a most impious blasphemer of Mammon. No, Sir, let us first seek profitable investments, and the return of dividend at a high per-centage, and rest satisfied that everything else that is worth a thought will accrue to us of course.

I have the honour to be, &c.,
FOGY JIM.

An Injury that is not to be admitted at any Price.

THE authorities of Hamburg have prohibited the importation into their port of "all skins and hides coming from England." This may sound like ingratitude on their part after the free way in which we have recently imported their Hamburg Sherry; but no one would question the wisdom of the step, as those cunning poisoners know well enough that any skin, or hide, that once had undergone a soaking in the above deleterious mixture, would be so thoroughly worthless as to fall in value below the consideration even of a Tanner.

TO A MUSICAL CORRESPONDENT.—You ask by whom are "*The Cornflower Waltzes*." By BROWN AND POLSON, of course.

OUR YACHT.

OUR yachting is over for this year. I send you the account of our last few days. After the calm came a storm. The Captain and the Treasure became so hopelessly intoxicated that we had to manage the vessel ourselves. We first found it out in consequence of a delay on the part of the Treasure in bringing in dinner. We found him in the caboose boiling our compass in a stewpan, while the Captain was doubled up in a corner nodding and smiling like a Mandarin. On remonstrating with the Treasure he became obstinately polite, and clung to the repetition of one word, "tessermonels," by which we gradually understood him to mean that he could refute the present charge of intoxication by reference to his testimonials. The Captain only shook his head and muttered "rations." I called to mind the Mutiny of the Bounty, and thought what a horrible thing it would be if our Crew suddenly broke out into open defiance of authority. However, they didn't mutiny, but went fast asleep.

The Commodore was now obliged to take the steering in hand. We, that is the Lieutenant and myself, managed the sails; and it is really as easy as possible to haul in the mainsail-gaff, and the top jib-boom and so forth, although it sounds difficult. The question arose as to where the land was? I thought that it was on the right. The Commodore asked how far off? I referred to the index of my map, but as there was no map with it, this proceeding did not help us to any great extent.

When night set in should we still go on sailing? the Lieutenant asked. The Commodore said, why not? I agreed with him, why not? Because, the Lieutenant reminded us, the compass was broken, and how could we steer without a compass? I agreed with him, and put this question to the Commodore as a poser. He was ready for the emergency. "How," he asked, "did people steer when they *hadn't* compasses, eh?" I gave it up; so did the Lieutenant at first, though as an after-thought he said, "By the stars." Very well, returned the Commodore, then *we'll* steer by the stars, and thought he'd settled the matter. I asked, "By *what* stars?" and the Commodore said, that "if I was going to play the fool and upset all his arrangements, we'd better give the whole thing up." I wanted to make a few further inquiries, but the Commodore said he *must* steer, and I oughtn't to speak to the man at the wheel. Taking advantage of his inability to quit his post, the Lieutenant and myself went forward, and after a short conversation, settled that steering by the stars was humbug. The Captain and Treasure were still heavily asleep. Towards evening it began to rain. I didn't know that it did rain at sea; I thought it was only on land to make vegetables grow. It rained until it was dusk, and then a bit of a wind sprung up. Most extraordinary thing, as I told the Lieutenant, that I always thought the wind went down at night. The Lieutenant, who had been getting more and more disagreeable ever since the insubordination of the Crew, said, "Down where?" If the Commodore hadn't asked him to take a turn at the wheel we should have quarrelled. He didn't manage the steering well, and took, the Commodore informed me, all the wind out of our sails. I know they began to flap about in a vacillating manner, and the Commodore remonstrated. The Lieutenant, who was very grumpy, said, "He'd better do it himself, if he was so clever." I tried to pacify them by saying what did it matter? On which they both replied, "Oh, didn't it matter?" sarcastically. Luckily the Captain was suddenly restored to consciousness, and came aft with a rather dazed expression. He said he couldn't make out what had been the matter with him. He hoped we didn't think it was anything like intoxication. We confessed that we thought the symptoms somewhat similar, but he explained to us that in *his* case it was a sort of a something that he'd once had when he was a child, and the doctors said it wouldn't come again. He believed he'd never quite got over the measles. He strongly reprehended the conduct of the Treasure; and proposed that he should be discharged at Liverpool.

He took the helm, and we were all silent and sulky. I made up my mind that I'd desert when I got on shore, and I think we all, when we *did* speak, came to the conclusion that we wanted a larger yacht. The Treasure woke up, and became obstreperous and quarrelsome at midnight. He engaged in a single-handed combat with the Captain, and his foot slipping, he was luckily knocked down the companion and shut up in our cabin, where he abused us through the skylight until he went to sleep again. His imprisonment prevented us from taking our natural rest below. So we sat on deck and tried to pretend we were enjoying ourselves. The Commodore looked glum, and smoked. The Lieutenant squatted with his chin on his knees and grumbled: while I spent my hours in drowsily meditating on *William, Susan*, the nautical drama, my costume waiting for me at L'pool, and the probable expenses of our trip. Morning broke: grey, dull, and drizzling.

"A THING THE WORLD WOULD NOT WILLINGLY LET DYE."—A Lady whose hair is already pretty-coloured.

THE COWKEEPER'S PARADISE.—The Milky Way.

FENCE AND OFFENCE.

(See the Croydon Local Papers.)

IN Croydon 'tother day,
The Local Board did pay,
For a ground to serve for public recreation;
Lev'ling hills and filling holes,
That to cricket and to bowls
Of the ground they might make appropriation.

Like a Local Board of sense,
They proposed to put a fence
Round this precious plot, from nuisances to guard it;
When lo! a public meeting,
Declared it would be treating
Certain parties very ill, if thus they barred it.

For now, horse, and mule, and ass,
Have free access to the grass,
There to exercise and pleasantly disport 'em;
But if 'tis fenced about,
The poor things will be shut out,
"Which (said one) they didn't ort to be, now ort 'em

SIR F. HEAD was in the chair,
Which made *Mr. Punch* to stare,
And he offers him his warm congratulations,
On the sympathy thus shown,
If not unto his own,
At least unto his neighbours' poor relations!

A BABY TAX WANTED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WISH that you would use your influence for the passing of an Act of Parliament to make it penal for a baby to be nursed in any house where its squalling may, through thin walls, be audible next door. Builders are so chary of their bricks and mortar now-a-days, that a squeal at Number Six is pretty sure to penetrate to numbers five and seven; and the inmates of all three houses are worried and disturbed when a child happens to live in the middle one.

Now, I am an old bachelor, and I like a quiet life, free from all domestic troubles and annoyances. I have a special horror of the sound of a child crying, yet somehow I seem never able to escape from it. Having a small income, I am forced to live in lodgings; and lodging-houses are all built with the thinnest of thin walls, so that you are never free in them from the noises of your neighbours. The piano plague is bad enough for quiet people to be pestered by; but to me the baby plague is a far worse form of torture. Pianos may be made to produce some pleasant sounds, though I own the times are rare, at least in lodgings, that they do so. But babies emit always the most aggravating noises, and anything like music from their lips seems quite impossible. Besides, pianos as a rule are not played all night long; indeed, they are heard seldom after three o'clock A.M., even on quadrille nights, and quadrilles are rare in lodgings—far rarer than are cradles. But when once they take to squalling, babies never seem to stop, and having squealed all through the day, they make night hideous with their howlings. Indeed, I have observed that they often squall their loudest between two and four A.M., just when all creation, except babies, is the stillest.

Now, I dare say there are hundreds of poor victims like myself who are plagued with this annoyance, and I really think that something should be done for our relief. I don't suppose that any protest of the Government, however urgently conveyed, would avail much in preventing babes from being born. But at least they might be taxed, like other luxuries of life, and a special fine imposed when they are kept within thin walls and so become a special nuisance. This is a free country, I am willing to admit, and as every British subject, short of speaking treason may use his voice much as he pleases, a baby, I allow, has a right to squall and squeal here. But the parents of a baby surely have no right to worry me with its propinquity, and suffer it to squall so that my peace of mind is troubled by it. If JONES keeps a big dog, that howls all through the night, his neighbours if they choose can indict it as a nuisance. So if a baby in BROWN'S nursery keeps howling all night long, surely I who live next door, and am kept awake and grumbling, should likewise have the right of indicting such a nuisance.

In the hope that you will help to amend the law in this respect, I shall subscribe myself,

Yours gratefully,

CELEBS CRUSTY.

P.S. Somebody calls a baby "an angel in the house." But I am not like MR. DISRAELI "on the side of the angels."



"FOLLOW MY LEADER!"

CAPTAIN BARBLE (EAST SUFFOLKSHIRE R.V.) GOING TO DRILL, HAS OCCASION TO PASS A CERTAIN WINDOW FOR REASONS BEST KNOWN TO HIMSELF. A VAGUE IDEA POSSESSES HIM THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG SOMEHOW, OR WHAT SHOULD CREATE SUCH AMUSEMENT ON THIS OCCASION!

THE NEW STOLBERG LOZENGE.

"A few days ago, says the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times*, COUNT STOLBERG, a Major in the Prussian Life Guards, and Brother to the President of the Prussian House of Lords, at the Palazzo Farnese, in solemn audience, presented to the King, FRANCIS THE SECOND, a costly silver shield, the result of a subscription among his political friends, an exquisite piece of embossed workmanship, representing the ex-King in the act of slaying numerous revolutionary demons. The Count delivered the following address on the occasion:—

"Sire,—Four years ago your Majesty, and her Majesty the Queen, graciously condescended to accept from the hands of PRINCE SAYN WITTGENSTEIN an address bearing the signatures of some hundreds of German noblemen. In it we begged to present to your Majesties the tribute of our profound respect, availing ourselves of that opportunity to declare in the face of the world that, unless restrained by the allegiance we owe to our own Sovereigns, we should have all hastened hither, sword in hand, to take part in the defence of Gaëta, and to die on its walls for the principle of Legitimacy. In the same address we begged permission of your Majesties to present you a shield commemorating the defence of Gaëta. I have now been charged by PRINCE SAYN WITTGENSTEIN, PRINCE FURSTENBERG, COUNT ERBACH, COUNT LEININGEN, and COUNT STOLBERG, who drew up that address, to place this shield at the feet of your Majesty."

Of famed STOLBERG's lozenge we've all of us heard,
And some may have swallowed the same;
But let THE STOLBERG lozenge henceforth be preferred
To a region of loftier fame.

'Twas COUNT STOLBERG, a Major of Prussia's Life Guard,
Who the shield to BOMBINO conveyed,
For which Prussia's bold junkers had clubbed, to reward
The pluck at Gaëta displayed.

The ground-work was silver, whereon was embossed
BOMBINO in act to destroy
Revolution's fell demons, all abjectly tossed
At the feet of the bright Bourbon boy.

Why heed ribald scoffs by the Lib'rals outpoured,
When they call this a pleasantry grim;
Since, in fact, 'twas not FRANCIS the demons who flooded,
But the demons who, somehow, flooded him.

Since instead of a King's and a soldier's defence
BOMBALINO, Gaëta's siege through,
Lay *perdu* in a bomb-proof, in terror intense—
A case of the funk that's called blue?

Pruss Junkerdom's right is to strain out the dregs
That make *Truth's* bitter waters so strong;
To lift fallen tyranny up on its legs,
And torture facts right when they're wrong.

Brave Junkers! They seize on this chance to declare,
In the face of an awe-stricken world,
That but for an *if*—which had somehow got there—
At Gaëta their flag they'd unfurled.

But somehow they didn't—so words stand for blows,
And donors with donée are in cue:
For just such devotion as Junkerdom shows
To such heroes as FRANCIS is due.

Since *Vox et præterea nihil*'s the yield
Of Junkerdom's loud loyal call,
When measured by deeds, e'en the great STOLBERG shield
But a *voice-lozenge* proves, after all.

Conventionally Speaking.

It seems that the POPE draws a large part of his pontifical income from the drawing of weekly lotteries. We wonder if he will find the occupation, or evacuation, of Rome by the French troops as profitable a speculation, because the uncertainty about that event seems to be at present the greatest lottery, in which the Holy Father holds the greatest interest, and is naturally anxious to retain as many numbers as possible.

MARRIAGE EXTRA-ORDINARY.—Between a Dumb-waiter and a Still-room Maid.

Palmerston.

BORN: OCTOBER 20, 1784. DIED: OCTOBER 18, 1865.

HE is down, and for ever! The good fight is ended.
In deep-dinted harness our Champion has died,
But tears should be few in a sunset so splendid,
And Grief hush her wail at the bidding of Pride.

He falls, but unvanquished. He falls in his glory,
A noble old King on the last of his fields:
And with death-song we come, like the Northmen of story,
And haughtily bear him away on our shields.

Nor yet are we mourners. Let proud words be spoken
By those who stand, pale, on the marge of his grave,
As we lay in the rest never more to be broken
The noble, the gentle, the wise, and the brave.

His courage undaunted, his purpose unaltered,
His long patient labour, his exquisite skill,
The tones of command from a tongue that ne'er faltered
When bidding the Nations to list to our will:

Let these be remembered; but higher and better
The tribute that tells how he dealt with his trust,
In curbing the tyrant, in breaking the fetter,
Lay the pleasure of him we commit to the dust.

But his heart was his England's, his idol her honour,
Her friend was his friend, and his foe was her foe,
Were her mandate despised, or a scowl cast upon her,
How stern his rebuke, or how vengeful his blow!

Her armies were sad, and her banners were tattered,
And lethargy wrought on her strength like a spell,
He came to the front, the enchantment was scattered—
The rest let a reconciled enemy tell.

As true to our welfare, he did his own mission
When Progress approached him with Wisdom for guide;
He cleared her a path, and with equal derision
Bade quack and fanatic alike stand aside.

The choice of his country, low faction despising,
He marched as a leader all true men could claim:
They came to their fellows, and held it sufficing
To give, as a creed, the great Minister's name.

So, Heir to traditions of Him, long departed,
"Who called the New World up to balance the Old,"
We lay thee in earth,—gallant-natured, true-hearted!
Break, herald, thy wand, for his honours are told.

No, let Pride say her story and cease, for Affection
Stands near with a wealth of wild tears in her eyes,
And claims to be heard with more soft recollection
Of one who was ever as kindly as wise.

We trusted his wisdom, but love drew us nearer
Than homage we owed to his statesmanly art,
For never was statesman to Englishmen dearer
Than he who had faith in the great English heart.

The frank merry laugh, and the honest eye filling
With mirth, and the jests that so rapidly fell,
Told out the State-secret that made us right willing
To follow his leading—he loved us all well.

Our brave English Chief!—lay him down for the sleeping
That nought may disturb till the trumpet of doom:
Honour claims the proud vigil—but Love will come weeping,
And hang many garlands on PALMERSTON'S tomb!

OUR YACHT.

I MAKE my last extract from the Log.

"Entered the Mersey this morning. Low water. Stuck on the bar. Wind E. Latitude and longitude, *vide* map of England; place, Liverpool. The Treasure penitent but apologetic. Intend to send yacht back to Bangor, by Captain and Treasure. Commodore and Lieutenant think that it hasn't been such bad fun, after all: they say I can't rough it. I say I can. They ask me then will I go to Norway? I reply no, decidedly. High Tide. We are off the bar, and are going into L'pool. Just in. Log ends. Wind changed."

I had always thought that the arrival of a yacht was a picturesque sight. I imagined, from what I had gathered, that you pulled up alongside of the Quay, where there were Officers and Yachtsmen to meet you: that they cheered you all the way wherever you went, crying *Vive la République*, or anything else that came into their heads. I also had an idea, that, before landing, you sailed majestically into Quarantine, and were saluted by a Flag-ship. But nothing of this sort is done; at least at Liverpool. We couldn't get up to the kerb, I mean the Quay, but had to go ashore in our small boat. We paid off the Captain and Crew, who neither cheered us, nor offered to carry our luggage to the cab. It seems so absurd to talk of a cab, now, after being a son of the Ocean for nearly three weeks. Sailors always roll about when they come on shore: so we all rolled about; at least I did. The Commodore pretended that it made no difference to him. It did to me; walking properly was really difficult, and by the aid of a little art, I made lots of people think I was a sailor. The Lieutenant suggested enviously that they thought I was a fool. But this was only said because he couldn't roll from one side to the other. When a salt is on land he spends all his money: I did this with great facility, beginning with a warm bath, a basin of turtle at the Adelphi Hotel, and a box of cigars at the first Tobacconist's.

To-night I sleep in a comfortable bed: I write this from my room in the Adelphi. O the luxury of sheets! The Commodore has just come into my room to smoke a cigar with me before turning in. He still talks about keeping watch, and one bell. He says he wishes that we had had the *Saucy Nautilus* during the American war, we might have been a blockade runner, and made our fortunes.

To this observation, which he made when I was in bed and had shut up my diary, I replied that I shouldn't have run blockades, and I made some joke about blockade and blockhead, which this morning I can't call to mind. I recollect his answering, that he was going to have proposed another voyage, soon, for smuggling or whaling (or something which he thought amusing) but that if I turned everything into ridicule, why of course he'd better give up the whole thing at once.

As I don't remember anything of the Commodore after this, I fancy I must have fallen off to sleep.

They have both gone: and have left me to settle the hotel bill. They'll "make it all right" (this in a letter) "when we meet in town." I am now off to town, to make it all right. Adieu.

VULCAN AND MINERVA.

ARE the railway blacksmiths to hammer away at Alma Mater? Is Vulcan to invade the sacred precincts of Minerva? Surely not, if there be any respect left for letters and for learning. It has taken some six centuries to make Oxford what it is, and shall we let a railway in six months or so half ruin it? Build an engine smithy there, and in less than a year's time you hardly will know Oxford. The fair face of Alma Mater will be so thickly veiled in smoke, that her best friends will barely recognise her. And O, the shame of spoiling the beauty of her colleges by building hideous factories and foundries in their midst! A walk in Oxford now is a thing to be remembered with infinite delight. Business reigns supreme in well nigh every town in England, but at Oxford business bustle at present is unknown. If Vulcan once sets foot there, Minerva will be deafened by the clanging of his forge. Only let a railway factory be erected in the place, and who knows but a cotton one may soon after be built there?

No, no, gentlemen of the Great Western. Let Oxford be a place of manufacture if you will, but let it only manufacture graduates and scholars, first-class men and double firsts.

FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Photographic Portraits are taken by day. Portraits in Oil, by KNIGHT, R.A.



AN IRISH FINNY-UN CROSSING THE BROAD ATLANTIC.

BEEF AND BACON IN THE CITY.

DR. LETHEBY, the Medical Officer to the City of London, in the able report on the sanitary state of the LORD MAYOR'S dominions for the last quarter, which he has just issued, states some particulars respecting the cattle disease that are rather reassuring. Having mentioned the appearance of the disease in a certain cow-house, where it killed two cows out of forty, of which the remainder were judiciously killed to save their lives, as were also some other cattle in five other cow-houses, and "forthwith disposed of to the butcher before any serious symptoms had set in." DR. LETHEBY observes:—

"The loss, therefore, in the City dairies has not been great, for only four cows have died, and three have recovered. I am not able to explain why the disease has not manifested itself in the rest of the City cow-houses, for the conditions appear to me to be the same in all."

Those conditions were conditions of as much cleanliness as it was possible to enforce; so that, as the cattle plague made its appearance in only five cow-houses out of seventeen, health of cattle in the City of London appears to have been the rule and disease the exception. In all but four cases the cowkeepers seem at least to have saved their beef; which, under the circumstances was, so to speak, saving their bacon.

As to those of whom the cows remained sound, their Bacon, that is to say the Bacon which they were supplied with by DR. LETHEBY, the Baconian philosophy practically applied in experimental sanitary precaution, appears to have saved them. There can be no reason why cattle-owners in the country should not likewise be saved by their Bacon, and save their beef, except beef-headedness and want of brains.

THE CHILD OF THE SUN.

THE Star of Astley's is again in the ascendant. MR. JOHN BROUGHAM has given us one of his admirable dramas, remarkable for its stirring incidents, neat construction, and the marvellous exhibition of vitality on the part of MR. BASIL POTTER. This gentleman is shot by everybody in every Act, and only succumbs at last, out of politeness, to MISS MENKEN. I'll try and give you some idea of the piece as it appeared on the first night of its production: it has since been altered. During the Overture, which has been characteristically arranged for drums and brass, Military gentlemen entered the stalls and winked at one another, being evidently under the impression that they were going to see something racy. The Curtain rises on—

!A Prologue in Mexico, and a Hacienda in Terra Calienta.

Peasants dance for some considerable time, and the Sun sets. More Peasants dance. After which, enter a Wild Irishman and a Yankee.

Irishman. Och, sure, 'tis myself. Bedad. (*Flourishes shillelagh.*)

Yankee. Waal, I calkilate that aren't true grit.

Irishman. Och, bedad, botheration, whisht, 'tis a tiger.

Yankee. Guess he's ating a young ooman.

[Grumbling music, and drum, descriptive of the tiger's habits.]

Enter an Elderly Mexican Lady.

Elderly Mexican Lady (distractedly). My daughter!

[Recognises some one in the Stalls, and becomes more distracted than ever.]

Irishman (flourishing shillelagh). Bedad! (*Drum.*)

Yankee (with characteristic coolness). Guess, 'cuss, old hoss, &c., &c. (*and other similar expressions, until interrupted by the firing of a gun.*)

Enter MENKEN as LEON, a Mexican slave on horseback.

Military (in Stalls). That's MENKEN (*exhibiting great disappointment*). Why she's not dressed a bit like the pictures; she's got a lot of clothes on. (*Disgust of the Military.*)

Leon (who has Shot the tiger, restores a Young Lady to Elderly Mexican Female, and says in broken English). Take-ar-your-ar-daughtar! (*Gets off her horse to strike an attitude in the centre of the stage.*)

Irishman (vaguely). Bedad!

Yankee. Waal, I guess. (*Looks at pit; nobody laughs. Exeunt both.*)

Juanita. My Preserver! (*to LEON, who strikes an attitude like Ajax defying the lightning.*)

Leon. No; I am not worthy. (*Embraces her. Elderly Matron clasps her hands, and looks appealingly at the Conductor of the Band.*)

[Exeunt everybody, LEON striking six different attitudes, one after the other before going off. Great applause. Music descriptive of nothing in particular. Enter a Monk hobbling. Music finishes with a good bang on the drum.]

Monk. Mumble, mumble, mumble. (*Walks about, talking to himself,*

and it is supposed telling the chief points of the plot.) Mumble, mumble, mumble. (*Drum bangs, probably by mistake.*)

Enter an Old Mexican Planter in a figured dressing-gown; he is accommodated with a chair in the centre of the stage. MENKEN, as LEON, strikes an attitude to amuse him. The Monk continues mumbling.

Old Mexican Planter (evinced a strong desire for "The Latest Intelligence.") The Papers! the Papers! (*Exit Monk to fetch them; in his absence, LEON strikes three or four more attitudes, while the Old Mexican Planter groans.*)

Leon (explaining). I am the Child of the Sun. (*Old Mexican Planter groans, but gazes at her fondly, while man in the orchestra plays the drum feelingly.*)

[Exit LEON, having nothing to say. Re-enter the Monk with Evening Papers.]

Monk. I will tell you who he is (*meaning LEON*). He is mumble, mumble, mumble, and I am your Nephew. (*Drum. Monk throws off his habit, and the audience recognise MR. BASIL POTTER, as a Brigand.*)

Mr. Basil Potter (struck with a sudden idea). There is no one here: I will kill him. (*Kills him. Drum.*)

Enter everybody, and the Wild Irishman. Somebody shoots MR. BASIL POTTER, who staggers off.

Leon (rushes on). The Papers! the Papers!

Juanita. My Preserver!

Leon (cutting out the Irishman, who has got a speech ready, beginning with "Bedad!") No! (*Gives a new view of the case.*) I am accursed!

[Everybody appears sorry to hear it, and Curtain descends.]

End of Prologue.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A Room in Mexico. MR. BASIL POTTER as a Brigand, smoking with another Brigand.*

Mr. Basil Potter. Can't make out who shot them all through the head. Here's the dumb slave, ZAMBA.

Enter MENKEN, as the Dumb Slave ZAMBA. Military gentlemen in Stalls cheer up on seeing that the costume has been slightly modified, and begin to think it's going to be as good as Mazeppa.

Mr. Basil. How did you become dumb?

[MENKEN, as ZAMBA, stamps her foot, opens her chest, stamps her foot again, points with one finger to the right-hand corner, closes her eyes, opens her eyes, points suddenly to the left-hand corner, stamps twice, and bows to MR. POTTER.]

Mr. Basil Potter (exhibiting great sagacity). I understand you. You must have loved deeply.

[MENKEN, as ZAMBA, opens her eyes, smiles, kisses her hand apparently to some one in the Gallery, presses her heart, extends her arms, clasps her hands, shakes her head, stamps, and bows to MR. POTTER.]

Mr. Basil Potter (perfectly satisfied). A melancholy story.

[Exit ZAMBA.

The other Brigand (who has been considerably puzzled). ZAMBA is—

[MENKEN appears at the back, fires a gun in the air, but the Brigand falls.

Re-enter MENKEN as ZAMBA. [Great applause.

Mr. Potter (puzzled.) To-night I bring home my bride. [Exit.

[ZAMBA talks to some one for a few minutes, and, after a few dozen attitudes, exit.

SCENE 2.—A Pass.

Enter the Irishman as an Indian.

Irishman. Bedad!

[Whirls his shillelagh, and frightens the American, who then sings a song. After which, enter a Crowd, and, in order to sustain the interest, some one shoots MR. POTTER.

Yankee (to Irishman). Guess, I'll buy your old hoss. (Looks at pit; no one laughs, exeunt both to rescue ZAMBA.)

SCENE 3.—The Rapids.

Enter the Irishman and Yankee.

Irishman. 'Tis himself! Bedad! save him!

[MENKEN, as ZAMBA, appears on a noble dummy horse, which plunges bravely into the rapids. ZAMBA clutches at a rope, which has been left suspended from (apparently) the sky, by some one who had been recently practising the trapeze in this place. The Yankee and Irishman throw a rope, which obligingly fastens itself round ZAMBA's body, and then they draw him up. Gun heard outside (supposed to be MR. POTTER shot for the third time).

Curtain. End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Among the Comanches.

Enter MR. BASIL POTTER and Brigand friends. They somehow or another secure ZAMBA and JUANITA, and tie ZAMBA up to a rock, to be shot.

Mr. Potter. No mercy! (Noise heard without.) Ha! 'tis the Comanches!

Enter Indians.

[Brigands fire in the air. Somebody shoots MR. BASIL POTTER.

[Exeunt Brigands.

Indians. Wah! wah! wah! (Dialogue in their native tongue.)

Enter INDIAN QUEEN.

Indian Queen (who understands and speaks English fluently). Ah! the Pale-face! (meaning ZAMBA). I will kill him! (Is going to stab him, but the lime-light being turned full on ZAMBA, has a great effect on the Savage.) Ha! the Pale-face is my son! (Puts a sort of Highland bonnet on his head.) And (to the Comanches) your chief!

[ZAMBA strikes several attitudes, and the Comanches accept her as their chief.

SCENE 2.—Still among the Indians. The Plot here turns upon the Yankee selling a horse to the Irishman, or buying it from him, whichever it is, the IRISHMAN sings a song, and is pursued by Indians; after which, MR. BASIL POTTER appears, and is disposed of, as usual.

SCENE 3.—MENKEN as METOXA, the Indian Chief. Military gentlemen begin to think it's not so good as Mazeppa.

Metoxa (rescuing JUANITA from an Indian). Comanches! the Great Spirit is angry. Behold! (The Child of the Sun points to the Man in the Moon. Gradual but total eclipse. Superstitious Indians take up guns to shoot the Moon. METOXA, and a select party, escapes. Just before the Scene closes, MR. BASIL POTTER arrives, and is immediately shot.)

End of Act II.

LAST ACT.

SAME AS SCENE 2nd.—Elderly Mexican Lady talks seriously to MR. POTTER, and MR. POTTER talks seriously to Elderly Mexican Lady. Awkward pause. Mexican Lady looks at MR. POTTER, and MR. POTTER looks at the Mexican Lady, then both look at the Prompter. Mexican Lady uses her fan, and retires, Prompter retires, and MR. POTTER wishes that somebody would shoot him. Arrival of MENKEN as ZAMBA-LEON-METOXA. More conversation. (Exeunt.)

Enter Wild Irishman and Yankee.

Irishman. Bedad, Sorr! 'tis myself that 'll buy (or sell) yez the horse.

Yankee. Guess his carcass ain't (something or other; nobody laughs).

Enter Drunken Person. Irishman bonnets him.

[Exeunt Yankee and Irishman, and Drunken Person.

Then enters an Entirely New Character. He is dressed as a Brigand, and has never been seen before at any stage of the Drama.

Entirely New Character (lounging down to the lights, and addressing the Audience). I shall go to the Court.

[Exit Entirely New Character, much cheered by the Gallery.

LAST SCENE.—Mexican Court of Justice. Disreputable-looking people in black gowns, seated at a table, apparently quarrelling after dinner.

Mr. Basil Potter (as fresh as ever). And I denounce him (MENKEN as LEON, &c.).

Menken (to Court of Justice, represented by the Yankee in the Judge's chair). Leave him to me!

[It being, however, MR. BASIL POTTER's turn to kill somebody, he stabs Drunken Person; then MENKEN attacks him. While they fight, the case is being argued in Court, and judgment is given for the defendant, whereupon everybody yells and shouts, produces guns, and fights with everybody else, while those who have no antagonists, set fire to the Court-House. No one is alarmed at this catastrophe, but all assume attitudes; while MR. POTTER, who has been killed for the seventh and last time, lies flat on the stage, kindly affording MISS MENKEN an opportunity for throwing herself into three triumphant attitudes on the small of his back.

Red Fire. Tableau.

QUESTIONABLE COMPANIONS.



ELL does the subjoined passage in a *Times* leader, on the visit of BISMARCK to Biarritz, deserve the consideration of NAPOLEON THE THIRD, and of every Sovereign and Statesman in Europe who is also a gentleman:—

“COUNT BISMARCK has set both Legitimacy and Democracy against him. He has plundered a King and subjugated a people. He went to war on the pretext that the KING OF DENMARK had no title to the Duchies, and when he had taken possession, he refused to leave, on the ground that the KING OF DENMARK had been the real Sovereign, and that his cession had transferred them without more ado to the conquerors.”

Is it necessary to point out to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH that he who plunders a King is, equally with the plunderer of a subject or a citizen, a thief, and that the man who first says one thing and then the reverse, not only is, but proclaims himself to be, a deliberate liar?

If the *Times* is mistaken as to the acts and assertion imputed in the words above quoted to BISMARCK, then there is no known reason why a gentleman, on a throne or any inferior seat, or any other footing than that of sovereignty, should object to take him by the hand. If the *Times* is right, the tongs are an instrument with which it would be more than the utmost that any gentleman could becomingly do to touch him. What is true of the man is as true of the master. If the tongue of BISMARCK is not foul with falsehood, if his hands are not dirty with theft and red with murder, so are not those of the KING OF PRUSSIA. If the converse is true as regards the Minister, so likewise it is as regards the Monarch; and in that case whosoever shakes hands with either might as well shake hands with the greatest villain unchanged of all the villains who deserve the gallows. If—only if; mark that, your Imperial Majesty, and any other Majesty whom it may concern—if the mendacity and theft and murder committed in the invasion of Denmark on a confessedly false pretence are really chargeable on COUNT BISMARCK and KING WILLIAM, defilement is incurred by even the slightest contact with either of those two masses of moral pitch; and the fact that Europe has not demanded of all their connections and acquaintance to cut them dead, indicates a sadly low state of European morality.

A Sensible Complaint.

ACCOUNTS from Paris, among last week's news, inform us that “the Cholera is sensibly on the decline.” We rejoice to hear that the Cholera is taking a course that shows so very much sense.



THE ROYAL SALUTE.

Officer in charge of Battery (in a fever lest the Time of Firing should be a Second late). "WHY, WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT, No. 6? WHY DON'T YOU SERVE THE SPONGE?"

Bombardier McGuttie. "HOOTS TOOTS! CAN NA' A BODY BLAW THEIR NOSE?"

THE BRITISH WORKMAN AND HIS PICTURES.

THE Great BRITISH WORKMAN's a wonderful creature—
On platform and hustings, we all of us know,
How majestic of presence, and glorious of feature,
They trot the B. W. out for a show!

While a rude, rampant monster, all envy and error,
From head to foot dyed in Republican red,
On some rival parade is poked up for our terror,
As the real B. W. branded instead.

While Democrat orators praise him and puff him
As the land's bone and sinew, and Nature's own nob:
Aristocrat talkers calumniously cuff him,
As shiftless, and soul-less, sot, spendthrift, and snob.

'Twixt the daub of his bully, the daub of his backer,
The true British Workman's been able to stand,
And at once to disclaim both the brighter and blacker,
As alike wide of truth, from the right and left hand.

"Just wait for the painter who knows what my face is,
And he'll show you another guess sort of a chap,
He'll give both the shadows and lights in their places—
Without 'em what picter was e'er worth a rap?"

At last came TOM BROWN's gallant fight 'cross the water,
And Brighton crowned FAWCETT's electoral strife,
And the friends of B. W. looked to that quarter
For the painters to paint him, at last, from the life.

TOM BROWN took the colours, like all he takes, pluckily,
And dashed off his sketch with a muscular hand;
But the shadows stood out so pronounced, that, unluckily,
It was more than his sitter, B. W., could stand!

"Halloo, you TOM BROWN, why you don't mean to tell us
This here sooty mug is the phiz that you see;
As black as a smith's fresh from anvil and bellows!
Come, none of your portraits with shadows for me!"

My worthy B. W. little suspected,
So insisting, he did but re-echo QUEEN BESS;
To shadows that strong-minded female objected,
But with shadows her portrait's come down none the less.

While a fact is a fact 'twill do no good to blink it,
Put up with the shadows TOM BROWN dares to show,
Your face may be darker than *you* like to think it;
If the shadows ain't fast, wash, and let's see them go.

While your Union pickets still waylay and "ratten"
The knob-sticks, who work on their own honest hook,
While on your hard earnings strike-delegates batten,
And machines and machine-work are in your black book.

While men who earn more by the week than their curate,
Are content in one room of a hovel to pig;
While shop-drinks and Saint Monday their old rate endure at,
And the wife and the young-uns come after the swig.

While limb's rest and soul's light to your infants begrudging,
You drive them to workshop, to mine, loom or wheel,
To drag through long years of unnatural drudging
As though minds could die out, and yet bodies not feel.

While such are the shadows your features that darken,
Needs must that the blacks in your picture appear;
And they're no friends who bid you your own praises hearken,
When an honest fault-finder is craving your ear!

A PASTORAL.—How should a shepherd arrange his dress? In Folds.



THE DISPUTED ACCOUNT.

Britannia. "CLAIM FOR DAMAGES AGAINST ME? NONSENSE, COLUMBIA: DON'T BE MEAN OVER MONEY MATTERS."

Punch's Table-Talk.

1.

THE less talk at table the better.

2.

Pass the mustard.

3.

Two-thirds of the difference between your present age and eighty, is about the time which you may expect to live.

4.

The vinegar? Thanks. BEAUFOY of Bristol was a distiller, and being greatly shocked at the intoxication which his trade promoted, he abandoned it, and turned vinegar-maker. Perhaps, had BYRON lived, he would have become a critic.

5.

Any person who does not understand my Table Talk, or does not admire it, or does not see its object, or evinces the slightest objection to it, is an Ass. This is final.

6.

Contradict myself? Of course I shall. Contradiction is good for everybody, but who dares offer it to me, except myself?

7.

An author who dies without having been abused by bad critics, has lost a valuable certificate which he should have handed in to posterity.

8.

I hate the cant against a mother-in-law. Treated with tact, she is your best ally against your wife.

9.

LUTHER, SELDEN, COLERIDGE, and myself may be considered the four best table-talkers of the world. Fluent clack may be had for the asking—and without it.

10.

A Frenchman can neither spell an English name nor state an English fact. On my table is a Parisian volume of biographies. It mentions DUCLASS FERROLD, *redacteur de Punch*.

11.

Diplomatists do not use diplomatic language to their friends. At least, you will hardly say that CANNING did. Mentioning METTERNICH, CANNING remarked, "I think him the greatest rascal and liar on the Continent, and perhaps in the civilised world." I wonder whether LORD RUSSELL speaks in that way of anybody.

12.

DEAN ALFORD says, with reasonable indignation, "We do not write for Idiots." No; and I wish Idiots would not write for us.

13.

A friend of yours wrote a very foolish work on Italy. I christened him SILLIUS ITALICUS. He didn't like it.

14.

Do you know what gives that wine the aroma which you admire? Ænanthic æther. Is it any better for your knowing that, or are you?

15.

GLADSTONE, I see, is down on GENERAL TOM THUMB for increased Income-Tax. This is financially proper, but politically wrong in the present state of our American relations.

16.

I wish poets had not given up appealing to the Muses. It was a prosaic arithmetical course to "cast out the Nine."

17.

The *Times'* theatrical critic observes that every dramatist has had some stupid friend who has given him "a splendid idea for a farce." I had such a friend, who told me with excessive delight that he had a glorious notion for a play. For some time he could not explain himself for laughter, but at last he expounded. "The scene must be the front of a house." Yes. "And BUCKSTONE must come in and knock at the door." Yes. "But there must be no one in the house." No. "Well, wouldn't that be splendid?" What? "Why, BUCKSTONE knocking at a door and not being able to get an answer. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

18.

If you will blow up a gasometer, or in some other way damage the Gas Extortionists, I will forgive you for saying, when my gas is lit, that a little light is thrown on the subject. Can I do more?

19.

MRS. ALFRED MELLON's *Good for Nothing* is as true a bit of art as you shall see on a winter night.

20.

The Scotch use the word "whenever" in an odd way. A Scottish young lady will tell you that whenever she came into the room she had a glass of wine. You have seen her enter a dozen times, and you secretly rejoice that you are not engaged to a person of such propensities. The poor girl means only "as soon as." WALTER SCOTT uses the word in the same un-English way in his noble diary.

21.

No, there are advantages and disadvantages in being a member of a large family. If you are poor it is, of course, decidedly advantageous, as you have so many relatives to sponge upon. If rich, it is pleasant, as you can do so many kind things. But if only moderately well off, it is a heavy affliction, sent to punish you for being sinfully good-natured.

22.

Oysters are twopence a piece now. Lobsters were half-a-guinea at Vauxhall in 1813. I remember paying this when I went to hear TAYLOR and MRS. BLAND sing "*O no, Mr. Jeremy*." PALEY, by the way, can't tell, he says, how oysters and periwinkles amuse themselves. Who asked him?

23.

Though one is to be killed, civility is acceptable. What could be more polite than the remark of the Knights when they were about to slay THOMAS A'BECKETT? *Impossibile enim est ut ulterius vivas*.

24.

In Kent they think the bite of a grasshopper a cure for warts. They also think that LORD DERBY will come in one of these days (with the Cockicranes), and restore Protection.

25.

I hate flippancy.

26.

Fenianism has spread to Bromley. At least, I read in the race-list that "*Idiot and Irish Boy* are both here."

27.

You have been on the Nile, and you want an alliterative title for your book. Call it *From Filey to Philæ*.

28.

I wish I had known DR. BULL. When the Bill for securing the Church of England was read, in 1706, there was a clause in it for abolishing the Test. Eleven Bishops agreed, six dissented. DR. BULL sat in the lobby of the House of Lords all through the debate, smoking his pipe.

29.

ERNST was a kind man—one of the best men who ever sawed the inside of a cat with the tail of a horse. I know that when a concert was arranged for the benefit of the family of a literary friend of mine, ERNST instantly offered to play, but he did a great deal more. He composed something, of a very touching character, for the occasion, and he thought so little of the act that he volunteered to perform the piece at the very beginning of the concert, when half the people had not come in, and there was the usual disturbance by the fools who can't be punctual. He was a good man. I am very sorry he is gone.

30.

Lady Macbeth's name was Gruoch. *Malcolm* was called Caen-more, from his very Large Head. Managers should remember this when reviving the play, as we should always pay attention to historical tradition. MR. DYKWYNKYN is charged with the execution of this decree.

31.

I hope that at public dinners they will always distribute books of the songs. Usually there is one true poem among them. To withdraw oneself, for three minutes, from the heat, the jabber, the bad wine, and the worse speeches, into the pure air of poetry, is a comfort, and for those minutes you forget what a thundering donkey you were to come that day, and what a thundering headache you will have the next.

32.

Beware of the man who thinks it witty to talk of "putting in an appearance." That is, trust the honest fellow with your money, your child's happiness, or even your favourite meerschaum, but don't sit next him at dinner.

33.

The increase of drunkenness in Glasgow is easily accounted for. It is due to the exquisite water from Loch Katrine, which is laid on to the top of every house in the city. It is perfectly impossible to help making grog with it. We have nothing like it in London, more shame to us vauntful Cockneys.

34.

I read that a Clergyman won a good deal of money on the *Cesarewitch*. This is wrong. Divinity may hedge a king, but should not hedge a bet.

35.

I shall have more to say on most subjects.



THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

Tommy. "I SAY, HARRY, LET'S GO AND SEE THE GIANT."

Harry. "UGH! I CAN'T BEAR GIANTS! I DON'T MIND GOING TO SEE TOM THUMB!"

Tommy. "UGH! I HATE DWARFS!"

[They agree, however, to go to the Egyptian Hall—Tommy to look at Chang, and Harry to look at Chung. See next page.]

THE FENIAN FUND.

It is not often that we reproduce a mere article of news, without comment of our own, but we feel it the duty of every English journalist to give as much publicity as possible to the strange and disgraceful facts revealed in the following list of American Contributions to the Fenian Fund. The list itself was found among the papers upon the person of one of the Americans who were arrested in the *Australian*, on the 14th instant, and has been published among the evidence taken at the Castle. Only the gravest considerations would induce us to depart from the ordinary custom of this journal in regard to news, but in presence of the impending crisis the case is exceptional.

Contributions received, or promised, in New York, Washington and Boston, to the Fund in aid of the Irish Patriotic Fenians.

Amount already credited	Dollars, \$937,206
HON. CHARLES SUMNER	1,000
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT	1,000
HON. HENRY RAYMOND (<i>New York Times</i>)	1,000
MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON	500
HON. HORACE GREELEY (<i>Tribune</i>)	500
MR. ERASTUS BROOKS (<i>Express</i>)	500
JAMES GORDON BENNETT	3,000
MR. PRIME (<i>Journal of Commerce</i>)	100
REV. H. W. BEECHER	1,000
LESTER WALLACK	50
GENERAL COUCH	1,000
GENERAL GRANT	3,000
MORTON M'MICHAEL (<i>Philadelphia</i>)	500
JUDGE LUDLOW	1,000
GOVERNOR SHARKEY	40
HON. GIDEON WELLES	500
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW	20

MRS. D. P. BOWERS	50
MR. and MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS	100
Bachelors at Astor House Hotel	2,000
The Waiters at DELMONICO'S	40
"FANNY FERN," per N. P. WILLIS, ESQ.	5
HERR MARETZKE	20
MESSRS. HARPER	10,000
A few Actors at the Bowery	25
Editor of the <i>Atlantic Monthly</i>	50
WASHINGTON THUMB, ESQ., (<i>Father of GENERAL T. THUMB</i>)	2
ARTEMUS WARD, ESQ.	20
HON. BENJAMIN WOOD (<i>Daily News</i>)	100
Firemen of the Plugugly Brigade	80
The BISHOP OF ALABAMA	50
EDWIN FORREST	10
The DAVENPORT Brothers, (<i>per D. L. BOUCICAULT, ESQ.</i>)	10,000
BAYARD TAYLOR, ESQ.	100
GENERAL LEE	50
The Original Christy Minstrels	150
PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S Laundress	20
PHINEAS BARNUM (<i>promised</i>)	1,000
REV. BRIGHAM YOUNG	100
A Few of his Wives	267
Anglodetestator	1

(American papers, please copy.)

New Books.

The Cabin and the Ocean, by the Author of *The Cloister and the Hearth*.
A Pennyworth of Potatoes, by the Author of *Half a Million of Money*.
The Beadle of the Battlements, a Sequel to the *Constable of the Tower*.
Tomkins's Warm Evenings, by the Author of *Tom Brown's Cool Days*.



Tommy. "RESERVED SEATS, PLEASE. TAKE FOR TWO!"

Money-Taker (returning the Half-Sovereign). "ALL RIGHT, SIR. WE DON'T TAKE MONEY FROM THE PROFESSION. STRAIGHT ON, AND TURN TO THE LEFT!"

SNUFF FOR SHRIFT.

OBITU, the other day, at Rome, aged 83, DON PROSPERO BARBERINI COLONNA DI SCIARRA, PRINCE OF ROVIANO. Besides leaving 200,000 *scudi* to the Propaganda Fide—says the *Post's* Roman correspondent—

"The Prince showed his gratitude to the Jesuit Confessor, who had for some time been his spiritual director, by bequeathing him a rare and curious collection of snuffs, which he had amassed during his long career of snuff-taking."

What a very odd remuneration for spiritual services, at first thought, appears the bequest of a variety of snuffs! Bolongaro, Brown Rappee, Etrenne, one would think, must appear to the Father Confessor of the late PRINCE OF ROVIANO to constitute a strange legacy, considered as intended to be a return for absolution. Among the different sorts of snuff which the Prince left to the Jesuit, in acknowledgment of attentions to the health of his soul, we may suppose that there was some Prince's Mixture of his own composing, and, of course, some Pope's Mixture also, if his Holiness is accustomed to take snuff. But doubtless, as the Holy Father has, by implication at least, condemned the Fenians, the snuffs in question did not include any "Lundy Foot," otherwise called "Irish Blackguard."

When, however, we come to reflect seriously on this sternutatory bequest, we perceive that there are two lights wherein it may be regarded as appropriate. The *Dublin Review*, on the one hand, will perhaps suggest that a material legacy of snuff was a natural and graceful expression of gratitude for having been "put up to snuff" in spiritual matters. The *Record*, on the other, will as probably asseverate that a posthumous present of snuff was a suitable and significant intimation of a sense of thankfulness for having been during life led by the nose.

A MORMONITE MONSTER.

A NEW giant has been announced in an advertisement, wherein he is named "ANAK OF THE ANAKIMS;" and might as well have been styled GOG OF THE GOGSES. The following statement concerning him is made by a contemporary:—

"The new giant is reported to exceed eight feet in height, and to be capable of looking down upon the head of CHANG. He is also said to have the singularity of possessing one rib more than the rest of the human race."

If this is the case, the representative of the Anakim, about to be exhibited in London, not only overtops CHANG, but also surpasses BRIGHAM YOUNG.

A DUPPELL-TONGUED VERDICT.

(See the Prussian Crown Lawyers' opinions on the rights in the case of SCHLESWIG and HOLSTEIN, Plaintiffs, v. KING WILLIAM and KAISER FRANCIS-JOSEPH, Defendants.)

THERE once was a King and a Kaiser
Who, as they grew older, grew wiser;
For, instead of disputing,
And sab'ring, and shooting,
To decide which was "my" and which "thy," Sir,

Like waxed sole and waxed upper leather,
They determined to stick close together,
And, strong in alliance,
To bid Law defiance,
And put Right and Truth in a tether.

Says the King, "I have plenty of glory:"
Says the Kaiser, "Our name shines in story;
But, though Fame's our debtor,
We'd both be much better
For a nice slice of new territory."

Says the KING, "There is Schleswig for me, Sir,
And there's Holstein will just do for thee, Sir;
And we'll preach them a sermon,
And prove, in High German,
How much better off they will be, Sir.

"'Tis true there are old rights and treaties;
But for Duke or for King who well beat is,
To appeal to a note,
Or a protocol quote,
Is, to main force, much what chaff to wheat is.

"The Rights that the Duke sets his seals to,
And the Treaties KING CHRISTIAN appeals to,
Can't both be correct—
In fact, I expect
Each the other a knock-down blow deals to.

"So, first for the Duke's rights we'll clamour,
And vote CHRISTIAN's as dead as a hammer;
And when both are put down,
Law will bend to the Crown
As to Kaisers of old time bent Grammar.*"

So they came, saw, and conquered at Duppell,
This law-loving, God-fearing couple,
Killed CHRISTIAN's men,
Took his Duchies, and then,
Sat down in them, smooth-faced and supple.

The Duchies called out for their Duke back,
But the King with a shrug and a crook-back,
To the law said he'd bow,
Though he didn't know how
It was quite, but the lawyers should look back.

Then the Crown Lawyers lighted their tapers,
Put their spectacles on, and read papers.
But they raised such a dust,
To decide what was just,
That poor Justice was choked with the vapours.

And thus in the end they awarded:
The Duke's rights, must as null be regarded,
Since those rights one and all
To KING CHRISTIAN did fall,
Ere at Duppell his lines were bombarded.

"And thus," quoth the King to the Kaiser,
"'Tis well said, Law than reason is wiser,
But Justice beside
You see Law can o'er-ride,
And make the Truth more false than lies are!"

* See the old story of the old Kaiser who, when remonstrated with about the grammar of some writ or order, replied, "*Ego sum Imperator Romanus, et sum super Grammaticam.*"



A HOT CHESTNUT.

Jack Finsbury (at the first Stone Wall). "CONFOUND IT! NOW I RECOLLECT I PROMISED THE BOUNCER GIRLS I'D GO THERE AND PLAY BILLIARDS WITH THEM THIS AFTERNOON!"

BLOW IZAAK WALTON!

AN amusing result of earnest and undivided attention to business is thus related by the *Scotsman* :—

"DESTRUCTION OF FISH.—The banks near Musselburgh were on Friday strewn with dead trouts, eels, flounders, &c.; in short, life seems to have been extinguished in everything of the fish kind. This wholesale destruction is supposed to have arisen from the accumulation of deleterious matter at the manufactories after the long drought."

What of that? What signifies the destruction of fish by the refuse of manufactories? So much money gained for every fish killed, to an amount much exceeding the value of the fish. Perish all the fish, then, in all the rivers of the United Kingdom, if necessary for the progress of manufactories! Let us have no sentimental whining about the destruction of the angler's gentle craft. Perish the angler, too, and likewise his gentles. Let not that profit for whose sake manufacturers turn a little filth into our rivers be called filthy lucre; and above all let no law be made that would impose any expense upon them by compelling them to dispose of their filth elsewhere.

The Pew and the Dormitory.

THE REV. DR. VAUGHAN, Vicar of Doncaster, in a pamphlet just published on *Free and Open Worship in Parish Churches*, remarks that "a national Church is apt to grow drowsy," and that "a deep sleep did once fall upon the pastors of England." That state of things has happily passed away. It is now only parish and other local churches that are sometimes apt to get drowsy, and the pastors of England are generally pretty wide awake, though here and there, during the sermon, deep sleep does occasionally fall upon too many members of the congregation.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE NAVY.

THE British sailor has from time immemorial had his grog: he is now to enjoy his *Punch* also.

A COMMERCIAL CONVERSATION.

As BROWN the other day was reading an "investment circular," which the post had brought him, among other curiosities of commercial nomenclature, his eye fell on the following :—

"The Patent Atmospheric Marine Salvage Company Limited."

"Patent Atmospheric Salvage! Why, what on earth is meant by that?" said he, in sheer bewilderment. "Oh, don't you see?" responded JONES, "It's some patent dodge for bottling the sea breezes down at Brighton, and so saving them for fellows to take home to their families, who are thereby spared the bother of having to leave home."

"Or, more likely," remarked ROBINSON, "it's a Company for catching the wind wasted in a storm, and saving up the surplus atmosphere for the use of ships becalmed, and that's why it is called the Atmospheric Salvage Company."

"O, thank you," replied BROWN. "So I suppose then this new Company is meant to raise the wind when wanted. Well, with money at eight per cent., that will certainly be found a serviceable patent."

"A Night in China."

DEAR PUNCH,

I was so bothered by those two friends whom I took to GERMAN REED's entertainment, that, in my account of it last week, my pen slipping, I wrote the name of MISS HENDERSON, who had delighted us in the first piece, instead of MADAME D'ESTE FINLAYSON, who plays and sings so charmingly in *Ching-Chow-Hi*. Please put this in as my Erratum, tum ti tum tum. Chorus, Erratum tum tum!

Yours truly, FOL DE ROLLO.

HOPEFUL CRITICISM.

A NOVEL by MR. ALFRED AUSTIN is advertised, entitled, *Won by a Head*. We sincerely trust, that the reputation already gained by the young Author will not be *Lost by a Tale*.

THE SCHOOL FOR SMILES.



FINANCIER GLADSTONE is to lead the House of Commons. An abler leader it might not be easy to find. But it seems that the right honourable gentleman labours under the disadvantage of being what *Mercutio* said that he should be the day after the duel. The Member for South

Lancashire is a Grave Man. It appears to be thought that he is not lively enough to conduct the business of Parliament. He is called Saturnine.

Certainly a cheerful disposition is to be encouraged. But whether a person is likely to become particularly cheerful by being abused for gravity is a question. *Mr. Squeers* flogged a boy for not looking happy, but *Mr. Squeers* was not a teacher whose success greatly recommends his system. We really think that no great good will be done by incessantly writing at MR. GLADSTONE, calling him *Sober-sided*, *Dismal William*, and *Peter Grievous*. That is not the way to make him smile as he is wanted to smile.

Fully aware of the importance of having a Merry Minister, and duly persuaded of the wisdom of chaffing the Opposition instead of convincing the public, *Mr. Punch* is inclined to propose to take MR. GLADSTONE in hand, and qualify him for the Leadership of the House. And he hereby invites the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to place himself with *Mr. Punch* as a pupil. He shall be treated as one of the family, he shall be allowed the reasonable use of Latin and Greek, and on half-holidays he shall, if he likes, do sums. But if he comes, he must devote himself diligently to the Art of Seeing Fun in Everything.

Why MR. GLADSTONE should be Saturnine, and how he misses seeing fun in most things which occur in the House of Commons, *Mr. Punch* is unable to comprehend. Is it not fun to hear MR. DISRAELI take the Church under his angel wing? Is it not fun to hear SIR FITZROY KELLY in an agony over the wrongs of some Oriental heathen whose name he never heard until he got his brief? Is it not fun to hear SIR CHARLES WOOD alternately tumbling out and tumbling over the figures of Indian taxation? Is it not fun to hear MR. HENLEY imitate the style of SOCRATES in everything but its wisdom? Is it not fun to hear MR. WHALLEY move for a committee to inquire whether our ship timber has been cleared of

Jesuit's Bark? In fact, we do not know how MR. GLADSTONE can keep his countenance for ten minutes together, knowing, as he does, how much high comedy there is in all the Parliamentary "situations."

But, since he insists on finding sermons in stones when he should be merely shying the stones at other people, let him come to us, and we will cure him of the only disqualification which his enemies seem able to assign. We will teach him Levity. In six months his best enemies shall not know him. Instead of answering a question logically and exhaustively, he shall ask the inquirer whether he will have the reply now or wait till he gets it. When he "introduces" a Bill he shall say, "Mr. Bill, MR. SPEAKER; MR. SPEAKER, Mr. Bill." When he presents a petition he shall wink at the House. When he alludes to COLONEL NORTH he shall call him the gallant and disagreeable officer, and MR. HORSMAN he shall call the learned and antibilious Member. When he seconds a motion he shall say, "Ditto here." When he fixes a debate on the cattle disease he shall appoint it for Wednesday next, please the pigs. When he is asked his intention about Reform, he shall state that it is certainly his intention to reform his tailor's bill. When he moves the House into Committee, he shall tell the SPEAKER that a glass of claret and a weed seem the thing for his complaint just then. When he moves a vote of condolence, he shall talk of the tear that is wiped with a little Address. When he speaks on a police-bill he shall begin, From information which I received, and when he takes the Commons to a conference with the Lords he shall say, "Here we all are—pray keep your hats on."

MR. GLADSTONE will then be qualified to lead the House of Commons, and it is delightful to think that nothing more is required to complete this distinguished statesman's reputation than the faculty of being able to laugh over what most people think serious business. Would it not be a good thing to institute an Order of the Horse Collar—head-quarters at Grinnage?

EDITING EDITORS.

THE Naples editors are so awfully full of Honour that they have been quarrelling and running one another through three times a week. So, by way of self-preservation, they have instituted a "Jury of Honour," and journalistic squabbles are now adjusted before this tribunal. If one "We" have intimated our belief that our contemporary is an idiot and a traitor, and the other "We" have rejoined that our assailant is an ass and a scoundrel, the Jury of Honour balances the epithets, and decides that neither "We" has a right to call out his antagonist. The American press have gone a straighter way to work, and everybody calls everybody everything, and nobody fights, because everybody knows that it is all true.

WIT FROM THE BENCH.

THIS week *Punch* has the pleasure of awarding the Prize to

MR. SELFE.

Dismissing a donkey, "the head of a trading firm," who had not been paid by one GEORGE STANLEY, a betting advertiser, MR. SELFE said that—

"It was hopeless to apply to a criminal court for redress for such an offence. There was a horse named *Catch-em-Alive* in the race, as he saw, and he had better 'catch' his man 'alive' if he could."

A FAMOUS OPPORTUNITY FOR THE RED HOT POKER IN NEXT YEAR'S PANTOMIME.—The Clown making the Pope a Freemason.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.



N its active encouragement of Social Science Congresses the busy Provincial Town of Wiggleswade yields to no other in England. The Vestry, with a liberality unknown even to the august metropolitan synods of St. Mary-le-bone and St. Pancras, have, this year, invited professors from all parts of the globe, eminent for their social qualities, to a free and frank discussion of certain questions that daily perplex mankind, whether at Wiggleswade or elsewhere, in the progress of civilisation, and in the rapid growth of all branches of learning. That the Wiggleswade Universal Social Science Congress was only attended by the members of the parish vestry and one or two neighbouring parochial authorities is no fault of the secretary's, who had prepared letters for Russia, Mongolia, the Tyrolean Islands (there was some dispute as to the geogra-

phical position of this group), the Archimandrites of the Peloponnesus (supposed to be rather good fellows), the Pacha of Persia (there was a divided opinion on the orthography of this title, some voting for Shaw, or Porshaw, others for Parshar, while a few simply said P'shaw!) and other lands, parishes, or magnates. Somebody said that a notice ought to be sent to The Pariah of Society, but no one was quite certain as to the residence of this dignitary. No communication was made to the Grand Llama of Thibet, as some said "there was no such person," others thought "he was hyperbolic," while the Chairman, who was supposed to have a knowledge of Continental matters, said that he was almost certain the Llama was a goat; but, at all events, winter cloaks were made out of his wool, so that he wasn't very likely to be an Asiatic Parochial Authority. This decision was carried, and the letter to the Grand Llama, beginning "Honoured Sir," was put into the fire.

At this meeting MR. ROGER GREENE (of the well-known firm of GREENE, FIELD, & Co., Pickle Merchants, of Wiggleswade, and inventors of the Wiggleswade Walnut Sauce) proposed that a vote of thanks should be presented to the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON. He said, "he didn't mean a vote of thanks, he meant more of a Round Robin sort of thing, acknowledging his kindness, and hoping that he'd give a helping hand to the Congress assembled at Wiggleswade. The EMPEROR," MR. GREENE added, "was an eminently sociable party. He worn't above receiving addresses, nor speaking to any one as spoke to him."

MR. SNELLING, the clerk, asked who was to draw it up? and if it was to be in the French tongue?

To which a Member of the Vestry said, "*Wee*, of course, *wee*, *certainmong*," and was immediately fixed upon as a fit and proper person to represent the Wiggleswade sentiments to the French Emperor.

This led to an animated discussion that promised to end in a combat of two or more, but for the timely arrival of MR. GREENE, JUN., with a French dictionary. Order having been restored, the form of address was then calmly considered.

MR. ANTHONY NAYLOR (the Vestryman who had said *wee*) proposed the following commencement:—"May it please your Imperial Majesty"—

MR. GREENE interposed. "That ought to be in French."

The Clerk, who was taking notes, asked what "may it please" was in French?

A Vestryman said, "Sivoo play," of course.

MR. GREENE observed that *that* was "If you please."

A Vestryman was heard to mutter something about "conceited ass."

MR. GREENE wished the last words to be taken down.

After some discussion and a reference to the pocket dictionary, "Sivoo play" was allowed in default of finding anything better or more familiar to everybody.

MR. NAYLOR continued. "May it please, or rather, S'il vous plaît vôtre Impérial Majesté, vôtre—your humble servants—vôtre umble serviteurs—"

MR. GREENE said "humble servant" might finish but couldn't begin a letter. (*Hear, hear, from several members.*)

The Clerk said yes, he agreed with the last speaker. (*Hear, hear, from a Vestryman.*)

After a warm coutest, it was carried by a majority of everybody against MR. NAYLOR, that the address should be in English, with "S'il vous plaît" at the top, just to show they could have written it in French if they had liked. MR. NAYLOR left the room, vowing that he'd write himself to the Emperor and denounce them all as humbugs.

Agreed: that they didn't care for NAYLOR; that they'd send an address in English to LOUIS NAPOLEON. The Congress to be fixed for that day two months.

The day came at last, and a great time Wiggleswade had of it. Two Bands of Local Volunteer Regiments paraded the streets alternately, playing all their liveliest airs. As both

parties had, however, hit upon the same tunes, a want of variety was noticeable in this feature of the day's entertainment. Several excited little boys who, in consequence of the unusual stir, had mistaken the season, brought out Guy Fawkeses and paraded the streets with every demonstration of loyal but mistaken enthusiasm.

The magistrates sat during the day at the Town Hall, but no rioting took place until they were gone; however, several ruffians of various ages from four to twelve were brought up before their worships, and on being searched, crackers were found concealed about their persons.

The Congress opened with a speech from the Chairman, MR. GREENE. He deplored the absence of Continental friends, and contemued the envy of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. MR. FUDDLELL from Snaggs Cray would read a paper—

MR. FUDDLELL, interrupting, said he wouldn't do anything of the sort.

The Chairman said it was too bad of MR. FUDDLELL, as he'd promised him that he would make a speech.

MR. FUDDLELL replied that that was quite another thing. He would draw their attention to a social subject of much importance. He had a few words to say

On being asked to sing after Dinner.

Singing was considered social, or sociable. The question before them was, Does singing, especially comic singing, promote hilarity? He knew several comic songs, each ending with his (the comic singer's) Tooral-looral, or his Rummy-tum-tum, and when he sang them, being pressed thereto, and unable to refuse, he felt that he was degrading himself. He would give them a specimen. ("No, no.") Yes he would. ("No, no, no.") Very well, then, he wouldn't. (*Hear, hear, and cheering.*) He knew a melancholy instance of a respectable man, who having unfortunately established a reputation for comic singing on the strength of one song, with imitations of a countryman "spoken" between the verses, had been obliged to "favour the company," week after week during the cricketing season, and year after year, with this same ballad. People who had heard it over and over again, always affected to see new points in it, and invariably knocked their glasses, or rapped their fingers on the table by way of applauding it. At one period of his life, this unhappy creature would appeal to the company round the table, and reminded them that "they must know it by heart by this time," or that "he'd almost forgotten it," or that "he wasn't in cue for singing," or any other means of getting excused from the task. But there was generally present "some one who hadn't heard it before," or else the united opinion was, that "it was such a capital song, they could never be tired of hearing it," when, in truth, the social humbugs only meant that they were glad to be saved the trouble of conversation for a few minutes while they smoked their pipes in peace, and winked slyly at one another, grimly smiling at the singing of their deluded victim. Lobsters sing, it is said, when being boiled; but your Social Lobster sings while being roasted by his companions. (*Hear, hear, and sobs from the audience, who were much affected by this touching picture.*) He would call upon them all for a—he meant he would call upon them all to discountenance the odious practice of galvaunising dull conviviality. (*Hear, hear, hear, and glasses round ordered for every one at the expense of the speaker.*)

A paper was then read by MAJOR SUBBS, retired Mounted (Bombay) Mariues,

On Questions of Health.

The first question the learned Major contended was, "How are you?" or "How do you do?" No completely satisfactory answer had ever been given to these interrogatories. The formula, "Are you pretty well?" while taking a great deal

for granted, left much to be desired. The superficial had attempted to throw ridicule on all sanatory questions by saying, "How are you yesterday? How was you to-day? and How ain't you to-morrow?" (*Hear, hear, and a sob.*) He would now come to the subject of healths in general. There were several kinds of health. *Your* good health, *my* good health, *his* good health, or simply your, my, his health. Another sort was that plentiful health, on which doctors had hitherto been silent, he alluded to "Here's your good health and plenty of 'em." (*Cheers.*) He would not detain them any longer, but would sing, "Here's a health to all good lasses." (*Name! name!*) The gallant and learned gentleman resumed his seat amidst much cheering, and a fresh supply of whiskey punch was brought in.

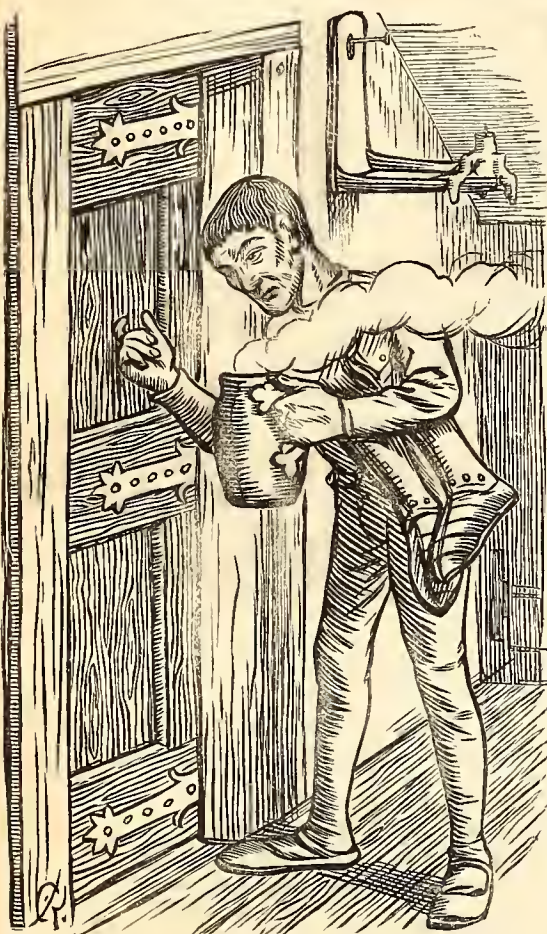
After a few speeches, some more whiskey punch, and a profound silence, an energetic Member of the Town Council rose. He said that "he must 'polgish for rishin' after ev'one spokesh. (*Here he bowed gracefully over the table, and recovered himself with some difficulty.*) He

wash all ri'; though didn't feel qui—qui'sho flunt, (he meant fluent) shusal (*probably, 'as usual'*); he liked Shoshyance shelf (*translated 'Social Science himself'*), and 'd do all shport 't. (*'Hearear,' and 'Queshun.'*) Who wash that shaid that? gem'n? Wash that gem'n? Hesh shinshult me—not shinshult'd shim, no—poshe toast—worthy host—meant worthy toast of a host (*here he put his hand to his forehead, and after laughing gently, resumed*); in poshing host of a toast, he had a toast to posh, a host of a toast"—here, in bowing to some one opposite he fell across the table, and every one eyed him contentedly, and gave no signs of moving: he was allowed to remain there.

A proposal was then made by the Chairman that this meeting do adjourn, and every one who was able to leave his chair, seized the opportunity.

Subsequently, on a motion of the landlord's, at whose house the meeting had taken place, everybody was carried to bed *nem. con.* Thus ended the first Universal Social Science Congress at Wiggleswade.

HOT WATER IN PAST AGES.



ORD RUSSELL is pitiously entreated by MR. BRIGHT's organ to invent a new Reform Bill. His Lordship is reminded that on a certain 11th of April he cried because he had to abandon a Bill of his own. He is told there were doubts as to the character of this hydraulic demonstration, but that most persons believed it to be sincere. The *Star* implies that we shall now know whether it was sincere or not. If LORD RUSSELL makes a new Bill, he was in earnest when he wept. If he does not, he was merely acting. With a passing compliment to the gentlemanly grace of such a reference, Mr. *Punch* would observe that he fails to see the logic of the proposed inference. A dozen years makes much difference in our sensations. At four, we cry, very sincerely, for the moon. At sixteen,

we scorn the moon, but cry sincerely (hut privately) because cousin LOO prefers cousin EDMUND. At twenty-eight, we cry (very privately, or only after much Champagne) because *Rigdumfunnidos* has lost the Derby, and all our bets. Thenceforth we don't cry at all until our favourite daughter bolts with poor BROWN instead of rich JONES, and these are very sincere tears. Poor BROWN has brains, and becomes a well-to-do Vicar, and we again begin crying sincerely when he turns Dissenter. Finally, we cry over nothing less important than the new actress's sobs in *Mrs. Ha'ler*. We have been in thorough earnest at each outbreak, but each has its proper date, and we are not to be told that we are actors, because having cried over Cousin LOO at sixteen, we don't care twopence for Cousin LOO at twenty-eight. The *Star*'s logic is of a piece with DR. JOHNSON'S:—

"If the man who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

LORD RUSSELL was very sorry to abandon that Bill. He is now twelve years older, and may have other objects at heart. At all events we protest against the Water-test.

A Rule for Railway Travelling.

"WILL you allow me, Sir, to offer you a cigar?" "Thank you, but I never smoke." "Have you any objection to my lighting one, Sir?" "Oh! no, none in the least." This plan is infallible with the most Puritanical-looking fellow traveller. Never think of putting the second question first. The production of the cigar, and the generous offer, are sure to disarm all crusty objections. Try it.

THE LAUREATE TO HIS PRINCESS.

(OF BONNY.)

O ROYAL Maiden, to declare
Thy graces in one word 'tis hard;
To call thee, sable Princess, fair,
Were worthy of an Irish bard.
Yet BONNY's darkness is more bright
Than many a honny English rose:
Thou wouldst not, wert thou e'er so white,
Appear more fair to Poet CLOSE.

Why hast thou sought old England's shore?
To fill the coffers of thy mind
With wealth of scientific lore,
And literary gold, combined,
With poesy, among the rest;
What wilt thou find, of all that flows
From any British pen, the best?
The verse on sale by Poet CLOSE.

True, TENNYSON's a decent hand,
And ROBERT BROWNING too, no doubt,
As far as those can understand
Who cannot always make him out.
One Laureate England may admire;
Another all the wide world knows:
The Poet Laureate to thy Sire,
The KING OF BONNY, Poet CLOSE.

And could he know that thou hadst come,
And not a tuneful welcome sing?
Ah no, unless entirely dumb,
Child of his patron, BONNY's King;
This votive offering at thy feet,
With hat in hand, he humbly throws;
O may it approbation meet,
And win reward for Poet CLOSE!

A Bishop's money is a sight
Which many sigh in vain to see.
I've had that vision of delight,
Too rarely though, vouchsafed to me.
To BISHOP PERCY, of Carlisle,
A Bard this recognition owes;
He once laid down, in handsome style,
A sovereign for the Poet CLOSE.

The second Person in the Realm,
His Grace, of Canterbury's See,
Who guides the Church of England's helm,
Has purchased many hooks of me.
He pays me for them like a man,
Down on the nail he pays me—those
Will find that still the wisest plan,
Who order books of Poet CLOSE.

Yes, the Archbishop, like a man,
A gentleman, good man and true,
Pays me, and so a lady can
Accept my hooks, and pay me too.
I'll trumpet Beauty's noble Queen,
Largess on genius who bestows.
I call her ugly, base, and mean,
Who buys no songs of Poet CLOSE.

HOW TO LEARN TO LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.—Play at Croquet.



FLATTERING!

First Rustic. " 'STR'OR'NARY WAY O' GETTIN' YER LIVIN'! AIN'T IT, JOE?"

Second Ditto. "AYE, THAT 'T BE, WILLIAM. CRIPPLES O' SOME SORT MOST ON 'EM, YOU MAY DEPEND!"

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

OCTOBER 27, 1865.

THE fitful sunlight of October flames
Through stained and storied glass, athwart the gloom,
Fretting the walls—one bead-roll of great names,
Dyeing the pavement—one illustrious tomb.

From the South transept, I and those beside,
Look down, across the monuments of Kings,
To the North transept, where a grave yawns wide—
Garner of this ripe sheaf, which England brings,

Sadly yet proudly, here to lay it down,
Where a great man should rest, among his peers;
That so the honours of the grave may crown
A life, as full of honours as of years.

In this assemblage, grouped in reverence round,
How many faces to all England known—
Lawgivers, judges, orators renowned,
The trusty pillars of the State and Throne!

Hearing or holding talk, one topic still
Is on all tongues—the man that we have lost;
How swift in work, how strong, not stern, of will,
How his green heart seemed proof 'gainst age's frost,

And that more deadly blight, which the world's use
And office's experience oftenest bring,
Killing love, e'en in hearts of love profuse,
And freezing hope and faith, down at their spring.

So they speak—those who guide our land to-day,
The shapers of our English life and law:
Men who the counsels of the nation sway,
And make the tides that its opinion draw.

And he, whose coffin up the Abbey nave
Is borne with choral swell and organ roar,
To rest between the altar and the grave,
And then to be slung down, and seen no more,

But now was busiest of this busy throng,
'Mong all these notables the first of note;
The wakefullest, though the debate were long,
The cheeriest, though adverse were the vote.

'Tis hard, e'en now, *to feel* that he is dead,
Who seemed but yesterday as full of life
As any here of those he fought or led,
By friend and foe alike cheered through the strife.

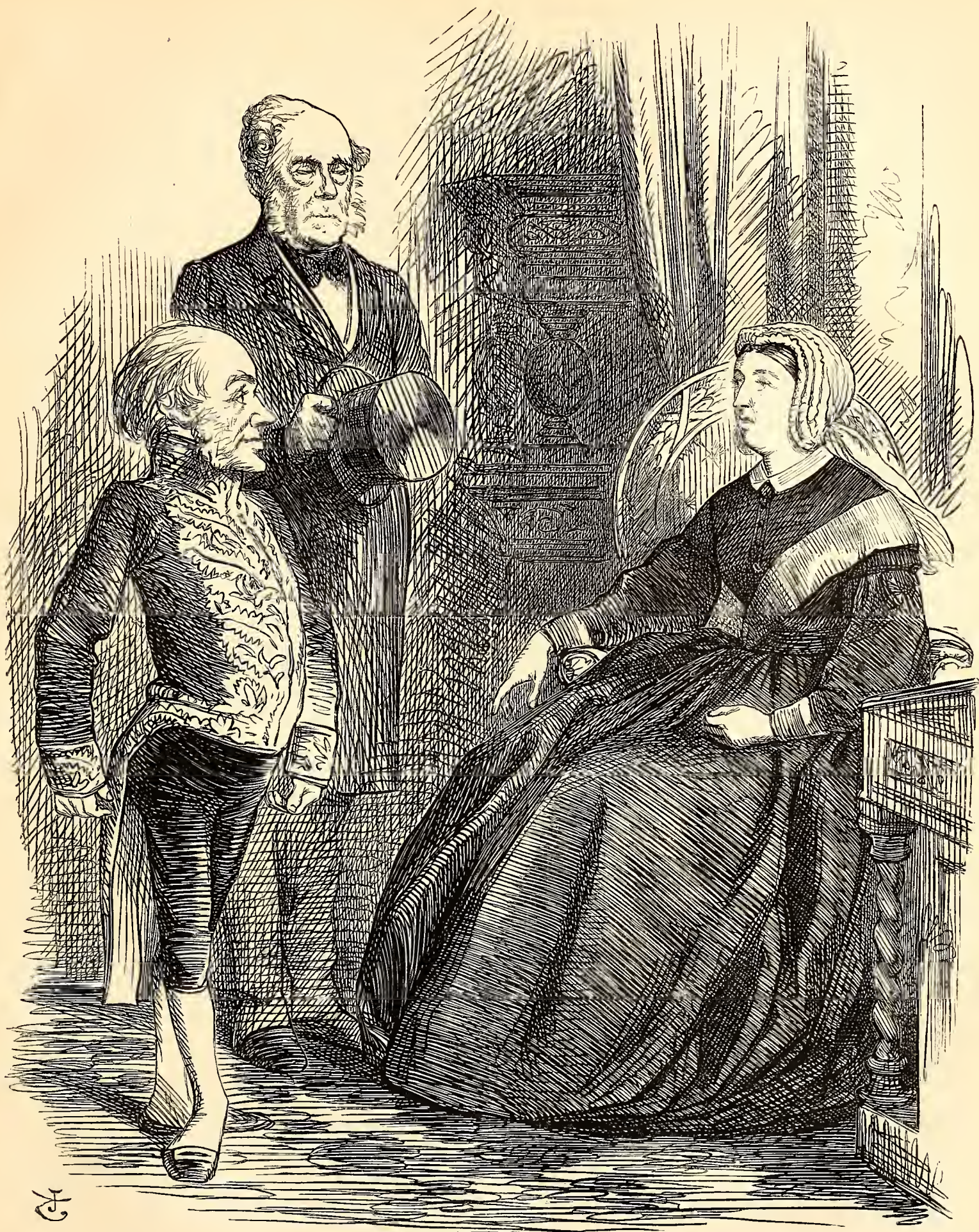
I look across to where he will be laid,
And there a silent company I see,—
White faces, marble forms, of those that made
The history that never more can be.

CHATHAM and MANSFIELD, FOX, PITT, CASTLEREAGH,
HORNER and GRATTAN, WILBERFORCE and PEEL:
And, last precursor on the common way,
LEWIS, whose loss scarce less than this we feel.

They seem to look out of the deep'ning gloom,
And bid him voiceless welcome to their throng—
"Come to us . . . us, the conclave of the tomb,
And take the place reserved for thee so long."

Verbal Twisting and Spinning.

WHAT is the difference between a "cotton-gin" and a glass of "gin-twist?" And if the landlord of a gin-palace is called a "gin-spinner," is the landlady a "spinning-Jenny?"



THE NEW FOREIGN SECRETARY.

JOHNNY RUSSELL. "I CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND THIS YOUNG MAN, CLARENDON, YOUR MAJESTY, AND I TAUGHT HIM WRITING MYSELF!"

THE QUEEN. "INDEED, JOHN; THEN I HOPE HE'LL MIND HIS P'S AND Q'S BETTER THAN YOU DID."

Punch's Table-Talk.

36.

It is made matter of reproach to MR. GLADSTONE that he is habitually grave—that he actually sees no fun in the affairs of a nation. He is certainly the most plaintive person I know. He is always Taxing us with unkindness.

37.

The life of a woman named SURATT, recently executed in America, is announced. It is being written by her counsel on the trial. This is certainly doing one's best for one's client—supposing the learned counsel can write decently. But imagine a London publisher advertising that he had made arrangements with SERJEANT BALLANTINE, MR. ORRIDGE, or MR. SLEIGH, for a life of a person who died on Monday morning at the Old Bailey.

38.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON is pardoning all the Southrons. This is wise, but it is also artful. A singular difficulty has presented itself to him. CHOO and LIN, the Siamese Twins, took different sides in the war. LIN was loyal, but CHOO was frantic for the "chivalry." It would have been extremely awkward to hang the guilty CHOO, while attached to the innocent LIN, so, as the PRESIDENT could not cut the band, he has cut the knot. Pardon's the word for all.

39.

GOUNOD's new oratorio, *Tobias*, is founded on the history of my *Toby*. I hope that the composer can rise to such a subject. He shirked *Mephistopheles* as the hound.

40.

DR. MANNING fulfils his promise of action for the Church of Rome. The POPE is going to create another Archbishopric in England—in Liverpool, probably. Really we ought to make reprisals. Why not consecrate one of the curates of St. Pancras the Protestant bishop of San Pancrazio?

41.

One does not expect to hear slang from princes. Yet MILTON makes the courtly Belial reply, "*Sad Cure!*"

42.

CANNING's sayings are coming up again now—do you know what he said about the phrase, "Measures, not men?" "Cant! Is it the harness that draws the coach, or the horses?" Clever; and yet the thought savoured of the Official.

43.

I have met, in my life, two cases of real humility. One was a Scotch coachman, on a very dangerous road. We escaped safely; but he turned round to a clergyman next to me, and said that if we had not turned that last corner, "we would all have been wi' the Deil in five minutes."

44.

The other was a poor woman who, in reply to my inquiries after her boy, said, "O Sir, his fortune's made!—he has passed for the Idiot Asylum."

45.

I suppose that the nonsense about French women dressing better than English women is nearly exploded. Our women who give what they are pleased to call their minds to dress, beat the French ladies hollow in taste and in expense, and ours having also real faces and real figures, the contest is as unfair as was *Gladiator's* for the Cambridge-shire.

46.

By the way, I suppose the French will say that the aforesaid horse was deliberately crushed—a victim to English hate—that he was a sort of four-legged NAPOLEON. It may be mentioned that the British people adore him, and that he started favourite.

47.

I see an advertisement in which a fiend states that, having been experimenting for years, he can produce a fair Port and Sherry, by fermentation, without a drop of grape-juice, and wishes a party with money to join him in Hamburg. I rather take this to be a squib inserted by some London wine-merchant to damage the fame of the Hamburg wines. I will try to believe this, for the honour of human nature.

48.

Something has been said about there being no statue of LORD BYRON in the Abbey. If Westminster Abbey is declared to be our Valhalla, he ought to have a splendid monument there. But while we keep the place as a Church, with Ten Commandments stuck up in it, I do not see the exact fitness of doing glorification therein to a man whose whole life and writings evinced his belief that we ought to have neither churches nor commandments. I presume that you know better than to answer me with a few sentimental quotations from his poems. He was too true an artist not to produce an effect, when he wanted one. Let us have no cant.

49.

Why do we say a medical man, and not a clerical man, or a legal man? Or why not adopt the last two phrases for parson and lawyer?

50.

The fishermen in Banffshire have a curious etiquette in reference to a couple of words. You must never speak of one of their number as having been drowned. They say, "Dogs are drowned—men are lost."

51.

Without being quite of the opinion of *Mrs. Parson Adams*, who considered that "Scriptures out of church are blasphemies," I don't care to hear texts quoted as arguments. An old divine—DONNE, I think—says that together they are beautiful, like hairs in a horse's tail, but, separated, the hairs are only springes and snares.

52.

Was SIR BULWER LYTTON thinking of the rickety timbers of the smart edifices built to catch young couples, when he wrote

"No beam spoke trouble in the House of Love?"

53.

Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. And more than sufficient for the night after—unless you like lying awake.

54.

Musical composers generally regard words as a necessary nuisance, but naturally prefer rubbish, because it does not intrude a poet's thoughts upon a musician's audience. I knew one composer, however, who was fastidious, and could never be satisfied with the words supplied to him. At last, he declared that he would write a poem for himself, and did. He considered it nearly perfect. This was the first verse:—

"'Tis sad to see the Autumn leaves
Come falling off a tree,
But sadder far to see my friends
All falling off of me."

55.

The Zoological Gardens, on a fine Sunday in the season, with all my distinguished and lovely acquaintances flirting around, is a noble sight. But give me back the sensation I experienced, when going to be taken into Exeter Change, at the sight of the picture of the animals, at the beefeater with the bills, and at the tip of the elephant's trunk poked out at the little window into the Strand. To be sure, I was younger then, and had not seen so many Beasts.

56.

MR. DISRAELI, speaking of SIR ROBERT PEEL, said, in the House, "He traces steam-engines to tea-kettles. His precedents are tea-kettle precedents." PEEL boiled over, but his retort was not happy.

57.

Why should MORRISON, PARR, and HOLLOWAY have the game all their own way? If you will give me some money—a good deal—I will give you a name for a Pill, which properly puffed, shall make a millionaire of you. It will meet a want of every one, and no one will be able to detect its failure. It need not be injurious, but the materials of such things are of no consequence, if they sell. This will. Take your time, and make me an offer. I am serious. Write, if you prefer it.

58.

Bother about there having been two Greek tragic poets called PHRYNICHUS. Stuff, I tell you. Every schoolboy knows that PHRYNICHUS is mentioned by HERODOTUS, CALLISTHENES, STRABO, PLUTARCH, ÆLIAN, and LIBANIUS, besides half-a-dozen other writers, and they speak of his play, which was called the *Taking of Miletus*, as by PHRYNICHUS the Tragedian. They say nothing about "the younger." He was a pupil of THESPIUS. I am ashamed of such juvenile erudition, but you talk nonsense. Pass the bottle.

59.

I am for great moderation in regard to capital punishment, but a so-called friend who posts to you a newspaper, and does not mark some paragraph for you to look at, ought simply to be hanged.

60.

Isn't *Nu* the shortest name a racehorse has had? I do not know whether it means the Greek *n*, or the French *naked*. What's more, I don't care. *Og* would be a good name for a horse, only there would be a hint of his roaring like a bull of that king's dominions. The Hebrew alphabet has not been exhausted. I should like to try the betting men with Lamed, Schin, and Tzaddi.

61.

I don't pretend to have studied that article in the last Quarterly, about the *Mariner's Compass*, but so far as I can see from a cursory perusal of the same, that boasted invention should now be called *The Wrecker's Best Friend*, and *Sea-Captain's Complete Guide to the Breakers*.

62.

The Premier speaks excellently at times, but one is always afraid lest he should go into a fit of strong histories.



MAGNETIC.

Gentleman. "IS IT POSSIBLE TO SEND A KISS TO BRIGHTON?"

Clerkess. "OH, YES, SIR; BUT IT MUST BE REPEATED TWO OR THREE TIMES, TO MAKE QUITE SURE."

FAT CHURCH AND LEAN CHURCH.

THE primary Visitation Charge lately delivered by the BISHOP OF ELY, containing much that is admirable, concludes with a panegyric, not altogether unmerited perhaps, but rather strong, and somewhat analogous to the toast, sometimes, on festive occasions, proposed by the president of a small and select circle of convivial acquaintance; "Our Noble Selves." The Bishop said:—

"But in very deed the Church is full, not empty, gathering from the right hand and from the left—full of all deep catholic doctrine, all holy evangelical truth—primitive, apostolic, catholic, scriptural, reformed, evangelical. It has eliminated nothing but error."

Considered in the abstract, the Established Church may doubtless be truly said to be at least as full as any other Church of the good things enumerated by the BISHOP OF ELY. Concretely regarded, it may, with equal truth, be said to be full and not empty; but the good things of which it is not empty but full appear to partake rather of the nature of fat than of a spiritual quality. Bishops, Deans and Chapters, and a goodly company of Rectors and Vicars, are full and not empty of the like good things with those that line the interiors of Mayors and Aldermen. On the other hand, however, there are very many hard-working Curates who are empty and not full of plain victuals and drink, and for whom a Charitable Society has found it necessary to beg old clothes. Would this be the case if fulness and not emptiness of all deep catholic doctrine, and all holy evangelical truth were the universal or even the ordinary condition of the beneficed Clergy, and if the superior parsons were as richly endowed with benevolence as they are with glebe and tithes, or appointed revenue? The Church, as represented by them, must be acknowledged to gather from the right hand and from the left, grabbing as much as ever it can, and keeping a particularly tight hold thereof. In short, as the BISHOP OF ELY continues to say:—

"Having proved all things, it holds fast that which is good."

In general, when a Bishop's will comes to be proved, the property of the deceased prelate, if the statements that are wont to appear in the

"JAM," SATIS.

"THOMAS FARRANCE and SONS, 66 and 67, Charing Cross, beg to return sincere thanks to their friends and the public in general for their kind patronage, and respectfully inform them that their business of a Confectioner will, on and after Oct. 31, be discontinued," &c.

How they vanish, one by one,
All the haunts we loved of yore:
FARRANCE, thy proud race is run:
Regal ice or lowly bun
Thou wilt yield us—never more!

When we left, in Mays gone by,
The Academician's door,
"Come! to FARRANCE let us hie,"
Straight we said—but now we cry,
"Never more—oh, never more!"

When our country cousins troop
To the Abbey, old and hoar,
On to FARRANCE's they swoop—
But to tarts and ox-tail soup
We shall treat them—never more!

Other FARRANCES may rise,
Quite as bilious as before—
But the old familiar pies
(Veal and ham) will glad our eyes
Never more! oh, never more!

When Seen make a Note of.

THE friends of the Abyssinian prisoners are asking for subscriptions to enable DR. BEKE to proceed to their release. Subscribe, by all means! It is *Mr. Punch's* fervent prayer that MR. STERN and the other unhappy victims of this intractable negro may ultimately be rescued, as SINBAD was, by a *Beke*. But we should bear in mind that MESSRS. RASSUM and PALGRAVE have been pulled up in the same attempt; not forgetting the old proverb that "a stern-chase is a long chase."

WE LIVE IN DIFFERENT TIMES.

THE talisman of old was supposed to bring wealth; but the tally's-man of the present day is only sure to bring ruin.

Illustrated News can be relied on, 'is sworn under a figure so considerable as to indicate that which, as the result of having proved all things, he held fast for good, to have been money, to the amount of some twenty or thirty thousand pounds sterling.

Once more the good Bishop makes a little jumble of the ideal with reality:—

"It is not a compromise between truth and falsehood, but a comprehension of all that is Christian, and holy, and true. The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places; we have a goodly heritage."

The heritage of the present BISHOP OF ELY is perhaps considerably goodlier than that of his predecessor to whom a Royal Duke, afterwards an amiable and beneficent monarch, the Father of his people, celebrated for his virtues, and for a perfection of personal appearance which is the boast of *Punch*, addressed the following observation:—

"My Lord of Ely when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there."

The garden now forming part of My Lord of Ely's heritage, answerable to the one which formerly adjoined the site of Ely Place, would probably be found to contain not only good strawberries, but also excellent peaches and nectarines, and very likely pine-apples also, and other such kindly fruits of the earth in due season. The lines which circumscribe and constitute the domains of Bishops have certainly fallen to them in pleasant places; but those which form the slums, and back settlements, and rustic wilds, wherein is cast the lot of the inferior Clergy, have fallen to their occupants in unpleasant places, and are very hard lines.

Cruelty to the Clergy.

It seems that in Prussia, people who are desirous to be divorced are not allowed to petition until the parson of the district has given them both a good talking to. If he fail to persuade them to make it up, they may apply to the Courts. Is not this rather hard upon the parson? It is making a workman, say a Joiner, come into a house and argue that his work sticks together, when it notoriously does not.

HEARTS AND LUTES.



THE other night we went to the New Royalty Theatre, to see *Felix, or the Festival of Roses*. MR. GALER was *Felix*, everyone was assisting at the *Festival*, and the stalls and pit, row after row, were the rowzes. The music is by HERR MEYER LUTZ, full of harmonies enchanting, of flowing melodies, but only two or three "toons" for popular whistlers of the streets.

HERR M. LUTZ has not fed the Organs, but, alas! the Organs will continue to flourish even without nourishment from Dean Street. The libretto charmed us; 'twas rhythmical and sensible withal. Nor had the librettist omitted to take advantage of the composer's name. "Hark!" says *Don Felix*, "I hear

lutes!" Whereat the audience expect to hear the Composer, who conducts his own opera, suddenly face about, and give them "some pretty little thing of his own." Quoth the *Prince*, "Let us strike our lutes!" and a sympathetic tremor seizes the House, lest the *Maestro* should be assaulted before their very eyes. But, oh! Miss SUSAN GALTON, niece of MISS PYNE, fresh is thy voice and playful is thy performance; and when you next sing that charming ballad, "*Oh, Faithless Lover!*" cast one glance, O *Black-Eyed Susan*, to cheer your unhappy *William*, three from the end on the right-hand side, with a daffy-down-dilly in his button-hole, drinking in thy dulcet notes at the rate of so much dirty dross per minute, and cheap at any price. Oh, my heart and LUTZ! Farewell!

INTELLECTUAL TREAT.

A LECTURE was delivered yesterday at the Meeting Hall of the Congregational Temperance Literary and Scientific Union, Humberough, by the REV. EBENEZER JOWLES, on the subject of "The Strong Language of SHAKSPEARE." MR. JOWLES lamented to say that the pages of the world-renowned Bard of Avon were painfully disfigured by expressions now chiefly in use amongst the humbler classes, though too often employed, as expletives, in conversation by unconverted individuals moving in higher circles of society. As examples of the strong language to which he referred, he particularly instanced the imprecations put by SHAKSPEARE into the mouth of *Macbeth* on "those that trust" the Weird Sisters, on the "cream-faced loon," and on himself or *Macduff*, whichever of the two, in the combat about to ensue between them, shall cry "Hold!" and express himself satisfied. The Reverend Lecturer delivered these maledictory utterances with powerful emphasis and effect, and an apparent gusto that was very amusing. His recitation of the words and phrases, thus necessarily quoted for the purpose of illustration, was received with great applause. After the Lecture the assembly partook of tea and plum-cake, and then separated, declaring that they had tasted much sweetness.

Prussia's Representative Man.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Paris:—

"Prussia has signified her willingness to send a representative to the Sanitary Conference which is to be held at Constantinople."

If Prussia is correctly represented by her representative, who will consent to sit in the same room with him? To represent Prussia, as she is, a man must be the self-convicted speaker of the thing which is not, and a criminal who has merited a legal, not a diplomatic *ultimatum*.

THE BERMONDSEY BUMBLES DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.

THE Law it may threaten, the Law it may thunder
From out of the heights of the Parliament's sky,
The Board in Whitehall may bid Guardians knock under—
Commissioners, Commons, alike we defy.
The Bermondsey Board scorns the "pie" that's called "humble,"
It will not be led, to be druv' it don't mean.
What's the bidding of Law to the spirit of Bumble
Enshrined in its self-satisfaction serene?

You may style us inhuman, may brand us as stolid,
Penny-wise and pound-foolish our notions may call,
As respectable men our convictions are solid;
Pauper vermin like these to take in we've no call.
Ha'n't they got penny-ropes for their night 'commodation?
Aren't there lots of dry arches 'neath which they may pig?—
A nice state of things, to let rags and starvation
Block the passage of Mr. Respectable's gig!

Set 'em up with warm straw, and nice clean boards to lie on,
Cold water to drink, and six ounces of bread!
And but four hours' stone-breaking next day to rely on
To repay us the cost of their board and their bed!
Ain't it clear as the sun all the vagrants in London
Will be drawn by the bait of such lodgings and fare?
That Bermondsey Union by rates will be undone,
And the 'Ouse an hotel kept for casuals' repair?

They've no right to persist in obstructin' the pavement
When the porter has put up "The casual ward full;"
It's rates and not lives that us Boards is to save meant,
And Local Self-Government's dear to JOHN BULL.
In the snow and the sleet they've no right to lie huddled,
What's the use of Police, but to bid 'em begone?—
Were the truth known, I dare say the most on 'em's fuddled,
They should all be took up if they will not mov' on!

PRESIDENT PAT.

(From the forthcoming History of Parliament.)

ONE blow and Ireland sprang from the head of her Saxon Enslaver a new Minerva! Proudly and solemnly she then sat down to frame a Republic worthy of PLATO and PAT. Her first President had been a workhouse porter and a night watchman. He was, therefore, eminently fitted both for civil and military administration. The speech of PRESIDENT PAT on opening Congress develops his policy and his well-digested plans of legislative reform. Here are a few choice quotations:—

The Key-stone of Government is the blarney stone.
Political progress may always be accelerated by a bludgeon.
Our Institutions must be consolidated by soft soap and whacks.
The People's Will is made known by manifesto, and by many fists too.
Every man shall be qualified to sit in Congress that is a 10 lb. pig-holder, provided that the pig and the Member sleep under the same roof.

Members of Congress will be remunerated for their public services. Gentlemen wearing gloves only to have the privilege of shaking the President's hand. The unwashed to be paid at the door.

Pipes will not be allowed on the Opposition benches, nor may any Member take whiskey until challenged by the President.

Under no circumstances will a Member be suffered to sit with his blunderbuss at full-cock, nor pointed at the President's ear.

Our Ambassadors will be chosen from our most meritorious postmen, so that they may have no difficulty in reading their letters.

The Foreign Office will be presided over by a patriotic Editor who has travelled in New South Wales and is thoroughly conversant with its language.

Instead of Bulwarks, the island will be fortified by Irish bulls; our military engineers being of opinion that no other horn-works are so efficient or necessary.

To prevent heart-burnings between Landlord and Tenant, a Government collector of rents will be appointed, and tenant-right shall include a power to shoot over the land, and at any one on it.

A Marked Man.

THE POET CLOSE has been pelted with peas at Penrith for insulting the good people there during a lecture. We hope the offence and punishment will not be repeated, or else we shall be inclined to say that the only part of our CLOSE likely to become known to Posterity will be the Pea-jacket.



GALLANT, BUT WE FEAR SATIRICAL OFFICER.

Advanced Young Lady. "WILL YOU TAKE A CIGARETTE, CAPTAIN DE ROBYNSONNE?"

Captain. "THANKS, NO! I HAVE NOT LEARNED TO SMOKE YET. BUT PRAY GO ON; SMOKE DOES NOT MAKE ME AT ALL ILL—I RATHER LIKE IT!"

PRINCE PUNCH AT THE PRINCESS'S.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE PUNCH, attended by the PRINCE OF WALES, visited the Princess's Theatre on Wednesday evening last, to see the new play.

"The Princess may come with us?" inquired the latter Prince. "Or are the prison scenes too strong for her?"

"Oh, I have good nerve," replied the Rose of Denmark, "and the thing will be a novelty, for I have never been in prison yet. Besides," she added, archly, "this is Wednesday, you know, and I cannot on a Wednesday let you take away my *Punch*."

The Princess went with them, looking charmingly, of course, and wearing, as usual, a lovely wreath of smiles. On the rest of her costume comment were superfluous.

The fact that the Royal party, H.R.H. PRINCE PUNCH included, saw the whole play out, from the first scene to the last, may be taken as sufficient proof of its attractiveness. For three hours and three-quarters the bright eyes of the Princess were fixed upon the stage, excepting when, during the *entr'actes*, they beamed upon PRINCE PUNCH. This fact, which is a fact (and the *Court Circular* can't deny it), is a proof, if proof be needed, that the prison scenes showed nothing offensive to her eyes, and they are sweetly tender ones. Had there been anything repulsive or revolting on the stage, the delicate Princess would have been first to shrink and shudder at it. Either, then, the scenes have been softened and toned down since the hiss on the first night, or the gentlemen who hissed were unusually squeamish.

"But tell me," asked the Princess, "is the picture true? Are there prisons such as this?"

"Well, really," said PRINCE PUNCH, "extensive as my knowledge is, I cannot undertake to speak from personal experience. If it wasn't for the nuisance of losing one's moustache, I'd pick ALBERT EDWARD's pocket, and get sent to Cold Bath Fields. I certainly have noticed that—thanks to my prosperity!—I'm getting rather stout; and the tread-

mill really seems a healthy sort of exercise for persons whose rotundity needs to be reduced."

"Well, as a woman," said the Princess, "I'd rather go to Botany Bay than try the Silent System. But see—'*Advance Australia*'—Oh, what a pretty scene!"

Thus pleasantly conversing, the Royal party passed a most agreeable evening; and after a light supper of eleven dozen oysters, which the Princess would have opened for him, had the fishmonger not done so, PRINCE PUNCH tore himself away. Lighting a large cigar, to assist him in reflection, he then pondered on the problem how men, who called such scenes as he had seen to-night "offensive," could tolerate a MENKEN without similar remark. He furthermore reflected that the play which he had seen perhaps might do good service by showing that a prison is not a pleasant place, and that there may be gaols in England where the prisoners are not pets. Critics may object that the sympathy of the audience is awakened for the prisoners; and, further, may contend that few playgoers can find pleasure in seeing painful scenes. That there is sense in this, PRINCE PUNCH is willing to admit; but poison scenes have been presented quite as painful as these prison ones, and have not yet been hissed. Hiss away, by all means, gentlemen, when you find fit provocation; but let your sibilation be consistent, if you please, and do not strain at the prison while swallowing the poison, else, possibly, your hissing may be held of little worth, and it be said of a new play at which these tongues of yours may sibilate, that in reality the drama *laudatur ab "hiss."*

Federal Diet.

WHAT is the Diet of those small Germans who, having been used as cat's paws, and deceived, are now bullied and insulted by Prussia and Austria? Truly the present diet of Germany is Humble Pie.

NARROW ESCAPE.—The DUKE OF SUTHERLAND fired up the other day. We have since heard that His Grace was put out by a fireman.



SOMETHING FROM THE PROVINCES.

Excursionist (politely). "CAN YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME THE NEAREST WAY TO SLAGLEY?"

Powerful Navy. "AH CAN POONCH TH' HEAD O' THEE!"

[*Excursionist retires hastily.*]

THE SHEFFIELD TONIC FOR CHILDREN.

A NEW tonic has been discovered by a gentleman of Sheffield, named IRONSIDE. A curious coincidence is suggested by the fact that Iron itself is a very powerful tonic. The tonic, however, discovered by MR. IRONSIDE, is nothing of his own name, but may be described as free caloric in combination with carbonic and sulphurous acid gas, and other gases the result of combustion.

The Town Council of Sheffield met together the other day, for the purpose of taking into consideration the Report of the Children's Employment Commission relative to the overworking of children practised in the trades of that town. According to that Report, a boy, only nine years old, living at Wadsley, four or five miles from Sheffield, was obliged by his father to work as cellar-boy in one of the furnaces, on most days of the week from six in the morning to six or seven in the evening, and on Saturdays from three in the morning till three in the afternoon. This enforced labour at a high temperature would, if only occasional, appear to be equivalent to a somewhat long compulsory innings in the Turkish bath. Imposed nearly every day, it may be considered by some who do not consider too deeply, to constitute a combination of the Turkish bath with Turkish tyranny, and tyranny about as barbarous as ever was practised in Turkey. MR. IRONSIDE, however, defended its imposition. He regards it as having the beneficial operation of the Turkish bath alone—that of invigorating the system. The Report, with reference to the boy above mentioned, stated that on Friday nights, when it was too late for him to go home, he had to sleep on the floor of the furnace, "with an apron under him, and a bit of jacket over him." Of the dormitory which he thus occupied on the night of every Friday, MR. IRONSIDE declared that "the place would certainly be warm and comfortable;" rather, to be sure, one would think, less comfortable than warm, like another place which politeness forbids anybody but a clergyman to mention to such employers as those of whom MR. IRONSIDE is the apologist.

Warmth and comfort are of course conducive to health; but the

comfort and the warmth of the atmosphere of a furnace-house are represented by MR. IRONSIDE as having quite a peculiar effect in sustaining the youthful stamina. For these are words which that physiological philanthropist is further reported to have spoken on the above-mentioned occasion:—

"A girl in INGLESON'S tobacco manufactory, ten years old, could not answer a single question in arithmetic. He (MR. IRONSIDE) was not sorry for it, because his idea was that at that age children should be exercising their bodies and getting their bodies strengthened."

That is to say, they ought to be exercising their bodies by working in a furnace-room some twelve hours a day, and getting their bodies strengthened by inhaling the gaseous products given off from the coke or coal burning in the furnace. Hot air impregnated with these salubrious additions, inhaled during hard labour for half a day, is the tonic for children of tender age which has been discovered by MR. IRONSIDE. By the way is MR. IRONSIDE the representative of any of those Ironsides who fought under CROMWELL, and whom the great PROTECTOR described as "men who have a conscience of what they do?"

Very likely the Sheffield or Ironside Tonic will supersede Cod Liver Oil, and children threatened with consumption will be recommended simply, removal to Sheffield furnace-houses, and others, for change of air.

For the discovery of his new Tonic for children, MR. IRONSIDE cannot of course take out a patent; but he ought not to go unrewarded. The Medical Council may think it right to present him with an honorary diploma, and perhaps, also, he will be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Hoax about Indian Hemp.

A RECENT impression of *Allen's Indian Mail* contradicts a report that high rank in the civil service of India is held by the two sons of MR. CALCRAFT, the Finisher of the Law. We are justified in further stating that no official in that service has even any such hangers-on.

EXTRA-LATE UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Nov.

EXHIBITIONS have been awarded to several distinguished people. The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is to hold his in two years' time.

The Linacre Professor of Anatomy is to lecture upon "The Fragments of the Greek Philosophers." On alternate days he will lecture on "Critical Operations, including the Art of Cutting up an Author."

The Professor of Political Economy backs himself to dine at the Clarendon (London) with any one.

The Rawlinsonian Professor intends to lie in bed as late as he likes during the cold weather.

The Teacher of the German Language proposes to have some fun this term. He won't give any Lectures.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Carus Prize has been adjudged to the most deserving candidate.

The Don't-Care-us Prize has been presented to an incorrigible Under-graduate on his Rustication.

COLLEGE OF ST. BEES.

The Term will commence on the usual day, when the Students will meet in the Hall, and inaugurate the Season by singing DR. WATTS'S "How doth the little," &c.

The following notice of Lectures for the ensuing Term has been issued:—

The Professor of Languages will lecture on "The English Alphabet: its Use and Abuse." Students who omitted their "H" course last term, are specially invited to attend. Aspirants for Honours will have a Hextra Lesson. The present series will not reach beyond words of two syllables.

The Queen B. Professor of Morality will lecture on "The Government of the English Tongue." Subject: the Nominative Case and Verb.

COLONEL STODARE will attend twice a week, to lecture on "The Rudiments of Natural Magic, better known as *Spelling*."

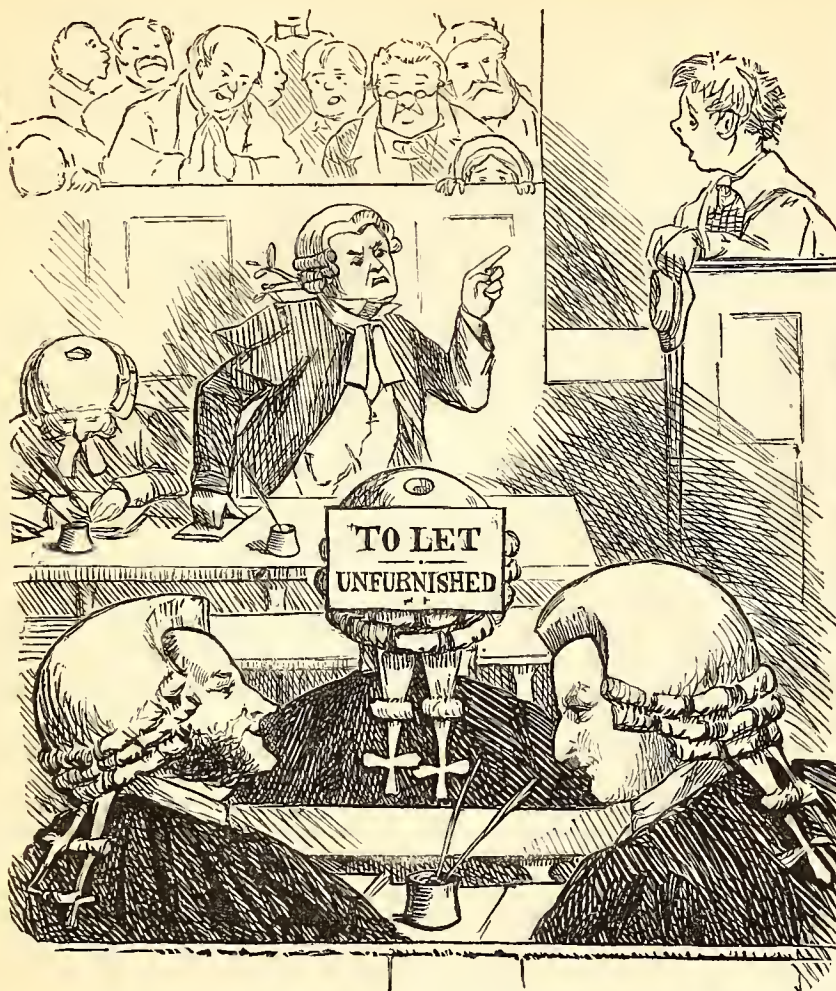
The Principal of St. Bees will hold Examinations on the first Monday of every Month. These will be held in his own house:—

"Principio sedes apibus statioque petenda."

VIRG. Georg., lib. iv. .

(Translation.) "The Principal's place of residence must be sought by the Beesmen."

Singing.—The Learned Professor of Vocal Music at St. Bees will, in future, be the well-known English buffo, MR. HONEY.



IT WAS RATHER TOO BAD, YOU KNOW, THAT LARKINS SERVING POOR JONES LIKE THIS! AND HIS FIRST CIRCUIT, TOO!

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

A RETROSPECT.

HOLIDAYS all over now, and everybody, who is anybody, back again to work. I don't want to be unkind, nor to rake up the past, unless for the benefit of the future; but let me ask, what is the general feeling about Last Summer? I own that *I* did *not* go out of Town at all. Am I jealous? am I envious? By no means; only, as I stayed at home (I think somebody might have asked me down to his place—but that's all one now), I should be glad to ascertain with what beneficial results to themselves, my friends travelled to, or sojourned in, divers places.

Meeting young COVEY, who at first tried hard to avoid giving direct answers, he replied, vaguely, "Oh, I've been away for some time," or "I've only just come back;" and then immediately inquired of me where *I'd* been; wishing me to understand that *he'd* crossed the Alps, or climbed Mount Blanc or Ararat, or, in fact, had visited any Continental region instead of Brighton, where it turned out, after all, that he had been obliged to reside with his family. "The Governor," Young COVEY explained, "wouldn't stomp up, and so, you see, I had to stop with the whole lot of 'em at that hole, Brighton. 'Fernal bore! but 'bliged to humour the old boy."

"So," said I to him, "You didn't enjoy yourself, did you?" "Not a bit," was his reply; whereupon I wished him a very good morning, for I *had* enjoyed *myself* in town.

Old COVEY, whom I subsequently encountered, began by observing, cheerily, "Very fresh at Brighton. Capital place to stop at: express trains up to Town for business hours: mouthful of air in the morning when you get up, 'nother mouthful of ditto when you get down in the evening." And thus he was running on glibly enough, when I asked him, point blank, if he'd enjoyed his summer's holiday. "Holiday!" he returned, "I haven't had a holiday for years. Can't get away, you know. What with governesses at home, the boys' schooling, and that fellow JOHN's expenses at College, 'pon my word, you know, one must keep on hard at it. I couldn't leave my business, so I said to my wife if we *must* go, why, better say Brighton; but I can't have *you* going one way, the family another—JOHN on what he calls a "reading party" (which I won't stand again, and can't afford, *besides* the money I pay for him at College), and the servants on board-wages. So we went down to Brighton. But I don't call *that* a holiday, you know."

"Then," said I, "You didn't enjoy your summer very much, eh?" "Well, no," he replied, as if he would rather not have made the confession, "I didn't enjoy it very much; no, I didn't—er—"

I left him considering the point I had raised. At dinner that day, I have no doubt he was ill-tempered, and went on grumbling at MRS. COVEY about "Brighton," "expenses," "better have stopped at home," "no one benefited by going," "JOHN extravagant at College," and so forth, until one of his daughters plays the piano, and he goes to sleep in an easy-chair.

In the Club I found BODLEY. And where had BODLEY been, eh? Why BODLEY had been to Boulogne. Yes, and why Boulogne? Because BODLEY always went to Boulogne. And how did BODLEY like Boulogne *this* summer? eh? "Spoilt, sir," says BODLEY, "Drunken excursionists supposed to be specimens of Englishmen infested Boulogne. It was so hot you couldn't move out until the evening, and *then* you didn't care about stirring." Why didn't you go somewhere else? BODLEY replied he knew everywhere else round about; and Paris, out of the season, was worse than London. For my part I suspect BODLEY of impecuniosity. "Besides," said BODLEY, as an afterthought, "I had several visits to pay in England: shooting, and so forth. Always plenty of that." With this he laughed, and nodded, and made as if he was going away, fearing (I know BODLEY) that I should question him concerning these invitations. Pretending that I was bound in the same direction as himself, I took his arm, and inquired pleasantly: "So you've been shooting, eh? Where?"

"Well, I always have a general invitation to EDLIN's place every year." (EDLIN's place is in the north, a shooting box; I know it) "and so it's very pleasant; I go when I like." He had no more been shooting than I had, and was now only beating about the bush. "How is EDLIN?" I asked. "Oh," replied BODLEY, "I haven't been down there this time. I've been—I mean—I've—Hi! cab!" It was worth a shilling to get away from me, "I'm sorry I must be off," continued that humbug BODLEY, "but the fact is, I've got a very important engagement, and er—er—" "Good bye, BODLEY," said I, in a melancholy tone, for I was grieved, and could not stop to hear him give a feigned address to the driver. I believe he pretended that he'd made a mistake, gave that cabman sixpence and got out when I'd turned the corner. *He* hadn't enjoyed himself at all events; and besides, was a disappointed man in regard to invitations.

I came across a fellow who'd been out in the *Saucy Nautilus*, and had sent you his log. He hadn't enjoyed himself, and said so manfully. He thought he might perhaps next year, but that wasn't to my purpose.

Before MARSH, a friend of mine in the Temple, went away, he showed me, I recollect, his plans on paper. They, that is he and his bosom friend STYNTER, had mapped out a new route, wouldn't I like to join them, hey? Wasn't it fun? Capital. They gave me a farewell dinner, I remember it as if it was only yesterday, because we dined at a public place, and they had both of 'em forgotten to bring their purses. Unfortunately I hadn't, and I (as their guest, mind you) had to pay the score. Being in high spirits at the prospect of leaving England next morning, they laughed at this proceeding of mine amazingly. I didn't. It turned out too, for I *would* walk to their lodgings and see the last of them, that in reality they'd only got enough English money to take them beyond the coast, and besides this nothing but circular notes. So they slapped me on the back, jocularly proposed writing me an order on the Bank of the Serpentine, and finally begged to be reminded of their debt when they should return. Of course I said, "Oh, it doesn't matter, never mind," and laughed, but it *did* matter, and when MARSH told me the other day that he'd quarrelled with STYNTER at Interlachen, that STYNTER had spoiled everything, that STYNTER wouldn't stick to the programme, that STYNTER would insist upon rushing quickly from place to place, and wouldn't travel comfortably on account of expense, that STYNTER wouldn't drink wine, wouldn't share the bills, and so forth, I say, when I heard this account of their tour, I could not help smilingly supposing that he hadn't enjoyed himself? eh?"

"Enjoy myself!" cried MARSH, "I should think not. You can't get on with a fellow like STYNTER. 'Pon my word, I'd rather have stopped at home." And I *had* stopped at home! Ha! ha!

STYNTER gave me a dinner the other day. How he *did* abuse MARSH! I fancy MARSH was (in the right, if either was, because STYNTER only gave me a pint of sherry at dinner, and only proposed wine *after* dinner on condition that I would "manage the bottle all by myself, as he didn't drink anything;" which offer I could not conscientiously accept.

SPYER and SPOONLEY visited the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk. Both say they'll never go there again; and SPOONLEY adds, "Catch him going anywhere with SPYER!" They tell me it was a very expensive trip, and they could have seen more abroad for half the money. Ha! ha! ha! I stopped at home! Hooray! I enjoyed myself! I did; and if I didn't as much as I ought to have done, my lot was better than that of these poor fellows. They'll pat me on the back, forsooth, another time, and tell me where they're going, will they? No, they won't. I can refer them to their past summer of Eighteen Sixty-five. However, I must not wander on any longer. But I come to this conclusion: Summer is a delusion; Touring is confusion: The rule of *Two* (travelling companions) it puzzles *you* (for the sake of rhyme: and *me*, too, in reason), and practice (*poeticé* for arithmetic and money matters generally) drives me mad. Home, Home! sweet, sweet Home! Wherever I wander, I find a lot of places very like Home.

HIGH IDEAS OF HIGH ART.



HOLD an example of the language of enthusiasm:—

"Then, as true Britons, let us be honest. Honour to whom honour is due. Let us acknowledge what we have taken from our competitors, whilst we strive to surpass them by every legitimate means, and let us invite them to join us in the contemplated meeting-house and club, which should be truly international in its character."

This impassioned exhortation is the conclusion of a letter written to the Editor of the *Post*, by whom do you suppose, reader, and about what? At least, you will probably conclude, by some eminent artist, painter, sculptor, architect, æsthetic potter, goldsmith, silversmith, worker in brass or iron, or, peradventure, composer of

music. The subject whereon this devotee writes so earnestly you will naturally imagine to be the art of which he is a professor. In painting, sculpture, masonry, ornamental crockery-work, or smithcraft in its highest branches, you will expect to find him some such fanatic, so to speak, as a *fanatico per la musica*; or perhaps actually a fanatic of the last-named species, nobly, gloriously, music-mad.

No, Sir. His glowing appeal terminates with the following mild subscription:—

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"Oxford Street, Oct. 28."

"AN ENGLISH HAIRDRESSER."

The art, whose professor writes in the serious and earnest language above copied, is that of clipping, trimming, arranging and frizzling the hair of the human, and especially the female head. The subject of his fervent epistle, dictated by "a sense of international courtesy and English fair-play," is a hairdressers' *soirée* which had taken place on the previous Thursday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. That assembly consisted of twelve hairdressers and as many young ladies, each hairdresser appearing with a young lady under his arm. The hairdressers having bowed, and the young ladies curtsied, the latter sat down, and the former proceeded to dress the hair each of each, trying which of them could do it best, to the admiration of the beholders. The "English Hairdresser" writes to deprecate "an evidently anti-French spirit pervading the account given of the formation of the British Hairdressers' Society" which appeared in the *Post*. He declares, with generous warmth of expression:—

"Most distinctly do I assert the French artists have been the fathers of the improved taste and skill of the British hairdresser of the present day. Twenty years ago twelve Englishmen could not have been found who could have acquitted themselves as did the heroes of Thursday evening."

"Peace to the souls of the heroes!"—in good time, some years hence let us hope; and in the meanwhile may they enjoy the unlimited patronage of the Court and aristocracy, and sell great quantities of oil, bear's grease, marrow, pomatum, Circassian cream, and vegetable extract. The like prosperity befall the "English Hairdresser" who is so solicitous for the due credit, honour, and glory of his French brother artists. And when, at last, Fate's scissors are about to snip the hair that binds him to this block of earth, may he feel himself in a position to utter, *mutatis mutandis*, the exclamation of the expiring painter, and cry, "We are all going to Heaven, and TRUEFIT is of the party." The respect which the brothers of the brush entertain for their art is paralleled by a corresponding sentiment on the part of the brothers of the hair-brush. Literary men are commonly apt to express a high idea of the dignity of their calling, even if that is only to afford amusement. Perhaps they have taught hairdressers to form a similar estimate of the importance of their profession.

THE ADVERTISER'S PARADISE.—Puffin Island.

ORDERS FOR MEDICAL OFFICERS!

MR. PUNCH,

HERE is pretty news for you by telegram from Paris, where cholera has lately, as you are aware, prevailed. It appears that the house surgeons and students at the cholera hospitals have been very assiduous in their attention to the patients in those institutions affected with that malady. Naturally they would be, as young men, desirous of learning their business. Well, Sir, on Monday last week, MARQUIS DE LAVALETTE, Minister of the Interior, accompanied by M. HAUSSMANN, Prefect of the Seine, and M. BOITELLE, Prefect of Police, visited the Hôtel Dieu and the Hospital Beaujon. M. DE LAVALETTE announced that the EMPEROR, "sensibly touched by the indefatigable zeal" with which those industrious cultivators of their profession had devoted their energies in ministration to the cholera patients, "and desiring to recompense the entire body in the persons of two who had particularly distinguished themselves," had named those two, one of them surgeon to the Hôtel Dieu, and the other belonging to the other hospital above-mentioned, Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour. And so, Sir:—

"The Minister of the Interior presented the Cross of the Legion of Honour to M. LEGROS and M. LELION in the cholera wards."

We may be pretty sure that HER MAJESTY will not be advised to follow the example thus set by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH; but only suppose she were! No doubt the house surgeons and medical students of the London hospitals would prove quite as diligent and as regardless of infection as the body represented by MM. LEGROS and LELION under similar circumstances. Now, Mr. Punch, just fancy the HOME SECRETARY, the LORD MAYOR, and SIR RICHARD MAYNE going, by command of the QUEEN, to Guy's and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals, and there presenting the Victoria Cross to MR. ROBERT SAWYER and MR. BENJAMIN ALLEN! To be sure I have no fear that surgical hardihood will ever receive in this country the recognition which, constituted by the Cross of the Order of Valour, is at present limited to the reward of physical courage. I mean by that, the courage which is shown in picking up live shells, and behaving, under the fire of an Armstrong battery, with the unconcern attributed by the showman to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, "a valkin' about among the red hot cannon balls." If the infection of cholera should come here from Paris, I trust that of NAPOLEON's example in rewarding surgeons for its treatment won't. How disgusting it would be to have a doctor, who only combats contagion and that sort of thing, although habitually, put on a par with a fellow who has now and then to risk his life in action, as

The Tatters and Starvation, Nov., 1865.

A COMBATANT.

THE MACINTOSH.

(BY A SCOTCHMAN CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.)

TUNE—Familiar Bagpipe.

Hech ho, the Macintosh!
Hech ho, the Macintosh!
My thumbs o' wet I dinna fash,
I hae a faithfu' Macintosh.

Hech my cloakie anti-soakie water-prooffie Macintosh,
Ho my ain auld trustie, rustie, muckle dustie Macintosh!
Hech ho, &c.

Rain a' my sides may wash,
Whilst gangin through the slosh,
I'm shod wi' caoutchouc galoche,
An' wrappit in my Macintosh.
Gif ye're shabbie mony a cabbie hae ye saved, my Macintosh,
Nae umbrellie need the Swellie buy that sports a Macintosh.
Hech ho, &c., *ad infinitum*.

EXTREME CARELESSNESS OF A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.

DEAR BERNAL OSBORNE,

DON'T let this occur again, please.

You excogitated a good joke about the heat of Fenianism being '98 in the shade.

Instead of sending it to me direct, you let it off, verbally, and for the last six weeks I have had about ten letters a day from various Irishmen who claim it as their own, and ask for "a trifle" in the way of remuneration.

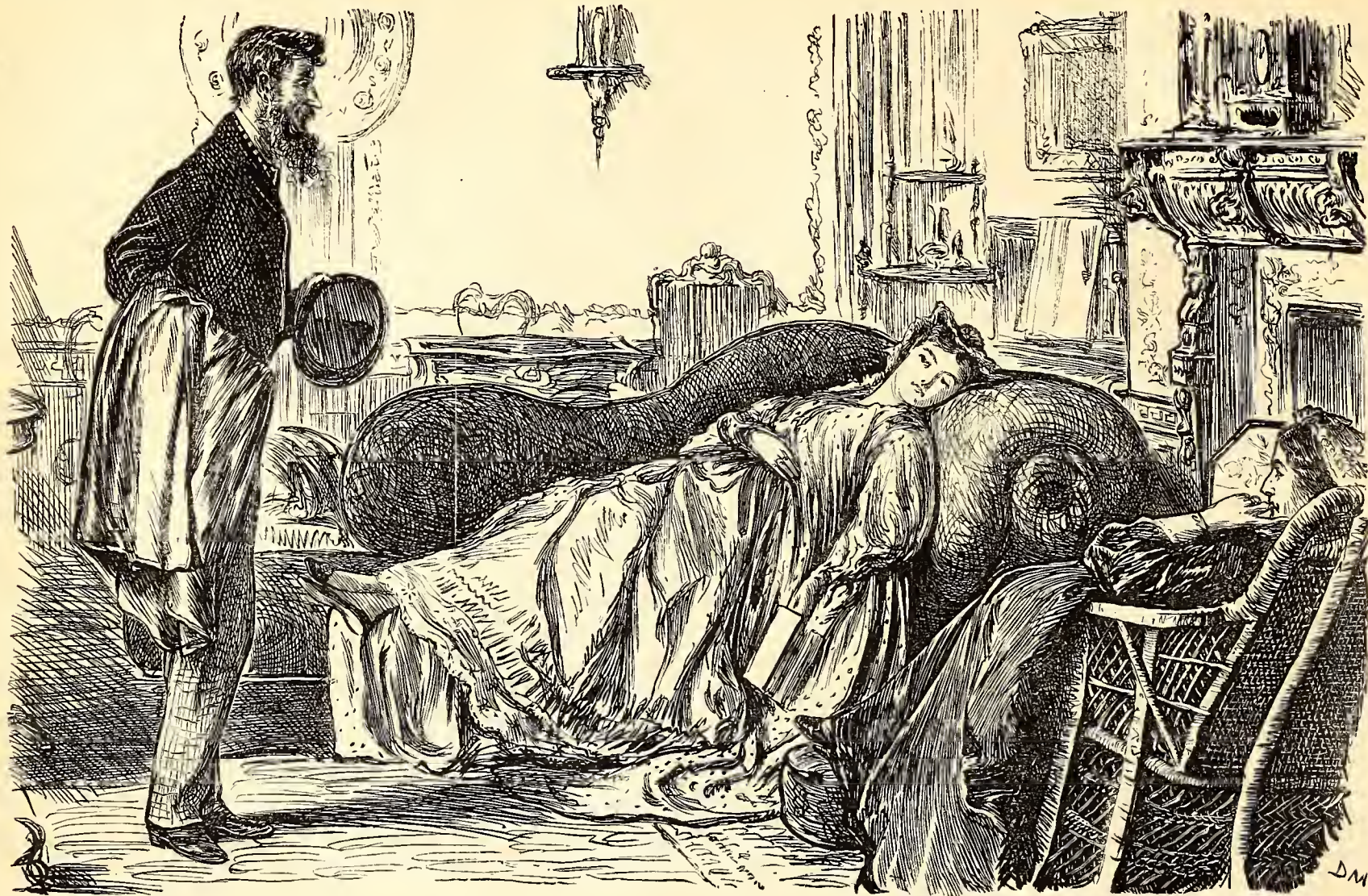
Just attend to this, or else——

R. B. Osborne, Esq.

Ever yours,

PUNCH.

EXERCISE FOR CITY CLERKS.—A Run on a Bank.



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Adventurous Husband. "I'M OFF TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE; AND, BY THE BYE, I SHALL VERY LIKELY GO UP IN MR. GLAISHWELL'S BALLOON. BUT PRAY DON'T BE IN THE LEAST ALARMED! THERE'S NO REAL DANGER!"

Affectionate Wife. "HOW NICE! SHALL YOU BE HOME TO DINNER, LOVE?"

Disinterested Mother-in-Law. "CHARMING! BUT TELL ME, RICHARD, WILL IT NOT INVALIDATE YOUR LIFE ASSURANCE?"

LORD MARMION-RUSSELL.

Who said the RUSSELL's head was old,
Who said the RUSSELL's heart was cold,
Or that the RUSSELL utterance bold
Speaks nought but Rest and Thanks?
As pluckily he rears his crest,
As sturdily he strikes his best,
As when, in youth, at GREY's behest,
He charged the Tory ranks:
When those now feeble ranks were strong,
When RODEN roared like any gong,
When PEEL made speeches, much too long,
And CROKER dealt his jeers,
When WETHERELL's braces broke their trust,
When fiery SIBTHORP swore and cussed,
And INGLIS proved Reform Bills must
Destroy the House of Peers.

You'll see him in the Premier's place
Look up with that determined face,
Lecture the nobles, stiff-necked race,
As they were lads at school:
Declare, with confidence immense,
That he and his alone have sense,
And that the will of Providence
Is that the Whigs should rule.
And let one ill-meant taunt be flung,
No matter whose the hostile tongue,
Whether from STANLEY's cynic lips
The polished sarcasm deftly slips;
Whether the VAUX one moment spares
From puffing CASSELL's penny wares;

And turns to deal the angry flout
On one who helped to keep him out;
Whether LORD ELEPHAS shall cast
Forth from his trunk an awful blast;
Or, needlessly, LORD MAMBY tell
That he can neither speak nor spell;
No matter whose the trumpet-call,
The RUSSELL's ready for them all.

Like MARMION in Tantallon's towers,
When DOUGLAS scowled in sulk,
He'll dare the biggest foe that lours,
Regardless of his bulk.
Nay, never let an angry lord
Stand banging at the table board,
He'll find that he's defied.
And if he says JOHN is not peer
To any statesman, far or near,
He'll catch LORD JOHN's succinct, "hear, hear!"
Which means—that he has lied.

What says Sir Charles Wood?

THE Newspaper understood to represent MR. BRIGHT signifies that it would be a becoming thing to appoint him Secretary for India. Certainly Birmingham supplied the Indians with guns, and now supplies them with gods—good commercial reasons, both, for handing India to the member for Birmingham. And we know none better.

DIGNIFIED WORK FOR ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.—MR. GLADSTONE has been making a speech at Edinburgh, in honour of the Bust of PRINCE ALFRED!

Angus . . . LORD DERRY.
 MARMION. "AND IF THOU SAY'ST I AM NOT PEER
 TO ANY NOBLE SWELL THAT'S HERE,"

Marmion . . . LORD RUSSELL.

LOWLAND OR HIGHLAND, FAR OR NEAR,
LORD ANGUS, IT'S NOT TRUE."—SCOTT, *slightly altered*.

Punch's Table-Talk.

63.

THERE are 2,783 diamonds in the Queen's Crown, besides myself.

64.

Explain to me these lines of COWPER's:

"'Twas April, as the bumpkins say,
The Legislature called it May."

Rectification of the Calendar by getting rid of the days between the 3rd and 14th of a September. Well answered—reward yourself with that claret. *Funde merum Genio*, as PERSIUS says.

65.

Most marmalade is very bad.

66.

She made a neat reply, to whom one observed, "the King can command my duty but not my honour," *Où il n'y a rien, le Roi perd ses droits*.

67.

I was talking to LORD DERBY about his admirable *Homer*, and we happened to mention the passage where Diomed and Glaucus change armour, and the latter is thought to have the worst of it, giving gold for brass. "I am not sure that we should think so now, *Mr. Punch*," said the Earl. "Right you are, my Lord," said I, and we cited several instances in which brass has done more than gold could do, but it would be manifestly improper for me to mention names. My own modesty has been my worst enemy.

68.

Well, I do not know that the slang of French rascaldom is richer than that of our own scoundrels. But the Parisians have some odd words. An impostor who pretends to have epileptic fits is called *un batteur de dig-dig*.

69.

A dramatist has one great advantage. He can pillory his enemies in play-bills and on the stage. A creditor may be insolent and his attorney may be extortionate, but the play-writer can make things pleasant for both by giving their names to the rascals in his play. If it runs, all London talks for a year of that brute *Sandsugar*, or that thief *Mr. Cheatincosts*. Their families, shopmen, customers, clerks, and cousins, all take care that they hear of it often enough. Ware libel, of course.

70.

It is difficult to have a straightforward answer from a Highland witness. One of the Scottish judges, weary of the evasions and circumlocutions of such a witness, said to the interpreter, "MR. MACWHEELIE, do desire the man to say Yes or No, if the Gaelic language admits of that subtle distinction."

71.

I'll tell you another Scotch story, because it will be useful to any of you young fellows who may be tempted to put his name to a bill "to serve a friend." Don't. But the story is better than advice, and may stick in your minds. A Laird, of prudent character, was earnestly besought by a neighbour to do this for him. He refused, civilly. The neighbour pressed it, saying that it was a small thing to do, and would be of much service to him. Again the Laird declined. The neighbour became urgent. Then said the Laird, "JOHNNIE, my man, look here. If I put my name to this bill, you will not pay it; I shall be made to do so, and then we shall quarrel. If you please, we'll quarrel now, while the money is in my pocket."

72.

There is an old book called *The Toilet of Flora*. Hand it me down, it is on the fourth shelf there, third volume from the window. Thanks. It says in the preface, "The chief Intention of this Performance is to point out to the Fair Sex (that means women) the Methods by which they can preserve and add to their Charms." There are many curious hints in it, but just hear what the author prescribes as "A Secret to Take Away Wrinkles." No, you are not going to be sold with a sentimental old moral about cultivating benevolent sentiments, and then your wrinkles will not be noticed—the ladies of that day would have pitched away the book and called the writer a Confirm'd Prig. Listen to the words of power:—

73.

"Heat an Iron Shovel red hot. Throw thereon some Powder of Myrrh, receive the Smoak on your Face, covering your head with a Napkin to collect the Smoak. Do this three times. Then heat the Shovel again, and when Fiery Hot, spit on it a Mouthful of White Wine. Receive this Vapour also in your face three times. Continue this Proceeding every Night and Morning as long as you find Occasion." Now, go home and try that, some of you who don't look quite as young as when I first knew you.

74.

MACHIAVEL used to dress himself in his very finest clothes, and then shut himself up with his books. A proper respect for authors, but

indiscriminate. I put on my full dress only when I am going to read my own back volumes. Elegant frock and morning trousers for most other authors, and RABELAIS and CARLYLE in a shooting jacket. The first nine books of MILTON should be perused in the costume of the Bath.

75.

CHAUCER, when Clerk of the Works at Windsor, directing the repairs, would make a good subject for a painter. So would ARIOSTO, escorted back to his castle by the brigands of the Apennines. Mention these subjects to your artist-friends.

76.

Very well done, gentlemen of the railway station where Hungerford Market stood. That cross is a credit to London, and a worthy memorial of the good Queen of whom THOMAS HOOD says,

"Wherever she put down her Orts,
The king put down a Cross."

77.

LORD MELBOURNE served out the bishops at the time of the HAMPDEN controversy. He suspected that many of them abused the doctor's Lectures without having read them. So he pretended to be ill for a couple of days and mastered the book—he was fond of reading theology. Then he had a dinner party, asked ever so many bishops, and artfully questioned them, as for information. I am told that the blundering and floundering of the orthodox hierarchs was a treat to the light-minded. I have a notion that if the same thing were done about COLENSO—but pass the wine.

78.

I wish the *Times* would prefix the names to the B., M., and D. lists. When only Personages advertised, one could read the announcements, and even when Persons set forth their domesticities, the labour was not so heavy. But now that POTKINS, of the Blue Dragon, proclaims to the world that he has wedded his barmaid, MR. GUM BENJAMIN, the Jew dentist, prints that he has allied himself to the child of MR. JEHO-SHAPHAT FANGS, and we are informed of the demise of every Life Subscriber to the Wiltshire Asylum, people whose time is precious crave the aid of the article mentioned by OVID—*qui nunc quoque dicitur Index*.

79.

I knew a young lady who said she didn't like turtle soup. Affectionately rebuking her, I was answered, piteously, that she didn't much object to the taste, but that she thought it so cruel and wicked to kill turtle-doves.

80.

The devotees of the Hindoo god, Dwarka, will on no account lie. I have never met any of them.

81.

I will never be photographed again except under chloroform.

82.

Great nonsense is talked about novel-reading. Thousands of persons cannot do better than read good novels. Such study is the only educational process possible with the minds of a certain class. They are actually and hopelessly incapable of mental work. And it is a good thing to give them an ideal of something above the standard of vulgar existence. The bad thing is that low folks love low books, and therefore do not get elevated at all. The slight compensation, again, is, that by reading such folks get some insight into spelling. But the author of a good novel is a man whom the State should honour. I shall write several.

83.

I remember being in the House in March, 1818, when, on the Army Estimates, there was complaint that officers who drew half-pay were restrained from taking civil occupation. LORD PALMERSTON said, "The fact is, Sir, that half-pay is a kind of Retaining Fee for the Army. If officers were allowed to enter the civil service they might become averse to the military."

84.

Later, he defended the augmentation of our military force on the ground of "the increase of our population and the consequent increase of turbulence." *Hear, hear*, exclaimed BROUGHAM and others.

85.

A fellow has vaunted in America that it was a Fenian who destroyed the Atlantic Cable. *Prima facie*, of course, the story is a lie, but if true, it is amusing, as illustrating a renegade Irishman's instinctive aversion to a rope.

86.

It is easy to say "Know yourself," but who is to introduce you. Most people go through life without making the advantageous acquaintance in question.

87.

And if a friend should take the liberty of introducing you to yourself, you hate him for ever.

88.

Revenge is sweet. But it ought not to go the length of inviting an enemy to a family party.



HARDLY FAIR.

Thoughtless Youth. "STAMP FOR MARKING LINEN, SIR?"

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Adapted for the French.

WELL posted up as usual in Parisian intelligence, our fashionable friend the *Court Circular* informs us that—

"The French papers state that 'la perruque du lor Maire' has been conferred on 'L'ALDERMANS PHILLIPS.'"

Some account of the ceremony of conferring "la perruque" may possibly be interesting to some of our French readers, and we furnish with great pleasure the following particulars.

On the morning of the thirty-second of October, that being the day annually appointed for the ceremony, L'ALDERMANS PHILLIPS was aroused a full hour before sunrise, *i. e.*, a little after ten o'clock, A.M.; for at autumn-time in England the sun rarely ever rises much before the hour of noon. Being, like most Aldermans, a rather heavy sleeper, a ninety-pounder cannon was found needful to awake him; but this, being planted underneath his bedroom window, restored him to full consciousness by its very first discharge. With the assistance of his butler (who in England performs the duties of the French valet de chambre) the Aldermans then proceeded to put on his Court suit, consisting of a sky-blue coat, white vest, and scarlet pants; this being, we need scarcely say, the famous combination of "the red, white, and blue," whereof Great Britain proudly boasts.

Having partaken of a frugal breakfast, served *à l'Anglaise* in the kitchen, and comprising venison, whitebait, turtle soup, and Bristol beer, the gallant Aldermans was conducted to the courtyard of the Mansionshous. There he mounted his state charger, a noble-looking animal of the true-born drayhorse breed, and attended by the PRINCE OF WALES, who acted as his equerry, he trotted off to Highgate in order to be sworn. The oath, which was administered by the ARCHBISHOP OF OXFORD, runs to the effect that, while he is in office, the LOR MAIRE will abstain from all intoxicating liquors, excepting tea and coffee, Adam's ale, and ginger beer. This solemn adjuration having duly been pronounced, the Aldermans returned at a hand-gallop to the Mansionshous; where, having assumed his coronation robe, he partook of a slight lunch of eleven dozen oysters, to enable him to undergo the terrible ordeal to which he next would be exposed.

This consisted in a visit to the Westminster Police Office, and a severe examination in the first rules of arithmetic by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

and the Court of Common Fleas. Among the problems there propounded, the learned Aldermans was called upon to calculate the product of 2 added to 2; and he likewise had to estimate the number of red herrings he would purchase for eleven pence, supposing for three halfpence he could buy one and a half. A problem so abstruse might possibly have puzzled the Senior Angler of Cambridge; but the Aldermans with ready wit replied that he was not a Fishmonger, and had never heard of shops where they sold herrings by halves, and so there was no basis upon which the calculation could be fairly entertained. In accordance with an ancient and most venerable custom, the Aldermans was then conducted to the torture chamber, where he was required to cut eleven toe-nails, as a proof of his belonging to the Company of Scissarmakers, of which he was Church Warden in the year when he left school.

This mystical formality having duly been performed, the worthy Aldermans proceeded to Saint Giles's Palace, and there received his wig and sceptre, together with his splendid title of Lor Maire, or "Monarch of the Metrolopolis," a grander name by far than is our "Sovereign of the Realm." Precisely at the moment when his Lordship's coronation wig was clapped upon his head, a salute of sixty guns was fired from Temple Bar, and the bells of Piccadilly rang forth a merry peal. A procession was then formed to conduct his Royal Highness to the banquet in Guilt Hall, where he daily sits as chief judge of the Central Criminal Court. All citizens on pain of death are required to stay within doors, and to keep their shutters closed, while the *cortège* is in view, and anybody peeping out, like Peeping Tom of Lincoln, is instantly beheaded by the State executioner, who attends on those occasions with his tomahawk in hand. It is, therefore, with some trouble and considerable risk that we, from personal observation, are privileged to state that the following was this year the

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

A strong Brigade of Street-sweepers, with brooms to clear the way.

A Force of Two Policemen, marching arm-in-arm.

Four-and-twenty small boys, turning head over heels.

A Mourning Coach, containing the lamented late LOR MAIRE.

A Force of Two Policemen, each attended by his Staff.

A Choir of Nigger Minstrels, warbling "See de Hero come."

The Prime Church Warden of the Worshipful Company of Beadle-Makers.

A Force of Two Policemen, marching both abreast.

A Jolly Old Waterman, wearing a huge head plume, that being his way of feathering his skull.

The Church Warden of the Worshipful Company of Scissarmakers, to which His Royal Highness the LOR MAIRE once belonged.

A Liveryman of the Company, dressed in his livery suit.

A Force of Two Policemen, each munching a polony.

Seven Beadles dressed in black, and mounted on white donkeys.

The LOR MAIRE'S Private Band, consisting of a hurdygurdy, a bagpipe, and a Jew sharp.

Six Footmen in a four-wheeler, and one hanging on behind.

A Force of One Policeman, marching by himself.

Eleven Maids of Honour from St. Giles's Palace, attired in white, and strewing cauliflowers in the path.

His ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LOR MAIRE, seated in his Coronation Coach, constructed of gilt gingerbread, and drawn by kangaroos.

His Lordship's Private Trumpeter, blowing his own trumpet.

A Force of One Policeman to keep away the crowd.

At the banquet in Guilt Hall, MR. HARKER, the State toast-master, as usual took the chair, and after carving the rosbif, proposed the usual number of twenty rounds of toast, which, in accordance with an ancient civic custom, were washed down with toast and water, fresh drawn from the Thames. The loving cup of coffee having then been handed round, the LOR MAIRE gave the health of MESSIEURS GOG and MAGOG, the founders of the feast. This was drunk by the assembled guests with "four times four" of cheering in the good old English style; and, it being then past midnight, the LOR MAIRE'S grand State-ball was opened by SIR ROGER DE COVERLET, who, in the usual civic fashion, danced upon the table, surrounded by the Aldermens until the daylight did appear.

O Lard! O Lard!

THE British Tradesman is always equal to the situation. The Cattle-Panic came. Up started the butcher, and up started the prices. At the present moment Paterfamilias is paying Carnifex at least five-and-twenty per cent. too much. But we get something thrown in. We are frightfully humbugged, into the bargain.

AUTUMN FLOWERS FROM "LE FOLLET."

RA LA LA, I sing with delight,
 dear *Punch*, when, one month
 closing and another coming in,
 the Fashions for the incoming
 month are published by
Le Follet, and quoted in my
 newspaper! I always read
 them out aloud to my wife
 and daughters, and tell them
 to imagine themselves attired
 in the various fine dresses
 which they hear detailed,
 because that will do just as
 well as actually wearing them,
 without costing any money,
 for the imagination of ap-
 pearances is as good as the
 appearances themselves; not
 so the imagination of solid
 realities, as mutton, and fluid
 realities, as claret; since the
 taste of things cannot be
 perfectly imagined like the
 looks, as I say in refutation
 of the woman's argument,
 that if it is enough to imagine
 the latter, it is equally so to
 imagine the former.

In the "Fashions for No-
 vember," as announced by
Le Follet, I find a startling
 intimation of the revival of
 Bloomerism:—

"Linsey and knickerbocker are worn as early morning dress, and these heavy materials are made with a vest and waistcoat, or chemise russe of embroidered cachemire."

There might be some doubt about the meaning of knickerbocker if it were not precluded by the statement that the knickerbocker things are worn with a vest and waistcoat. But why

should they be heavy for early morning wear, unless in the saddle? They are worn by the young and light-hearted. The adage says, with an unessential variation, "A light heart and a thin pair of knickerbockers."

"Simplicity," according to the copy-book, "is charming." *Le Follet's* description of the "chapeau Empire," which "has triumphed over the chapeau fanchon," is an undeniable illustration of that aphorism:—

"The principal trimmings are feathers and lace, but gold is still worn; that a very pretty and simple bonnet was made of tulle bouillonne, trimmed with a scarf of the same, spotted with gold, fastened at the side in two small bows, in the centre of which was placed a small bird, the long ends of the scarf left floating. The inside of this bonnet was trimmed with black velvet and gold."

Truly, a very pretty and simple bonnet. I fancy I see my eldest daughter in it; *simplex munditiis*, as I tell her; and she makes a face. Her sisters and their mother, too, I picture to myself all wearing bonnets equally simple; and then, Sir, then, I say to myself, what a simpleton would your humble servant be; old

PATERFAMILIAS.

P.S. Now that the price of meat is so high, how fortunate it is that dress costs little. An advertisement now before me offers the fair sex—

"Rich Velvet and Cloth Mantles. Sable and Fur-trimmed Cloaks of all kinds, from 84s. to 100 guineas."

Cheap!

HOSPITAL NOTICE.

ANY accidents that may happen on the fifth of November are attended to at Guy's.

TO PEOPLE DOWN IN THE WORLD.—Try the new Hotels: they will give you a Lift.

FENIAN FIGURES AND FENIAN FACTS.

"You will see by the papers that a meeting of a different stamp is still going on at Philadelphia. The Fenians (of whom you will probably have heard enough before this) are trying to put a good face on their recent discouragements, but it becomes more evident every day that the snake is scotched, though not yet killed. The Head Centre, whom they called 'COLONEL' MAHONY, has advised the Brotherhood not to brag so loudly for the future, but to keep secret as to all they intend to do. He promises to issue the 'Bonds of the Irish Republic,' which undoubtedly have been engraved and printed in this city, although I have not been able to get one, before the present Convention disperses. Among the officers of the United States' army who openly take a part in these proceedings are GENERAL SWEENEY and COLONELS MURPHY, MULCHY, MULLEN, and CURLEY."—*Times Correspondent from Philadelphia.*

I. FENIAN FIGURES.

(*Shebeen-orator loquitur.*)

OCH, hubbaboo, and philaloo! Here's Fenians galore!
 'Tis at laste two hundred thousand of the boys that's to the fore!
 Wid muskets by the million, and dollars on the nail,
 They'll make the British Lion, dirty crather, hang his tail,
 Now the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

There's first the mighty MAHONY—by Japers and the Powers!
 It's he's a sthriking off the bonds, that's soon to sthriake off ours.
 Then there's SWEENEY, and there's MURPHY, there's MULCHY,
 MULLEN, CURLEY,—
 Sure the gin'ral's that bates thim boys'll have to get up early,
 Now the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

Who is't dares say that Fenian bark is worse than Fenian bite;
 That it's mighty aisy talking, when there's no call to fight;
 That while there's dollars to be dthrawn, and flats to stand the screw,
 There'll be centhres of attraction for their dollars to flow to?
 Now the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

There's our Fenian Senate sits in Philadelphia, all serene,
 Till the time it houlds its Session on Dublin College Green;
 Wid Directhory, and Ministhers, and officers a lot,
 And ache man takes his salary—and, sure, why would he not?
 Now the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

That's the chat to make thim blackguards of Saxons quail and quake,
 Whin they hear, across the wather, how big and bould they spake:
 That's the chat to set the blood asthir in each Milesian heart,
 Whin they hear what throops is comin', and what ships is goin' to start,
 Now the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

And av we don't know all we'd like ov what they're goin' to do,
 It's becace they find it wiser to keep their mouths shut to:
 And av they don't thransmit the cash that's raised to sthriake the blow,
 'Tis becace the movement 'cross the sea needs cash to make it go,
 Till the sun of Irish glory shines o'er the Atlantic wave!

II. FENIAN FACTS.

(*Kilmainham-prisoner loquitur.*)

Sure, it's well the flag they gave us, and the uniform was green,
 For that's the colour, I'll go bail, in which we should be seen:
 I've knocked my head agin' the wall, and now I'm comin' to,
 It's meself 'll own my head's a dale the softer of the two;
 Now the sun of Irish glory sets in Kilmainham gaol.

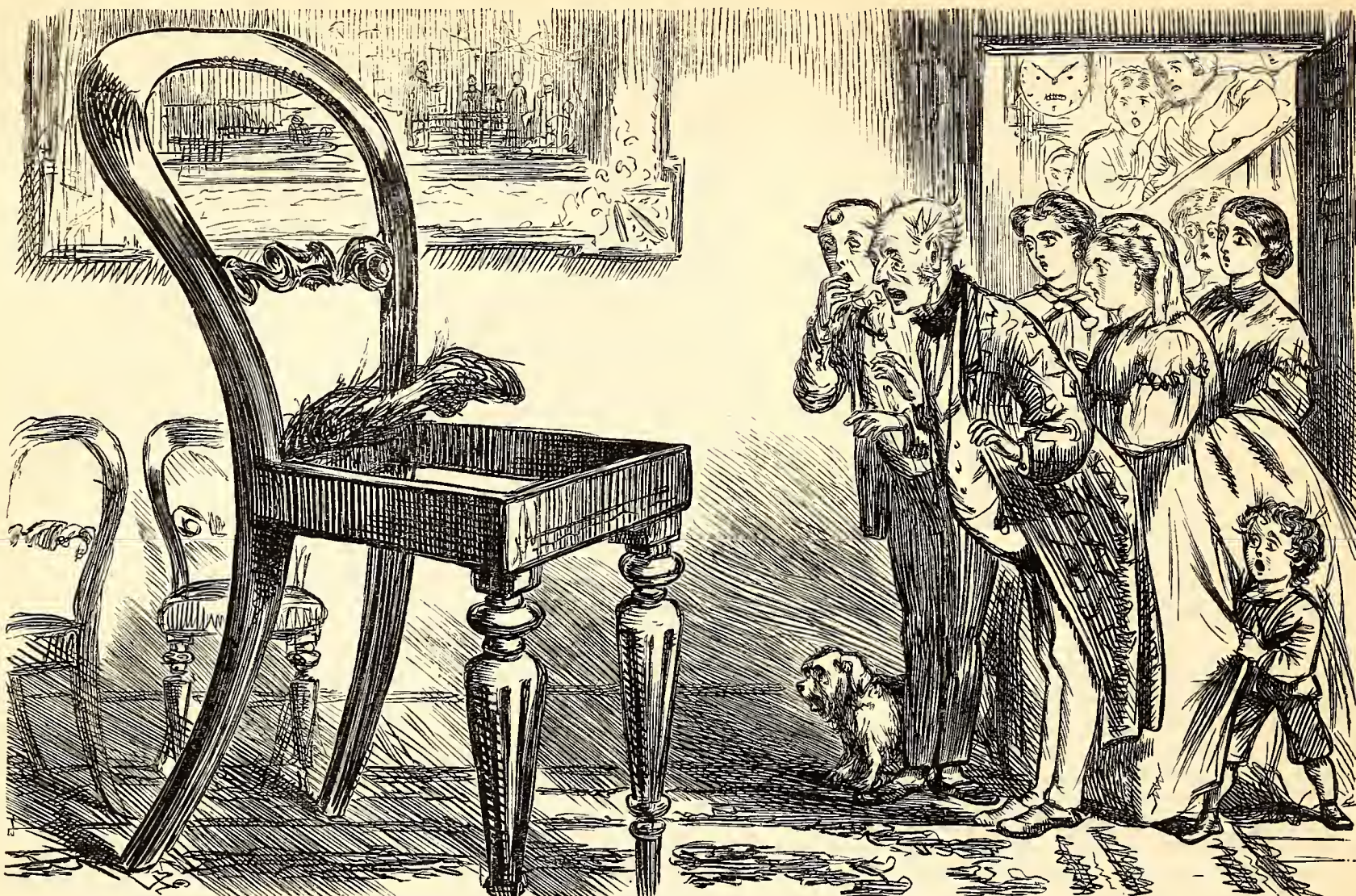
The badge upon our flag it was a harp widout a crown,
 And I see the manin' av it, now that the flag's tuk down:
 'Tis meself's the Irish harp that's been played upon too well:
 And if I'd a head upon me, sure I'd have smelt the sell,
 Ere the sun of Irish glory set in Kilmainham gaol.

They bid us think ov ninety-eight; they talked of pike and blade:
 They ordthered us to dthrill like men, they axed us "who's afraid?"
 They told us there was cash galore, that the throops 'ud never stand,
 And whin the fight was over, it's we should share the land,
 But the sun of Irish glory's set in Kilmainham gaol.

They told us how the dollars from the States would tumble in,
 Sorra the rap I've fingered ov Thrans-Atlantic tin:
 They told us of great Gin'ral's that was comin' o'er the main,
 But av any's come, I'll take the book that they're safe back again,
 Ere the sun of Irish glory set in Kilmainham gaol.

They talked about Republics, but by all I've heard and seen,
 I doubt if MISTHER MAHONY's much better than the QUEEN:
 And as for A's and B's and C's, when I saw them in the Coort,
 If forlorn hopes must have captains, I doubt if that's the soort—
 So the sun of Irish glory sets in Kilmainham gaol.

Av we've to help ourselves to cash and houses lands and all,
 I dunnow, somehow, if the wake might *not* go to the wall:
 And av it's to be Ireland for the Irish, Pats is Pats,
 And they *might* be settlin' diff'rences like the Kilkenny cats—
 So p'raps it's well the Fenian sun's set in Kilmainham gaol.



REMARKABLE EFFECT—

THE MAID HAVING BY MISTAKE POLISHED ONE OF THE DINING-ROOM CHAIRS WITH COD-LIVER OIL!

LETTER TO A NOBLEMAN'S BROTHER.

MY DEAR MR. BATHURST, 85, Fleet Street.

You are, as you may be aware, the brother of LORD BATHURST, and your great grandfather was ALLEN LORD BATHURST, to whom one ALEXANDER POPE addressed an Essay, of which I make no doubt you, as an Oxford scholar, are more proud than of any of your ancestral honours. It is something to have the MAN OF ROSS and SIR BALAAM introduced into one's family history.

I may assume, then, that you consider yourself largely indebted to poetry.

Now, my dear MR. WILLIAM, when you go to the Elysian Fields, and meet your ancestor ALLEN walking about the Asphodel meads with ALEXANDER POPE, a difficulty will, I think, arise.

A certain bard named THOMAS GRAY wrote about a certain other bard, a Welshman, and these lines are part of what MR. GRAY indited:—

"Fond, impious man, think'st thou, you sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray."

You will say, with all warmed nations, that the English language has never been more magnificently handled. Very right, my dear MR. BATHURST. Then how will you excuse yourself to your great-grandfather and his friend MR. POPE for treating a poet ill? I find from the *Bristol Daily Times* that you quoted the lines in the following fashion, at a Conservative dinner at Cirencester:—

"He (LORD DERBY) reminded him (MR. BATHURST) of the words of the poet—

Think not that yon passing cloud
Hath quenched the orb of day;
To-morrow it repairs its golden flood,
And warms the nation with redoubled rays."

Hoping that it will be a long time before you are placed in the dilemma in question, but still recommending the subject to your attention, believe me, my dear MR. BATHURST,

Yours truly,
PUNCH.

The Hon. Mr. Bathurst.

FOOLS ALL.

"Jaques. Duc-da-me! Duc-da-me!"

"Orlando. What is your duc-da-me?"

"Jaques. An invocation to call fools into a circle."

SHAKESPEARE'S *As You Like It*:

THE Irish papers give us a "Luby" among the Fenian master-spirits now under arrest. Is this the French "Lubie," which we find defined in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, "*Caprice extravagant, fantaisie ridicule, folie*?"

Or is it not, rather, a printer's mistake for "Looby," the whole of which very large Irish clan with their closely-kindred sept, the Boobies, are beyond question enrolled in the brotherhood. Holding the truth of SCHILLER'S famous line:—

"*Wegen der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.*"*

we cannot conceive a more formidable element of the conspiracy.

* "Against folly the gods themselves fight in vain."

THE WORST OF DIPLOMACY.

A TELEGRAM from Paris, dated 2nd November, says:—

"COUNT BISMARCK arrived here yesterday, and was received by M. DROUYN DE LHUYS."

Diplomacy is analogous to misery. As misery makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows, so diplomacy obliges them to receive strange guests. Had COUNT BISMARCK done much less than he has to acquire a certain character; had he distinguished himself in relation to private property as he has in regard to Denmark and the Duchies, he never would have been suffered to enter the house of M. DROUYN DE LHUYS at all with that gentleman's knowledge, and had M. DROUYN DE LHUYS discovered that he had entered it surreptitiously, M. DROUYN DE LHUYS would assuredly have had him turned out of it with all possible expedition; that is to say, he would have caused the Count to be conducted to the door as soon as he had counted his spoons.

A MYSTERY.



R. PUNCH.—What does it mean? Not the high price of oysters since their opening day, but this notice in respectable shops in well-conducted streets?—

"Pinking, crimping, and goffering."

I know that in days gone by, when men fought duels with rapiers, and short swords, and Toledo blades, and other glittering weapons, if one ruffian stabbed another ruffian in the ribs, he was said to have pinked him, and pinking is still practised on the stage when two of the characters engage in deadly combat; but I cannot suppose that such bloody scenes are enacted in shops with plate glass windows in busy thoroughfares, with policemen, most respectable men in their station, passing every quarter of an hour. I, therefore, fall back on another supposition, that "pinking" done here is a cautiously worded notice to ladies who desire to have artificial stimulants applied to their jaded complexions in back-parlours, and the strictest secrecy. If

I am right in this notion, it may give us the clue to the meaning of "crimping," a word which, according to JOHNSON (see LATHAM'S edition), denotes an abnormal condition of the capillary tegument of the female cranium, produced, say, by one of those "twelve British artists" who lately performed in "a grand *soirée* of hairdressing at the Hanover Square Rooms." But the shops where I see this puzzling announcement are not hairdressers' (I believe I ought to say coiffeurs or perruquiers) shops, nor are they fishmongers' shops, or I might lament cruelty to cod; and it is ridiculous to imagine that in these times when we supply the British sailor with *Punch*, and wash and comb him every Saturday night, and maintain a Naval Reserve (at the Admiralty, I am told, they maintain a good deal of it when you want information), any "crimping" of sailors—a sort of *coup de tar*—can be carried on unknown to "My Lords" and the parish authorities. The bewilderment, therefore, into which I am thrown by "pinking" is only increased by my difficulties with "crimping;" and the last dread item, "goffering," completes my confusion. I cannot even hazard a guess at the business or mercantile operation indicated by this weird-like word. Perhaps the haunted-chamber sort of feeling I experience when I read it inscribed in gilt letters on a maroon ground is due to the circumstance that when I was a little boy at a place called Oldwark (a long time ago, *Mr. Punch*), on six Sunday evenings in the fall of the year the church bells rang for "Gopher," who, we were invariably told during the hour, when it was too light to have candles and too dark to do anything but read by the fire, which we were never allowed to do because of our eyes, was a henighted wanderer that once lost his way on a foggy night near the town, and being guided to Oldwark by the sound of its bells, left lands and fields to the parish-ringers for ever. So "goffering" (I suspect a corruption in spelling) may be something as harmless as croquet or cowslip-wine, but the association of ideas (by no means a limited company) constrains me to imagine everything that is vague and mysterious in a term compared with which "King's Treasures" and "Queen's Gardens" (Bayswater?) are words of clear and transparent meaning.

If you will print this note of interrogation, perhaps somebody like MR. TIMBS, who knows everything, may be able to explain the processes of "crimping, pinking, and goffering," and so bring back peace of mind to

Yours perplexedly,

A SUBSCRIBER (LIKE CHANG) OF LONG STANDING.

Kelly's Directory.

SIR FITZROY KELLY, who wishes to turn artied clerks into angels, advises them "to remain up an additional two hours of the night, and to throw themselves into the society of French persons." In the next column we read of three or four young fellows being punished for insisting on remaining in the Haymarket at 11 P.M. SIR FITZROY'S advice does not seem altogether a safe guide.

A SENSIBLE FELLOW.—Our Butler went to the Hairdressers' *soirée*, but saw nothing to make him dislike his MARY ANN'S Corkscrew ringlets.

THE GRINDERS; *

OR, "THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT HORSE."

THE Sheffield Grinder's a terrible blade—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

He sets his little ones down to the trade—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

He turns his baby to grind in the hull

Till his body is stunted, his eyes are dull,

And the brains are dizzy and dazed in his skull—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Social science sits on his case—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

And over him pulls a very long face—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

It takes him up, and it writes him down,

And pronounces Sheffield a terrible town,

And the Grinder of all its ills the crown—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

He shortens his life, and he hastens his death—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Will drink steel-dust in every breath—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Won't use a fan as he turns his wheel,

Won't wash his hands ere he eats his meal,

But dies as he lives, as hard as steel—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

These Sheffield Grinders of whom we speak—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Are men who earn a pound a week—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

But of Sheffield Grinders another sort

Methinks ought to be called in Court,

Ere Social Science can make its report

And tally-i-ho the Grinder!

And that is the Grinding Government Board

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Who contracts at a price life can't afford—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

But Competition's tide runs strong,

And work is slack, and workers throng,

So father and child work late and long—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

When we call Sheffield Grinders over the coals—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

For their blighted bodies and blinded souls—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

When we charge them with wilfully breathing death,

And short'ning their own and their children's breath,

What is't the recording angel saith

To our tally-i-ho the Grinder?

At whose door lies the blacker blame?—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

Where rests the heavier weight of shame?—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

On the famine-price contractor's head,

Or the workman's, under-taught and fed,

Who grinds his own bones and his child's for bread?—

Tally-i-ho the Grinder!

* DR. HALL asserts, on the authority of some of the largest Sheffield manufacturers, that the Government accepts tenders for Sheffield goods for army use at prices so low that it is impossible to fulfil them unless children are employed in the works.—(See DR. HALL'S Letter to the "Times.")

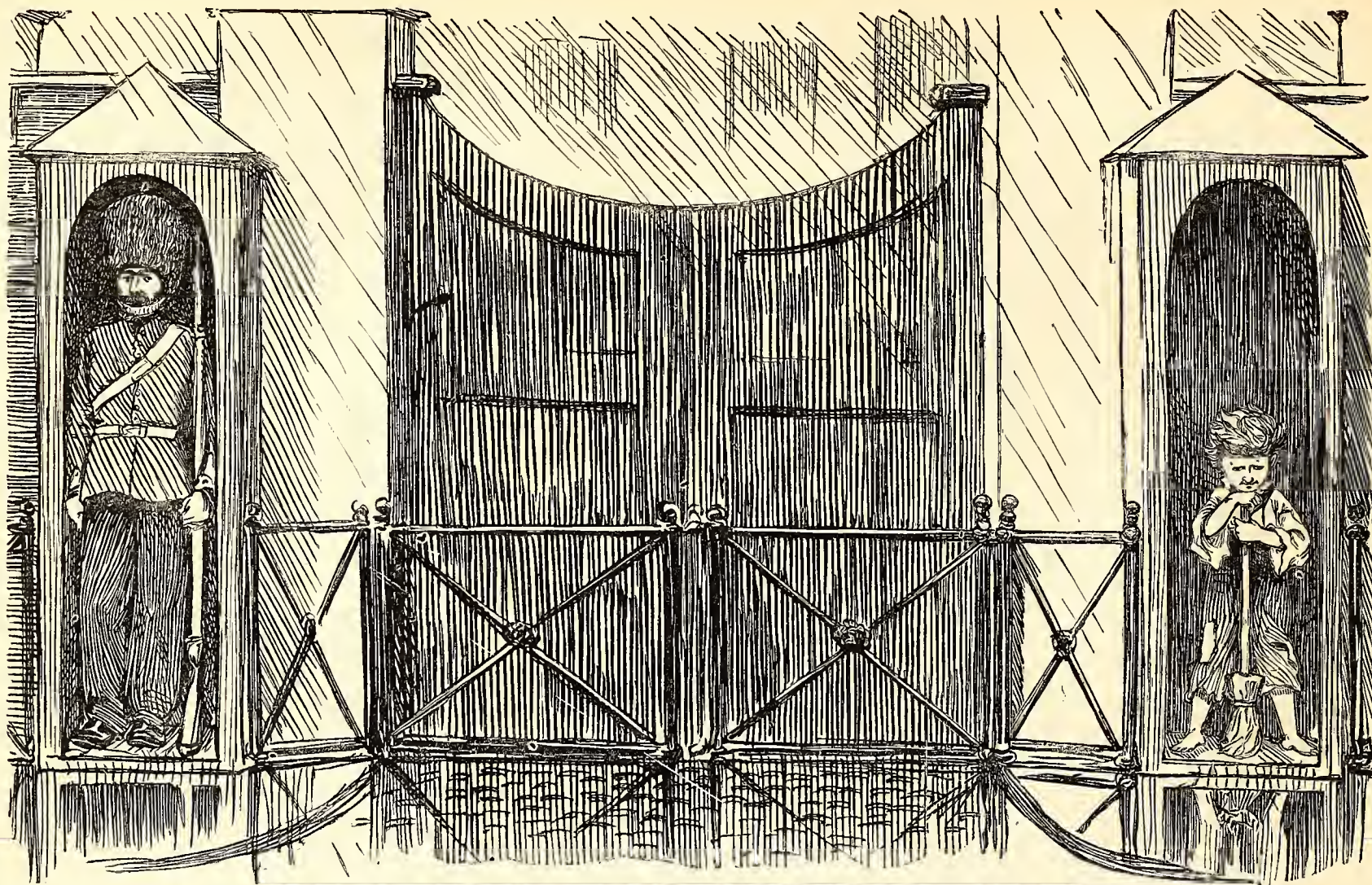
Bonds of Fenian Brotherhood.

It is said that the Fenians in America contemplate the issue of "bonds." *Cui bono?* Their captive brethren in Ireland, whose movements are now limited by certain stone walls, have surely already had enough of bondage.

WHAT A CITY COMPANY DOES.

It may not be generally known that the duty of the Spectacle-Makers is to get up the Lord Mayor's Show. Glasses round, and then they proceed to business.

THE GREAT FEATURE IN CHANG'S PERFORMANCE.—Chin-chin.



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE ON A WET DAY.—(H.R.H. OUT OF LONDON.)

THE SHORTEST WAY WITH THE PUSEYITES.

SCENE—*A Public-house Parlour. Pipes and Liquor. CODGERS, BODGERS, MUGGINS, BLOGG, and other frequenters. MR. CODGERS smoking a Churchwarden and reading a newspaper.*

Codgers (removing his pipe from his mouth). Hrumph! (Spits.) Blow'd f this ain't good.

Bodgers. Eh?

Codg. Best thing I see for many a day.

Bodg. What?

Codg. Why this here in the 'Tiser about Lord Mayor HALE as was; him that's just gone out.

Mugg. Hale and hearty. (*Laughter.*)

Codg. That ain't a bad 'un. But this 'ere's better.

Blogg. Let's have it.

Codg. Arter praisin' of him up for his ginerall conduct in office, it goes on to say, in a leadin' harticle (*reads*):—

"He had always held decided views on the subject of religion—those views being what is called evangelical, as well as soundly Protestant."

Blogg. Brayvo!

Codg. Wait a bit. (*Drinks.*) Now just you listen, (*reads on*):—

"Acting in accordance with his convictions on religious subjects, the LORD MAYOR who quits office to-day scrupulously excluded all Tractarians from receiving the courtesies or partaking of the hospitalities of the Mansion House."

Bodg. Serve 'em right.

Codg. Now you hear what follers (*goes on reading*):—

"This is a feature in his Mayoralty which cannot be too warmly commended." (*Hear, hear!*)

Mugg. I calls that there a werry just hobserwation.

Codg. Here's how it winds up. (*reads finally*):—

"If all those holding distinguished offices were to discountenance in such a practical way those Roman Catholics who, under the name of Puseyites, (*hisses, and cries of 'Yah!'*) swarm within the confines of our Protestant Church, the result would be not only gratifying in itself (*hear!*) but most advantageous for the interests of truth, honesty, and real religion."

Omnes (rapping the table, and making the pewter-pots ring and glasses jingle). Hear, hear, hear!

Codg. What d'ye think of that?

Mugg. Best remark I ever heerd made on the subject.

Bodg. Goes to the pint.

Blogg. 'Tis the nail slap on the 'ed.

Mugg. Shows the right way to deal with them Puseyite 'umbugs.

Codg. What it calls, and quite right, the practical way.

Mugg. Don't ax 'em to dinner!

Bodg. Cut 'em off grub!

Blogg. Don't give 'em no turtle!

Codg. That's the way to punish them, mind yer. They talks about fastin' a hundred and forty days and forty nights, and all the while their stummicks is full of turtle-soup. They'd like the LORD MAYOR, no doubt, to ask 'em to the Mansion 'Ouse every Friday to fast on that.

Mugg. That is what they fastes on mostly, safe, when they can get it.

Blogg. What, turtle?

Mugg. Yes. Turtle's fish.

Blogg. No, it ain't.

Mugg. Yes, it is. Leastways them Roman Catholics and Puseyites calls it fish.

Blogg. That's their blessed hignorance of nat'ral 'istory. Turtle ain't fish.

Bodg. No more ain't a porpus.

Blogg. Turtle's as much fish as you are.

Mugg. What 'll yer bet?

Blogg. Five bob and a pot of Cooper.

Mugg. Who's to decide?

Bodg. Write to *Bell's Life*.

Blogg. Question:—"Is Turtle, fish?"

Mugg. And—"Do the Puseyites consider it fair to fast off turtle?"

Bodg. As well as red 'errin'.

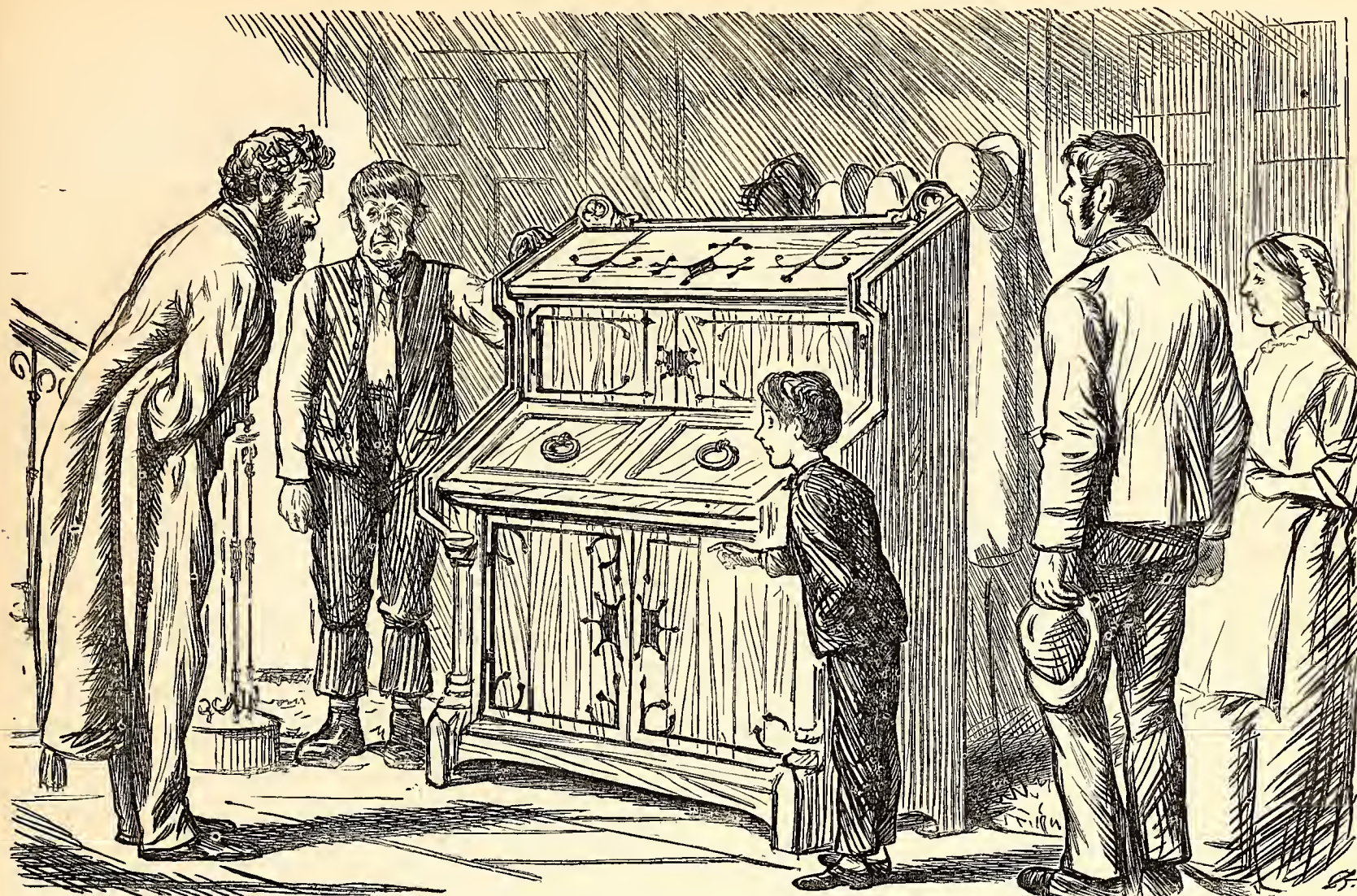
Codg. I don't think *Bell's Life* answers questions about bets comin' under the 'ed of "clerical."

Mugg. Write to the 'Tiser, then.

Codg. That's it! Write to the 'Tiser! That's a true Protestant paper, mind yer, and also, as the organ of the Licensed Wittlers, recommendin' the truly original and pecooliar ideer of stoppin' the Puseyites' wittles, teaches the Lord Mayor and others 'oldin' distinguished offices the surest means of bringing them beggars to their senses.

Omnes. Hear, hear, hear, hear, hear, hear!

[*More table-rapping, with calls for spirits, and scene closes.*]



GOTHIC FURNITURE.

Master George (on the arrival of the new cabinet). "OH, PA! DO LET ME HAVE IT FOR A RABBIT-HUTCH!"

EXPOSITION OF MODERN PAINTINGS.

WHENEVER fraudulent and pernicious puffs are transferred from the columns of any of our contemporaries, or from hoardings, dead walls, holes and corners, to these pages, the names and addresses of their authors are always either omitted or altered, because *Mr. Punch* knows better than to give humbugs the benefit of any publicity which he might possibly afford them in exposing humbug. With the exception of the misstatements requisite for the observance of this rule, the subjoined copies of advertisements which appeared the other day in a fashionable newspaper are correct. In the first of these notifications silly and depraved women are offered the abominations undermentioned, commonly called cosmetics, to wit:—

"MADAME ESTHER'S CIRCISSIAN BEAUTY WASH, Alabaster Powder, and Circissian Golden Hair Wash. These costly delicacies of the toilet impart a youthful, blooming, and brilliant appearance to persons however far advanced in years, and can only be obtained at her residence, 74 B, Old Hag Street."

In the next puff simpletons of the softer sex have their morbid and ridiculous vanity directed to the object of—

"GOLDEN TRESSES, and How to Get Them. By the use of AQUA MIRA Red Hair is changed to a charming Gold Colour. Dark Hair, under the same influence, quickly assumes the fashionable tint. Price 21s. the bottle. Sold only by S. SUMMER, 502, Gorgon Street, London."

The "Alabaster Powder" and the "Circissian Golden Hair Wash," advertised by MADAME ESTHER, appear to be some part of the means whereby she professes to convert a beldam into a belle by rendering her "Beautiful for Ever!" But the wondrous alabaster powder is a simple white. It can only serve to plaster the poor face of an old Fright. So it forms a stucco barely, whereon Art has work to found; roses in a fresco fairly blooming on a lily ground. The "costly delicacies of the toilet" require the addition of others equally costly to impart to the coriaceous and wrinkled chaps of a decrepit old crone a youthful, blooming, and brilliant appearance, in that plenitude necessary to constitute the perfection of everlasting beauty.

The mere desire of becoming beautiful for ever is nevertheless sensible enough. "Do you want to be a hangel?" the lower orders are some-

times heard asking, to rebuke the too lofty aspirations of one another. "Yes, I do," might be no unfit answer for an old woman. It is as natural for MOTHER GOOSE to declare for the side of the angel as it was for MR. DISRAELI. The wish to be beautiful for ever would be perfectly reasonable for any woman, young or old, if she wished to be a beauty without paint. But what a fool a girl must be to spoil the beauty of her hair by staining it of "the fashionable tint!" According to a popular nursery rhyme:—

"Said AARON to MOSES,
Let's cut off our noses.
Says MOSES to AARON,
'Tis the fashion to wear 'em."

One might almost think that the only reason that women who daub their faces with enamel, and dye their hair yellow, and cage themselves in crinoline, have for wearing their noses, is that assigned, as above, by the namesake of the Jewish lawgiver. There is good reason to suppose that if it became the fashion not to wear noses, they would cut their noses off. It is, indeed, likely enough that there will soon be a fashionable style of nose, and that advertisements addressed to the wives and daughters of England will propose, to transform aquilines to snubs.

In the meantime could the old ladies and others who have been made beautiful for ever be got to unite in exhibiting themselves as a collection of Modern Paintings? It would be good fun. But let the show of these most unchristian "fools with varnished faces" comprise adults only. According to the *Athenæum* some creatures of the female sex actually paint their children. Ineffable females!

Now, Ladies!

LORD LYTLETON, Ladies, a most intelligent and accomplished nobleman, young, though not exactly a boy (born 1817), said, at Bilston the other night, "I know very well what my Club in London is doing. I could not enjoy my life in the Metropolis without it. I should be very miserable indeed." No more nonsense against Clubs, Ladies, now that you know what our betters say.



DISTRESSING SCENE

WITNESSED IN FLEET STREET ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

SOMETHING LIKE A MELODRAMA.

THE Success of *The Watch Cry* at the Lyceum is unequivocal. Having been, since its production, overwhelmed with applications from people who want to know what it's all about, we have determined upon giving, as has been our custom on similar occasions, an explanation of the plot in a dramatic form.

THE WATCH CRY.

For *Dramatis Personæ*, see *Playbills*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ NOT MENTIONED IN THE BILLS.

Deafish Gentleman (in stalls) NAME UNKNOWN.
Explanatory Person (his friend with loud voice) DITTO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Florentine Public-house leading into a Chapel of Ease. It is reached from the upper road by a Staircase not unlike that whereon ROBERT MACAIRE used to be shot last year. Peasants discovered as picturesque as usual. SPOLLETTI, a serious villain, disguised as an Innkeeper, is seated somewhere. Enter above, MOSCA CAPONI, a comic villain, accompanied by MARCO SALVIATI in disguise as somebody else.*

Marco (to Comic Villain). There 'e is.

[Drops his "h's" by way of more effectually disguising himself. He points out Serious Villain to MOSCA, and both descend the staircase.

Comic Villain (to Serious Villain). You are SPOLLETTI. (Audience refer to their bills and say "that's SPOLLETTI.") And you were a Bravo.

Serious Villain (to Comic ditto). Hush!

Deaf Gentleman (behind us). What did he say?

Well-informed Friend (loudly). He said, &c. [Tells him what was said.

Comic Villain (who in the mean time has settled some business or other about killing an old woman and carrying off a child.) I am a philosopher; but let that pass.

[This was evidently intended to produce a roar of laughter, but didn't.

Serious Villain. Ah! if the Improvisatore was here . . . (Noise outside; music. Enter MR. FECHTER disguised as *The Improvisatore*, brought back by the crowd. MR. FECHTER is LEONE SALVIATI in disguise.) Tell us the story of *The Five Brothers Salviati*.

All. The story! the story!

[Comic and Serious Villains sit and drink. MARCO SALVIATI in disguise sits in another corner.

Leone (pronouncing the name right in the course of the story.) COSMO DE' MEDICI will yet return.

Serious Villain (boldly venturing on the name.) COSMO DI MEDISI is . . . (becomes uncertain) COSMI DAY MEDISHE is (recklessly) in hiding, they say, somewhere about here.

[Makes up his mind not to mention COSMO again if he can help it.

Leone (finishing the story of the *Five Brothers Salviati*.) And only one remains.

Deaf Gentleman (behind us.) What's he say?

Well-informed Friend (loudly). Why, FECHTER said, &c.

[Tells, impatiently, HIS story of the *Five Brothers*, which differs somewhat from the stage version.)

Leone (recognising in MARCO his brother.) Ha! (Starts, makes faces at his brother, his brother makes faces at him, both grin and express something with their eyes; the crowd, closely watching their movements, take no notice of these proceedings, MR. FECHTER says, as if finishing a sum of subtraction.) And Two remain.

[End of the story, and all group themselves about the scene.

Enter down the stairs a Gentleman in a black mask, supposed by the Gallery to be something to do with GUY FAWKES, and cheered accordingly.

Black Mask (to Serious Villain.) You are SPOLLETTI: a Bravo.

Serious Villain (adopting MARCO's plan for disguise by dropping an "h.") 'Ush!

Deaf Gentleman. Who's that?

Well-informed Person (looking slyly at his programme to see what characters have already appeared.) That's SILVIO (hesitates), or COSMI, or COSMO, or JUDAEL, or (struck with a bright idea) I see the plot now, it's BIANCA in disguise! (Repeats loudly for the benefit of everybody near him.) It's BIANCA in disguise; MISS ELSWORTHY.

Audience generally (to Well-informed Person). HUSSSSSH!

[Black Mask sits with Serious Villain at table. Enter tall Stranger in disguise, and descends staircase, and sits at a table.

Serious Villain (to Comic Villain). You attend to the customers.

Comic Villain. I'm a philosopher: but let that pass.

[Joke fails for the second time; no one laughs.

Black Mask (to Serious Villain). Go to the corner of the wood and then you'll meet a Stone Cross. You know what to do: there! (Gives him half the money.) Meet me here in an hour's time. (Aside.) Now, ANTONIO, you are in my power!

[Exit Mask. Audience consult their bills to see who ANTONIO is.

Deaf Gentleman. What did he say?

Well-informed Friend (a little puzzled.) He said that ANTONIO, that ANTONIO—ANTONIO isn't down in the bills—is—that wasn't BIANCA . . . that was—(refers to bill and is disappointed)—is—sssh—(consoling to Deaf Gentleman) You'll see, you'll see.

Comic Villain (attending to tall Stranger.) I will do it.

[Receives money from tall Stranger and says something funny. Brothers SALVIATI recognise tall Stranger and make faces at him: tall Stranger starts.

Salviati Senior. COSMO!

Salviati Junior. COSMO!

Cosmo (politely to them.) No, thank you; I can find my way alone.

[Exit into Chapel of Ease. Comic and Serious Villains have a conversation together, and exeunt. The Brothers SALVIATI are left alone.

Marco. LEONE! (Aside, over his shoulder as they embrace) Box!

Leone. MARCO! (Ditto) Cox! [They embrace.

Enter BIANCA D'ALBIZZI with a fine boy for his age.

Leone. There is no time to be lost. Allow me to introduce you to my wife. BIANCA, my brother MARCO: MARCO—BIANCA.

Bianca. Away! away! The Abbess is my friend, and she will—

Crowd without (confusedly.) Follow, Follow-ollow-ollow-ollow!

[Exeunt, by fits and starts, MARCO, BIANCA, and Child. Great noise without. Re-enter from Chapel of Ease, where he has been apparently fighting, COSMO.

Leone. I will disguise myself like you (to COSMO) and cut my way through your pursuers.

[Takes off his coat and appears in his shirt, but not a bit like COSMO.

Cosmo. And if you fall, your wife and child shall be my care.

[Exit LEONE, distractedly.

Enter Black Mask.

Black Mask (to himself.) ANTONIO is no more. (Sees COSMO.) Ha! COSMO.

Cosmo. JUDAEL.

Well-informed Person (to his friend.) That's JUDAEL: EMERY.

Black Mask. You can escape by that door.

Cosmo (nobly). I forgive you.

[Forgives him, and exit.

Serious Villain (who has overheard their conversation). Well done, JUDAEL DI MEDISI (remembers his difficulty and falters), DAY MEDEE-SHAY (becomes reckless again.) You get rid of ANTONIO DE—(wishes the author hadn't given him this confounded name) MEDDICHY, and assist COSMO DI (gives it up), COSMO (is satisfied by the substitution), COSMO, to escape.

Judael (with great readiness, aside). He must be poisoned. (Poisons a draught: they drink together.) Call on me to-morrow at twelve.

[Exit JUDAEL, leering at his victim.

Serious Villain. So JUDAEL DI (wishes that his name had been in somebody else's part, and omits it.) So, JUDAEL, you are in my power.

Enter LEONE, very much fatigued.

Serious Villain (to him). I'll tell you a secret. Have a glass of wine.
Leone. No; I must go. [*Takes his cloak; ascends staircase.*
Serious Villain. 'Tis about the—(*feels that he MUST say it this time, or the whole plot will be stopped*)—about the—(*nerves himself for an effort*)—about the MEDDYSEE.

Leone (luckily understanding his meaning, and returning to correct him.) The MEDICI! [*Accepts invitation, and drinks.*
Serious Villain. Yes; JUDAEI wishes to—ah! (*appears unwell.*) I'm poisoned.

Serious Villain (in agony.) I killed MARCO SALVIATI, ANTONIO, and I'm—poi-oi-oi—(*convulsions*)—revenge-enge-enge—(*more convulsions*)—that cup! up... up... [*Dies stiffly.*

Deaf Gentleman (to friend.) What did he die of? eh?
Well-informed Friend (contemptuously). Poison, of course.
Leone. That cup! then I!... (*tries to ascend staircase.*) BIANCA!
Bi... Bi.... [*Falls.*

Enter Comic Villain and Soldiers.

Comic Villain (finding LEONE). A man half dead! Imprison him!
[*Is about to try how "I'm a Philosopher" will go with the audience when Curtain falls.*

End of Act I.

Deaf Gentleman. Why is it called The Watch Cry?
Well-informed Friend. Oh! Because (*thinks*)—because—(*patronisingly*)—You'll see.

ACT II.

In COSMO's Palace. Guests playing with Hoops by candlelight. Fifteen years have elapsed since Act I.

Judael (enters). I must poison COSMO.

[*Comic Villain introduces LEONE as a dumb prisoner. Enter LEONE in rags. In this character he is a cross between MR. WEBSTER after he's been in the Bastille for twenty years, and MISS MENKEN, as the Dumb Slave, in the Child of the Sun.*

Judael. You will go to the room at the end of the passage, and find a casket in bed. You know what to do with him.

[*LEONE moves his hands, shrugs his shoulders, elevates his eyes, and depresses the corners of his mouth.*

Judael (who has probably seen the "Child of the Sun," and understands this sort of thing.) Then, you will do it.

[*LEONE expresses something else, and works himself out of the room pantomimically. Report of gun heard.*

Enter BIANCA.

Both (aside). He here! (*Aloud.*) You here!
(aside.) She here! (*Aloud.*) You here!

Judael. Bring in the prisoner!

Enter Guards, with SILVIO, a very fine young man, BIANCA's page. Enter COSMO.

Cosmo. Who stole the casket?

Page (suddenly). I did. [*Exit Guards, with the very fine young man.*

Bianca (to COSMO.) I have a secret to tell you. [*Exit BIANCA.*

Judael. BIANCA's false! This portrait! [*Gives a portrait.*

Cosmo. Ha! [*Exit, and goes to bed.*

Judael (to Comic Villain). When you hear me say, "Archers of the Guard, Watch," kill somebody. [*Exit hurriedly, as if to catch a train.*

Comic Villain. I'm a philosopher; but let that pass.
[*Point fails for the third time. Exit Comic Villain.*

Leone (who has overheard it all, enters, throws open a window and exclaims). Arrchairs of the Guard, Wash!

[*Two Soldiers enter; he shows them how dumb he can be when he likes, and exit, making faces.*

End of Act II.

Deaf Gentleman. I don't quite understand.

Well-informed Friend (impatiently). Why, don't you see, the Page SILVIO is BIANCA's son, the little boy in the first act, and she's FECHTER's wife.

Deaf Gentleman. Oh, yes! (*Is satisfied.*)

ACT III.

A Prison. SILVIO, a prisoner, says something, with a strong Irish brogue, about his mother, BIANCA, and goes to sleep.

Enter LEONE.

Leone (with French accent). I am your father! Do you not remember me? [*Makes a face at SILVIO, that he used to make fifteen years ago.*

Silvio (who has evidently a very good memory for faces, pushes back his hair, stretches out his arms, and says in rich impassioned Irish). Me farrthur!

Leone (after embracing his child.) You must escape, and light a fire on the other side of the river!

[*They both tear up their clothes, like able-bodied paupers in a work-house, and SILVIO escapes by window.*

Enter JUDAEI, and Comic Villain, who relires to clear all the passages, send away the Guards, and get rid of all hindrances to the dénouement. Deaf Gentleman says he knows what's coming now.

Leone (astonishing JUDAEI by speaking.) I am LEONE SALVIATI!

[*Produces a sword.*

Judael. Ha! (*Aside.*) If I could only lure him over the trap. (*Aloud, beginning to lure him cunningly.*) Who killed the eldest SALVIATI? (*LEONE takes a step.*) Who killed the Second SALVIATI? (*LEONE takes another step.*) JUDAEI continues luring him, and winking aside to the audience.) Who killed the third SALVIATI? (*Wink and a step.*) Who killed the fourth SALVIATI? (*Ditto.*) Who killed the fifth SALVIATI? (*Ditto.*) Who killed all the SALVIATIS? (*More winks and steps.*) Who killed ANTONIO? Who killed MARCO? Who killed SPOLLETTI? Who killed SILVIO? Who killed—

[*Tries to remember any other characters he may have murdered in various pieces. The trap opens, LEONE stops himself from falling.*

Leone. Villain! I've got another spring!

[*Touches a spring, the trap closes, and the wall opening discovers COSMO, BIANCA, SILVIO (who has swum across a river, lighted a fire, and returned by express train), and others, in an elegant sort of "Lift" at a grand hotel. COSMO, in a dressing-gown stands in an attitude, and tries to look as much as possible like a fairy at the end of a pantomime. Exit JUDAEI for instant execution.*

Cosmo (to LEONE.) Take her—be happy. (*To audience.*) And if our friends in front are pleased, then not a happier party will sit down to supper to-night, than—(*looks about for help, not getting it, finishes suddenly*)—The Watch Cry.

[*All stand in attitudes about the golden Lift, as Prompter, impressed by a general notion of Christmas time, lights red fire by mistake, and Curtain descends. Rapturous applause; everybody called before the Curtain. Unequivocal Success. Tremendous Hit.*

PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

From the "May Fair Chronicle."

As a fugitive leaf may serve to show in which direction volant zephyrs blow, so there are not wanting signs, slight indeed but sure, which indicate that BLANCHE, wearied with a long series of conquests, is about to reduce her millinery force, and place her ornaments on a peace footing. Some months ago we drew attention to a remarkable fact. At Ems last summer BLANCHE had two great guns to support her—an Irish Major and a Baron of the Exchequer, while at Llandudno we have lately seen a more pacific policy prompting her to accept the humble protection of a Minor Canon.

BLANCHE, in right of her position, with a splendid capital surrounded by flats, must always remain a great Power. Nor is it desirable that it should be otherwise. LIZZIE and LOTTY have long since abandoned their short-lived dreams of conquest. BLANCHE has therefore nothing to fear from them. Then let us look at her foreign relations. It has been whispered that BLANCHE has an eye to the Marquis's smiles, and aspires to extend that influence which she acquired in the Mediterranean, when recently on board of his yacht. But can she do this without wounding the just susceptibilities of her Italian cousins who are deeply interested in the Marquis's smiles, and would regard as a *casus belli* any attempt at annexation by a neighbouring power? We opine not. Under these circumstances we sincerely trust that BLANCHE will listen to the counsel—the eminent counsel—SIR LUCIUS O'LAUGHAGIN, Q.C., and that their arms will be conjugally united. BLANCHE cannot be blind to the claims of one who so nobly sustained her in her hour of trial, and brought her out of action with flying colours (*vide LOVEBOND v. SNAPIT.* Case on promises. Damages, £5,000.) By this course BLANCHE will be amply compensated for her surrender of the Marquis's smiles, and at peace with all mankind, will no longer agitate by her charms those who have a sensible aversion to the horrors of law.

Good News for Naturalists.

THE celebrated baboon, "JOHN MITCHELL," has escaped from custody in America, and the animal is stated to be as vicious and diverting as ever. We have hopes that he will instinctively seek his way home, in which case M. DU CHAILLU will be telegraphed for, in order to effect a recapture, LORD RUSSELL having promised this curious Irish beast to the Zoological Gardens.

APPROPRIATE MOTTO FOR THE OUTSIDE OF THE NEW MATCHES WHICH "IGNITE ONLY ON THE BOX."—"Strike—but here."



DESCENDING FROM THE GENERAL TO THE PARTICULAR.

Honest Frenchman (in the ecstasy of his heart). "AH, MADAME! COMME LES ANGLAISES SONT BELLES!"

Charming Widow (appropriating the compliment). "AH, MOCEW! COM LAY FRONGSAY SONG FLATTEWER!"

A WORD WITH MARROWBONES AND CLEAVERS.

O, MANTLED with celestial blue,
Arrayed as children of the sky;
Say, there are none who can but you,
What makes the price of meat so high?
Thou, Butcher, with a nimble grace,
Whetting bright blade on trusty steel;
Now tell me, how you can, with face,
Ask fifteen pence a pound for Veal?

The Steak that shares a homely name
With Parliament renowned of yore,
Canst thou, without a sense of shame,
Put coolly down at one and four?
That humbler steak, named simply beef,
Less soft of substance and more dense,
Wilt thou impose on our belief
As fairly worth a dozen pence?

The price of joints from woolly flock,
That grazed upon the Southern hills,
Convulses us with fearful shock
Whene'er we scan our weekly bills.
For Mutton's cost canst thou pretend
To state a reasonable ground;
O thou that legs and loins dost vend
High as one shilling both per pound?

No scarcity of sheep and kine,
No murrain hath so heavy made
Those hieroglyphic bills of thine,
Thank importation through Free Trade!
Besides, beneath thy poll-axe fall
Heads which thou smitest but to save.
Behold abundance large in all
The shambles—shall I say, thou knave?

"Best shorthorns beef," by wholesale bought,
Doth but five shillings cost, the stone,
The offal sunk; ye Butchers ought
To thrive full well on that alone.
Namely, horns, tallow, hide and skin,
Whence ye derive a profit clear;
But, though you get the offal in,
The meat ye sell is awful—dear.

Ah! shout not, "What d'ye buy, buy, buy?"
Until your charges you abate.
Soon will our answer to your cry,
Be "Nothing at the present rate."
But now cut in, adventurous Blade,
Thy way to carve out fortune's plain;
As honest Butcher start in trade;
Much custom will insure great gain.

TRY US, THAT'S ALL.

EH? What's this?

"LORD CLARENDON is a gentleman in every sense of the term, but he labours under a defect of character which, unsatisfactory in common men, is fatal to a statesman—he cannot say No. Whether this be the result of a life spent chiefly in diplomacy, or is natural to him, or be superinduced by the bad practice of smoking incessantly, we cannot tell; but the fact is as we have stated it."—*Blackwood's Magazine* for November.

Is our friend clean daft? What does he mean by the passage in italics? Why, what has smoking to do with the power of saying No? *We* smoke incessantly. Let him come and ask us whether we regard his allusion to a gentleman's personal habits as good sense or good taste.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—No wonder that ghosts enter rooms, though the doors are locked. They are all provided with skeleton keys.



THE DEMON BUTCHER, OR THE REAL RINDERPEST.

Punch's Table-Talk.

89.

WHEN the Gods were cleared out to make room for the Capitol, TERMINUS alone was obstinate, and resisted the improvements. He has repented, and is the great improver in London.

90.

A very smart letter, of course manufactured, from a freed slave to his master, who asked him to return and be a servant. He calculates how much is due to him and his wife, less clothing and medicine, for the years his Massa had their labour for nothing, and makes it about 11,600 dollars. If his employer will remit this, as a token that he means honestly, SAMBO and the Missis will consider about returning. Meantime, he forgives Massa for trying to shoot him. I should not oppose the black franchise if a quarter of the negroes were half as clever as this sham one.

91.

GODIVA is amends for Eve.

92.

Women are far more honest than men, but not so self-denying. That is, a woman can never deny herself the pleasure of paying a debt when she has the money. More of us men have attained that height of stern morality.

93.

When the Captain of a steamer says grace before dinner, it is edifying to see the astonishment the process causes in snob tourists, who keep their hats on.

94.

Tread on your dog's tail, and he is profuse with his affectionate apologies for having vexed you by a moment's howling. Tread on your cat's, and she claws your leg, spits, and sulks for an hour. I don't defend MRS. PUSS, but you are much more careful to avoid treading on her than on the doggie. It is just the same in families.

95.

If a man means to spend much time with his wife, a girl's sweet temper and her ready smile ought to be reckoned as £20,000, and be so estimated in the settlements. If she has not the sweet temper and smile, he had better see the money in Consols, and there is one still better thing for him to do.

96.

I only state a fact. You often hear a wife say, with a sort of smiling pride, "My husband, you know, is not the very best temper in the world."

97.

ARISTOTLE says, "Potter hates potter." May be so. The Strike-monger of the name does not hate to talk hideous nonsense.

98.

I lighted on an interesting criticism, by LEIGH HUNT, in the *Examiner* for April 19, 1818. He is noticing the Spring Gardens Exhibition. "The works of merit will be spoken of in future numbers," he says. "There is one picture in it, however, of *Fighting Dogs*, by a youth, EDWIN LANDSEER, which we must now notice, as one of the best paintings of animals that has been produced since the time of SNYDERS. It is purchased, we learn, by SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT."

99.

Do you know a finer line than the one I am going to quote? It was uttered by MR. KEELEY, in the Lyceum burlesque, *Robin Hood* :—

"I hate most people—and dislike the rest."

100.

People seem never tired of sending me what they call the last begging dodge. Somebody has got a group of children, some of them rather nice-looking, has photographed them together, and sends the picture to you, with each child numbered. He states himself to be the father, appends the usual mendicant prayer, but begs that you will indicate for which child you wish to provide. I dare say that he has made it answer. He is not more impudent than many begging parsons, who watch the birth lists and attack you through your own children.

101.

Some of the old songs—the words I mean—were as delightful rubbish as most of the new. Who did this? I remember it as a favourite lay in my youth :—

"Haste away to the battle-field,
Where honour calls thee, honour calls thee,
Stoutly fight and never yield,
Though the fear of death appals thee."

"102,"

Or the *Veteran and his Progeny*. I never saw this piece. I do not want to see it.

103.

DON'S *Peerage* is a capital book, and you should all buy it, if only for the sake of the widow of the author, who was a gallant officer, and came to an early end by an accident. DON is also a most convenient book, and besides all the usual information, it tells you how to address your betters. Moreover, in case any of you want to be made peers, it gives you the "unappropriated titles." There are six counties languishing for the cool shade of aristocracy, Dorset, Kent, Monmouth, Sussex, York, and Middlesex.

104.

Let us appropriate four of them. Dorset I assign to my butterman, who can support the dignity, as he is charging me one and tenpence per pound, Kent to the ingenious inventor of machines for promoting Domestic Economy, Monmouth to the most aged Hebrew in Dudley-street, and Middlesex to *le* or *la* MENKEN.

105.

Absinthe? I hate it—look, taste, smell. Did OVID drink it? He says,

"Cana prius gelido desint Absinthia Ponto."

106.

HORACE WALPOLE had no children. But he says that if he had possessed any (I agree with LORD PALMERSTON in hating "had had") he should have aspired to bring them all up as musicians. Just what you would expect from such a fiddle-faddle as the HON. HORACE FITZ-HERVEY.

107.

A Scotch "idiot," who was wiser than most about him, floored a whole Assembly of Divines by defying them to tell him where to find mention of the nine-and-twenty knives that came out of Babylon. Try the first parson on it—bar CRUDEN.

108.

I won't stand that in the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS. Determined to have the *Blue Ribbon* of the Turf, he has entered a horse by that name for the next Derby. I call that a do.

109.

I have objected to "had had." But I do not object to five "thats" together, if wanted. For instance, "I tell you that that that that that man introduces, is superfluous."

110.

"The masters of the fairest and most wealthy climates of the globe turned with contempt from gloomy hills assailed by the winter tempest, from lakes concealed in a blue mist, and from cold and lonely heaths over which the deer of the forest were chased by naked barbarians." The sentiments of Englishmen, when asked to go to Scotland.

111.

No, Sir. The language is GIBBON'S, and describes the feelings of the Romans towards Scotland. We know better, and have brought gas, croquet, and the sponge-bath into the Highland glens.

112.

CANNING used to talk of the Glutinous adhesion of LORD WESTMORELAND to office.

113.

I see several objections to the theory that LORD BACON wrote the valuable portion of the plays attributed to SHAKSPEARE, the latter putting in the claptrap and objectionabilities, seeing to rehearsals, and taking the reputation, in order to screen the philosopher from the charge of being an accomplice of player-folk. But I like to maintain that theory, because it drives a certain class well nigh frantic.

114.

What old-fashioned rubbish the Almanacs are. Who wants to be told when CAPTAIN COOK was killed, when the Royal Exchange was burned, and when THURTELL was hanged? And the makers servilely copy each other, not even verifying their ridiculous dates. Evidently the fellows are not brothers of him whose—

"Father had a jolly knack
Of cooking up an almanac."

115.

A hundred years ago, real ladies, at whist, blew one another up, more than insinuated cheating, and remarked that "they had thought the devil had ceased to give lessons, but that they were mistaken." You will see a lively and lovely dialogue of the kind in *The World*, evidently a study from Nature.

116.

There is a disposition on the part of the mechanical genius of this age to get very bumpitious. It may be necessary to remind it that true philosophers, notably SENECA, held that to invent anything that is merely useful is the work of the basest slave. Abstract thinking is the occupation of the true gentleman—steam engines is low.

117.

Let us all go into decent half-mourning for brave TOM SAYERS. Say one black eye.



A SENSIBLE CHILD.

Mother. "WILL YOU STAY AND LISTEN TO DR. GROWLER'S IMPROVING CONVERSATION, OR GO TO BED?"

Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, MAMMA, I WOULD MUCH RATHER GO TO BED!"

AN IMPOSSIBLE TRIAL.

"IN the Court of Queen's Bench the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is (professedly) a member of the Church of England, MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN is a Presbyterian, MR. JUSTICE MELLOR a Unitarian, MR. JUSTICE SHEE a Roman Catholic, and MR. JUSTICE LUSH a Baptist."—*Morning Paper*.

SNOOZER v. BUMBLE.

This case was tried at the last Assizes. It was an action brought by the plaintiff, SNOOZER, a barber, against the defendant, BUMBLE, beadle of the Church of St. Fortywinks, at Snorterton, for various assaults alleged to have been committed during divine service one afternoon. The plaintiff had been continually going to sleep, and, as it was alleged, disturbing his neighbours in church, by nasal noises, and the defendant, after vainly poking him many times, ejected him from the edifice, telling him to be off and sleep at home. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages one farthing, and he resolved on asking for a new trial. Much interest was excited in the profession by the hearing of an ecclesiastical case before the mixed tribunal now presented by the Court of Queen's Bench. Counsel of ecclesiastical tendencies had been retained.

MR. BOVILL moved for a new trial, on account of the smallness of the damages. A farthing was no compensation to a man for being publicly paraded all down the aisle in the stern clutch of a tyrannical church officer.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE wished to know at what period of the service the ejection was served.

MR. BOVILL. During the sermon, my Lord.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Unless the sermon was a very good one, *primâ facie* an improbability, I think, MR. BOVILL, that so far from your client being injured, the beadle should be considered as a benefactor to him.

MR. BOVILL. I am informed that the sermon was a very good one indeed, my Lord.

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN. We ought to have strong evidence of that. It is a very unusual thing in England.

MR. JUSTICE SHEE. And in the State-Church in Ireland.

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR. In any church, in fact.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Or chapel.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH. I dissent from the Chief's last remark.

MR. PRIDEAUX said that nothing could be more valuable than the *dicta* with which the Court had favoured them, but that inasmuch as the plaintiff had been pertinaciously and schismatically going to sleep all the time, the quality of the discourse was not of immediate moment.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. But suppose the sermon sent him to sleep?

MR. MEREWETHER said that a man had no right to go to sleep in church, and cited the authority of GEORGE HERBERT, to show that the worse the sermon, the more the hearers were bound to use patience.

MR. BOVILL said that the service had been long, owing to christenings.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH could recognise nothing of the kind.

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN said that the superiority of the Scotch Presbyterian religion was shown when cases like this arose. Had there been a deacon, he would have quietly remonstrated with the offender, and just have given him a wee pinch of snuff.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH could not consider a snuff-box as a proper thing to be produced in any religious edifice, however agreeable elsewhere.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. That's because you are a very Particular Baptist, brother LUSH.

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR. I don't at present see that we should disturb this verdict. If people will go to churches they must behave decorously. They must take the consequence of exposing themselves to the non-intellectual influences of such preaching as they get there.

MR. JUSTICE SHEE might not think that persons should go to church, as to a lecture, to have their intellects entertained, but passing this, the case showed the disadvantages of the pew system. Had the plaintiff occupied a hard chair, he would not have slept.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH said that sleeping was improper, but that a free Englishman should be poked, collared, and hauled about by a huge



A HARD HIT.

Bald-Headed Old Gent (who wasn't up at the Kill). "GOT A PAD, WHIP, EH?"

Satirical Whip (alluding to the Head which is coupled to the Saddle). "VERY SORRY, SIR; GIVE 'EM ALL AWAY, SIR. P'RAPS A SCALP WOULD BE MORE USE TO YER!"

[Old Gent explodes.]

clown fantastically dressed up like a chimney-sweep on May-day was intolerable. Dissenters had no beadles.

MR. JUSTICE SHEE agreed that a beadle was a contemptible object. Look at the splendid Swiss who preserved order in a continental cathedral.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH said that he was worse than a beadle.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. I am afraid, MR. BOVILL, the plaintiff will take nothing.

MR. HENRY JAMES (as *amicus curiæ*) suggested that the plaintiff had taken too much, or would not have gone to sleep in church.

MR. BOVILL said that if so, it was wicked, but if all wicked people were to be turned out, and debarred from hearing that they ought to be better, what was the use of a church?

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR had not said that it was of any use.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH had not said so, either.

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN begged to intimate that if church meant kirk, he saw great use in it.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. What injury has your client sustained, MR. BOVILL? He has not heard part of a sermon of which he manifestly wished to hear none, and he has a splendid advertisement.

MR. BOVILL. Consider the pokes in the poor barber's ribs, my Lord.

MR. MEREWETHER was instructed that the pokes were the mildest form of physical suasion, such as are used to induce a dull person to comprehend a witty observation.

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN. Not *barbarous* pokes, MR. MEREWETHER? (*Great laughter.*)

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Besides, the treatment has given him *éclat*. Very likely he is known as the Barber-Martyr. Also the beadle has read him a valuable lesson for his soul's health and reformation, as they say elsewhere. He will not go to sleep in church any more.

MR. BOVILL. He will never go to church any more, my Lord. He has turned Dissenter.

MR. JUSTICE LUSH. I am very glad to hear it, and as he has received that benefit, and on other grounds, I concur with my Lord that there should be no new trial.

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR. We have not before us the form which his dissent has taken.

MR. MEREWETHER. One of the forms set apart for the Sunday School children at the Independent Chapel, my Lord. I am instructed to hope that it will tip up with him, and send him rolling, the first time he indulges in his soporific propensities. He will then find out his error in leaving the easy yoke of the Church of England.

MR. JUSTICE MELLOR. I concur with my Lord, and at present my sympathies are very partially aroused for this purblind barber.

MR. JUSTICE SHEE. I am of the same opinion. *Vigilantibus non dormientibus.*

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN. I am just agreeable. It would be a good thing for sleepy barbers and such cattle if you had a Kirk Session in your Erastian establishment. That would wake you all up.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. The Court is unanimous, by whatever diversity of roads that unanimity has been attained. We cannot say that any of the parties concerned deserve much credit. It is always open to a good-natured neighbour to kick the shins of a sleeper, and had one of the congregation of St. Fortywinks had the kind feeling to keep on kicking the plaintiff's shins, the Court does not believe that he would have gone to sleep. It is alleged by defendant's counsel that the sermon was very good, but we have no evidence of this, and the ordinary common sense and knowledge of mankind point to a different conviction. BUMBLE, the beadle, technically did his duty, and his conduct is unimpeachable, therefore, but he seems a bumptious kind of beast. And the plaintiff deserves no sympathy, as he must have known his own habits, and had better have attended service before dinner.

Rule refused.

QUERY FOR QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

If a Barrister takes one's new umbrella out of Court instead of his own gingham, can he be said to have "taken silk."

THE FLIRT'S PARADISE.—Coquet Island.

A MODEL VILLAGE.



FACTS are proverbially stubborn things. But of all "stubborn facts" commend us to a Briton's prejudices in favour of "vested rights" and a man's house being his castle, wherein he is "free to do what he likes with his own." These stubborn facts are, no doubt, at the bottom of much that is worthy of respect in JOHN BULL's character. They have not a little to do with his Magna Charta and his Habeas Corpus. But they occasionally stop the way all the same; obstruct the efforts of the Local Board or Nuisance Removal Committee, crouch like lions in the path of the Officer of Health, trip up the heels of the Inspector of Nuisances, and crop out in back slums, by-lanes, and blind alleys for district visitors and zealous clergymen to break their shins over.

As an example of this class of stubborn facts, *Mr. Punch* begs to lay before the world an extract from the *verbatim* report of what came to the nose, eyes, and ears of a Visiting Committee lately appointed to inspect a little seaside village, where Cholera had been observed hanging about, with an evident intention of dropping in if it found lodgings ready, and a supply of its favourite necessities of death—foul air and filthy water.

That Cholera had, as usual, made a judicious choice of seaside quarters, will be apparent to all who read the Committee's Report. Now, this Report is "no joke" in any sense of the words. *Mr. Punch* can answer for the absolute veracity of the reporter, who is not one of his own contributors, but a gentleman as incapable of making fun as of discovering the longitude. He is not at liberty to give the name of the village, but he will call it Mudfog. The name and locality matter nothing. Our readers may fix it anywhere they please, between Hull and Harlech (on the east and west), and Berwick and Brighton (on the north and south). They will not be far out of their latitude whatever nook of the coast between these four points they may pitch upon. Mudfog is, in fact, a "model village;" and what the Visiting Committee found in Mudfog, whether in the way of stinks, putrid wells, foul accumulations, and purblind or pig-headed people, is to be found, *Mr. Punch* fears, in nineteen out of every twenty English villages, seaside or inland, rural or suburban:—

"Report of the Mud-Fog Visiting Committee (a sample street)."

House No. 1.—Old Gardener, "ard of 'earing; has lived there four and twenty year; drain and coal-hole in one. Never smelt nothing 'cept in wery dry weather agin rain: rather strong then in sitting-room: would not have mentioned it, if the genelman 'adn't axed: please not to put it down, fear it might offend landlord, as they was wery curious kind o' people, as thought mostly about their rents." Gave the old man an instruction paper upon the subject of disinfectants, &c.; trust he may not poison himself with them. Left him under a strong conviction that he regarded his stinks far too much in the light of reliable weather-guides ever to allow them to be meddled with.

House No. 2.—Small pork-butcher. Premises well got up for the occasion; shop, dwelling-house, and slaughter-house all in one. Small back garden, containing pig-stye, and dung-heap, and draw-well. "Did not think the water was wery good; family all wery bad in the hot weather with Dioree." Inspected well—observed something floating therein—had it fished out. Butcher said "It was lights," and so it really was, though much decomposed! "Would the gentlemen like to taste the water? Should he get a glass for them?" Committee respectfully declined the ordeal by taste. Left paper of instructions, and advised the butcher to alter his dung-heap and pig-stye, so that they should not drain *directly* into his well.

The next three houses were occupied by Pilots.

First Pilot.—"Been a lishenced Trinity-'ouse Pilot thirty year last fust o' January, and never was out o' the smell of the mud for more than twenty-four consikitive hours since he can remember. Will be sixty-four to-morrow. Built 'is 'ouse 'isself, and drained it on his own plan. Nobody as he knows of 'as got any right to interfere on his premises. 'As not got no well; 'as got six water-butts: ketches enough

that way from the 'evins for his Missus to do her washing and make her tea with. Never drinks no water 'isself: thinks when anybody is ashore that porter is more wholesome. Now, supposing as he 'ad a well, don't see what the gents 'as got to do with it. Considers he has a right to drink his own sewage, *if he likes it.*"

Second Pilot.—"Wishes the gents 'good morning.' Welcome to look round as much as they please. Wery proud to see them, and wery proud of his own 'sanitaries:' got four on 'em altogether—one in each corner of his garden. Has a weathercock a-top of 'em all, and regulates 'em according to the wind. Has a well in his back-kitchen: works it hisself with a bucket and luff-tackle-purchase connected with a small 'and-winch in the front sitting-room. Don't believe in pumps, 'cept aboard a wessel. Uses a *little* water sometimes, for mixing along with his rum. Hopes the gents will write out a good report agin' him. Is not often at home. Caught the cholera once through boarding of a Rooshian. Don't want to 'ave it again."

Third Pilot.—Not at home: wife is, and very civil. Strong smell of fried onions, made your Committee's mouths water. Would not disturb her cooking, but, if she pleased, would like just to look round the garden. Found there two pig-styes, a fowl-house, a duck-pond, a dog-kennel, and a few rabbit-hutches. Size of garden, 40 feet by 30. Vacant ground in it heavily cropped with cabbage and onions. General effect of premises on Committee's olfactories rich, but Committee found it impossible to distinguish any individual smell. Wife said—"Yes; her husband was very fond of all kind of animals, pertickler pigs. Considered them very cheerful things to have about. Did not consider as they thrived if kep' too clean. House drained into duck-pond. Was certainly very bad in her inside last week: feared she was a-going to be attacked with the cholera morbus. *Considers it was the smell of the brick-kiln the other side the water* as made her ill. Knew stinks would bring cholera. Was much better now. Had to fetch all her drinking-water from over the way, as their well was far from sweet."

The next house was that of a First Officer in one of the Blue Ball African Mail Steam Company's boats. "Glad he was at home. Knew nothing, he was sorry to say, about his drains: wishes he did. *Thought the well and drain were somehow mixed.* Would the doctor taste some of the water?" (Here the First Officer gave the word of command in a loud voice forced through the clenched teeth, to the small maid-of-all-work) "'Liza! a glass of pump-water!" Water produced, and found to be strongly impregnated with iron-rust. Doctor considered it was too much of a tonic to do First Officer any good, as he was of a florid complexion, and rather stout. First Officer "expected it was wrong somehow, but never felt any ill effects from it."

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4—semi-detached, shrub-shaded, single-windowed little houses, all inhabited by the same class of wan, pale-faced ladies, whose husbands, typically speaking, "had to Aleppo gone, Master of the *Tiger.*" These ladies gave us very little information. "Had they any complaints to make?" "Oh, no!"—"Could they tell us anything about the drainage?" "Oh, no!"—"Was the water quite good?" "Oh, yes; certainly!"

Upon reference to the M.D. of this district, Committee learnt that all the inhabitants of these houses were drinking water strongly impregnated by lead; and, he added, "appear to like it, so I can't help it, particularly as the Landlord refuses to alter the pumps."

The Committee's next visit was to two Coastguardsmen's cottages.

First Coastguardsman.—"Had the cholera in '44: ain't afeared of it. *Considers as it's a natural vent for the overplush of mankind.* When his time comes, knows as he 'as got to go. Considers as his time wasn't come in '44. Always keeps his house very clean: does all the scrubbing hisself, and paints his bedsteads and chests of drawers with red lead and turps twice a year."

Second Coastguardsman.—"Wery glad to see the gents. Will they be seated? Will speak to his Missus about what they've to say when she comes in. Can't abear chloride o' lime hisself. Has a box of pills: bought them of a packman six year ago: believes he called them '*Information Pills.*' has never took nothink else ever since. Wears a galvanised ring on his third finger. Ain't afeared of cholera, nor nothink else as he knows of."

THE LIVERPOOL CRADLE SONG.

Oh! rest thee, my Baby, thy Father's a Mayor;
Thy Mother's a Lady so blooming and fair.
Whilst Mayoress, birth to an infant gave she,
And so gained a cradle of silver by thee.

Oh! rest thee, my baby, the time will soon come
To leave off thy food-bottle, and sucking thy thumb;
Oh! feed it, a duck, on soojie while you may:
Green fat comes with manhood as light comes with day.

"A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE COMMENCEMENT" is informed that he is fortunate in having had no answer to his letter to a certain advertiser. *Verbum sat sap.*, which a subscriber to *Punch* must be.—Ed.



NOVELTY IN GLASS.

BELINDA, ABOUT TO ARRANGE HER BONNET AT WHAT SHE SUPPOSES TO BE THE NEW LOOKING-GLASSES ("AND A VERY GRACEFUL AND CONSIDERATE IDEA, TOO, ON THE PART OF THE RAILWAY!"), SPEEDILY DISCOVERS HER MISTAKE, AS SHE IS CONFRONTED BY THE FACE OF AN IMPERTINENT YOUNG MAN IN THE NEXT COMPARTMENT.

CASTING "THE RIVALS."

SCENE—*A Cabinet Particulier in the First Lord's Official Residence in Downing Street.*

Present—LORD RUSSELL, LORD CLARENDON, THE LORD CHANCELLOR, DUKE OF SOMERSET, DUKE OF ARGYLL, EARL GRANVILLE, LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, SIR GEORGE GREY, SIR CHARLES WOOD, MR. CARDWELL, MR. VILLIERS, MR. MILNER GIBSON.

Lord Russell. Well, gentlemen, as it is decided that we are to have a series of private performances between this and February, suppose we settle what we are to produce, and cast the characters.

Gladstone. First we ought to determine the style of piece. I vote for the classical drama.

Villiers. Oh, hang that. . . . I go in for sensation.

Gladstone. Ah! I thought you had had enough of that on your Union-rating Bill last Session.

Lord Russell. No; I protest against anything sensational. Let's resist that—at least, until we get new blood into the company—which I don't think desirable, I must confess—

Lord Stanley of A. (aside to Villiers.) Unless it was an infusion of the proper Amberley tinge.

Lord Russell. I own I should prefer going back to the old repertoire.

Milner Gibson. What d'ye think of *The School of Reform*? GLADSTONE could play *Tyke* wonderfully, and CARDWELL is just the man for *Zekiel Homespun*.

Lord Stanley of A. No—no—ARGYLL has a hereditary right to the Country-boys. Only read his addresses to his tenantry.

Villiers (sotto voce.) I'd rather not.

Milner Gibson. What do you say to *Still Waters Run Deep*? It's a very easy piece to cast. It inculcates an excellent moral—for all heads of departments. I'll play *Mildmay* myself. He's a Lancashire lad, and they'd take it as a compliment at Oldham.

A VOICE

FROM THE EARLY CLOSING DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

RETURNING from the Alpine Club
With thoughts on peak and mountain,
My course unusual chanced to rub
Against a Drinking Fountain;

And pausing at its marble bed,
And visage scarce teetotal,
"Your health, Old Flick," I mutely said,
And quaff'd the antidotal.

When turning round with quickened tread,
Refresh'd beyond all mention;
A voice came from the fountain head,
And startled my attention.

"Stay, stay thy footsteps, Stranger, who
Canst lend thine ear to sorrow;
My time is short, my words are few,—
I must shut up to-morrow.

"The current of my life must sink
To other scenes and channels;
For mortals take to warmer drink,
With warmer hose and flannels.

"I cannot say my race is run,
'Twould but provoke a quibble;
For all that I have ever done
Has only been to dribble.

"My founders when they aimed abuse
Against the poor man's porter,
Took care he should not have the use
Of too much wholesome water;

"But selfishly their backs they turned
Upon their own invention,
And dashed the meed they would have earned
By niggardly retention.

"My patrons of the pot and jug,
Reviled my sculptured features,
And said, 'I'd got a temp'rance mug
With nothing in 't,—the creatures.

"I could not let my stream die out—
Uneased my troubled waters;
So please to put my case about
In most effective quarters."

Earl Granville. Either CLARENDON or the CHANCELLOR would be the very thing for *Potter*; GLADSTONE would do *Hawksley*—he's in the financial line, you know.

Lord Russell. No—no. I'm afraid the play's too new. Depend upon it there's nothing like falling back on the old stock-pieces. We want something as nearly as possible contemporary with the British Constitution, as it was finally settled by the efforts of the Opposition under Fox. Suppose we say *The Rivals*.

Sir George Grey (modestly.) Might not the title be considered personal?

Gladstone (calmly.) I can't conceive why. Nobody can say *I* have any rival in the company.

Duke of Somerset.

Duke of Argyll.

Sir C. Wood.

Villiers. One at a time, my Lords and Gentlemen.

All. *The Rivals!*—*The Rivals!*

Lord Russell. You see it's SHERIDAN's—in other words, it has a statesman—a Whig statesman of course—for its author. It is venerable for its antiquity; the business is traditional, and—though that's not of so much consequence, perhaps—it is witty, and includes plenty of characters.

Sir C. Wood. Do get on, JOHNNY, that's a good fellow. . . . If we spend so much time in choosing the piece, we shall never get the parts cast. . . . Push along—do—

Gladstone. Λάβε τὸ βιβλίον—Take the book—as ARISTOPHANES has it. Who comes first?

Lord Russell. *Sir Anthony Absolute*—

Lord Granville. Ah! the old gentleman who *will* have his own way—

Lord Russell. I shall keep that for myself.

Gladstone. I beg your pardon, I thought I was engaged for the leading business.

Lord Russell. Pardon me, the leading business in your own House.

Granville. Oh, but *Sir Anthony Absolute* don't belong to what's called "the lead." He's only a first old man. That's *RUSSELL's*, of course. The leading part is *Falkland*, the heavy man, who looks bilious, and makes long speeches with beautifully rounded periods, and has always a sentiment, cut and dry, or a principle pat to the occasion—that's evidently your part, my dear *GLADSTONE*.

Lord Russell (sententiously). *Falkland* was at heart a patriot, though he did not formally enrol himself in that chosen band, for whose constitutional principles *HAMPDEN* bled on the field and *RUSSELL* on the scaffold.

Cardwell (correcting). I beg your pardon—"SIDNEY"—I believe.

Lord Russell. I am aware the autithesis is usually so quoted, but it ought to be *RUSSELL*. *SIDNEY* is a much overrated man. If it hadn't been for my venerable ancestor—

Sir C. Wood. Hang your ancestor—

Villiers. That's superfluous, as he was beheaded—

Duke of Somerset (aside to *Gladstone*). And this is called doing business!

Gladstone. *OXENSTIERN* wasn't far wrong.

Duke of Somerset (to himself). Who the deuce was *OXENSTIERN*?

Lord Russell. As I was remarking when *WOOD* interrupted me in so unseemly a manner, the unfortunate *FALKLAND*—

Lord Stanley of A. My dear *RUSSELL*, we are not on *CHARLES THE FIRST's* *FALKLAND*, but *SHERIDAN's*. You will always trot us out on *Constitutionals*. Didn't you see what my namesake said at Liverpool the other day—nothing so wearisome as a regular *Constitutional*.

Sir C. Wood. *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *RUSSELL*. That's the only thing settled yet. Shove on. I like to get over things.

Villiers (aside to *Milner Gibson*). Except stone walls—

Milner Gibson. And then he prefers to run his head against. I never do.

Sir C. Wood. What's the next part in the cast?

Lord Russell. *Captain Absolute*.

Earl De Grey. That's mine of course. (Movement of doubt.) I'm engaged for the military business. (A whispering in knots.)

Lord Russell. Why to tell you the truth, my dear *DE GREY*, there seems to be an impression that you are a leetle weak for the part. We thought of taking *SOMERSET* out of the sailors, if he has no objection, and putting him into the Captain.

Duke of Somerset. Put me into what you like, only give me plenty to do, and as little as you like to say. Only mind, any part I get, I mean to play in my own way. I won't stand any interference—so now you know.

Lord Russell (reads). *Captain Absolute*, the *DUKE OF SOMERSET*. (Looks at book.) *Acres* comes next.

Lord Granville. We've plenty of them in the company. Let's see though, *Acres* is a low Comedy part. Ah, if we hadn't quarrelled with *BERNAL OSBORNE*. As it is, I doubt if there's a laugh in the lot of us—except *STANLEY* and myself. Upon my word, I begin to think I must play *Acres*, unless we put *ARGYLL* into it, in consideration of his owning a shire.

Duke of Argyll. Oh, but I've read the play. *Acres* has to put his hair into curl-papers, and I shouldn't like that.

Lord Stanley of A. Why not? You would look very well à la *Belle Hélène*. Your hair's quite the fashionable colour, without dyeing.

Sir C. Wood. Come, do let's go on. Put down *ARGYLL* for *Acres*. It won't be funny, but he'll spout the words right, and think he does it beautifully, and ten to one the public will agree with him. Nothing like bounce.

Lord Russell (studying the rest of *dramatis personæ*). *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*! Ah! we haven't an Irishman in the company. I suppose *PEEL* will expect it—

Villiers. He'd never do. *Sir Lucius* has to fight a duel. Best put off casting *Sir Lucius* till you catch your Irishman.

Lord Granville. *CHICHESTER FORTESCUE* would do it very well, or *MONSELL*. He was in the Ordnance, so he ought to know something about fire-arms.

Lord Russell. *Fag*!

Milner Gibson. Oh! I should like to play *Fag*—I never did play *Fag* in all my life—at least since I was at Eton, and I should rather like the part—in fun, you know.

Lord Russell. *David*—he's nobody. *CARDWELL* will do for that—

Cardwell. Thank you—

Lord Russell. *Thomas*—who's *Thomas*? (Consults book.) Oh, the coachman. *GREY*—if you don't mind?

Grey (pleasantly). Oh, anything you please—I'm quiet to ride or drive—double or single harness. I'll do *Thomas*.

Lord Russell. But how about the ladies? We can't engage professionals, I'm afraid.

Lord Cranworth. I'm afraid it would hardly be compatible with my position to join in the performance, if you did. All *Chancellors* might not be as particular. [Smiling sweetly, and looking round.]

Lord Stanley of A (aside to *Wood*). *Dictum In re WESTBURY*.

Lord Granville. Why not cast the ladies among us? Here's *CLARENDON* would make a capital *Mrs. Malaprop*. *VILLIERS* would

look charming [in *Lydia Languish*, and as for *Julia* and *Lucy*, I'm sure any of our friends who may be unprovided with parts won't mind going on for them. *STANLEY*, you're in the Post Office, *Lucy* carries letters, suppose you play *Lucy*. Thanks to crinoline, and *chignons*, it's not difficult to make up a pretty woman, now-a-days, whether for face or figure.

Lord Stanley of A. If you want your *Lucies* (a non *Lucendo*). I don't feel as if I should shine in petticoats. But I won't spoil sport.

Lord Russell. There! I think the cast's complete. That's quite enough for to-day. I'll have your parts written out, gentlemen, with the cues, and, if you please, we'll meet here the day after to-morrow for our first rehearsal. [Shut in]

THE FASHIONS.

Now Hyems, the grim undertaker,
Is coming to bury the year,
You're asking *modiste* and dressmaker
What dress and what bonnet to wear:
So let us examine together
Le Follet, that all of us take,
And settle before the cold weather
The texture, and trimming, and make.

Poult-de-soie is in vogue for the hour,
Embroidered in black and in white,
With a band over star, wreath, and flower,
Just like lace to the masculine sight:
Such a robe needs no trimming at all,
And for colour a black or a blue,
Tho' with some a light brown has the call,
And with some a sweet violet hue.

When the skirts are made plain, we are told,
The bottoms are all scalloped round,
And edged with a cord in which gold
Or silver thread twisted is found;
But the *passementerie* trimming asserts
Its claim breadth and hem to adorn,
Still in bands it encircles the skirts,
Still in silver and gold is it worn.

For the morning a linsey is best,
Tho' some knickerbocker affect,
You must wear it with waistcoat and vest,
Tight bodies are hardly correct;
You may have them with basques, I allow,
But open the waistcoat to show,
Which of muslin is mostly made now,
Tho' embroidered *percale's comme il faut*.

As to sleeves, they are fitly à coude,
As this winter you'll commonly see,
May I hint—you will not think it rude?
Out at elbows you never should be;
And to crown all, your sweet winsome face
Should line a blue "Empire" bonnet,
Any trimming, gold, feathers, or lace,
Will suit you, my darling, upon it.

The Ruling Passion.

WE know a Clerk in a Government Department (he objects to the common phrase, Public Office) who is so precise, so married to routine, that he docketts all his love letters, and minutes his answers on the back, ties them up neatly with red tape, and puts them away in pigeon-holes. He always writes to the lady on "half margin," and never visits her without first making an appointment. All the correspondence goes by the messenger.

From Tonics to Irritants.

SPAIN, not satisfied with her course of Peruvian bark, has now plunged herself into a Chili pickle. This splenetic small power evidently does not know what to be at, and the great powers ought, in kindness, to put her into a strait-waistcoat. It will not prove easy to secure her, to judge by the dexterity with which she has slipped out of her bonds on former occasions.

HISTORICAL FACT.

OUR British ancestors dyed themselves. Hence, when a youthful barbarian engaged herself to a young savage, she was said to be "wood and won!!"

THE STAGE AND ITS REALITIES.



THAT "care" in "reporting all the news of the French capital, which distinguishes our fashionable friend the *Court Circular* it informs us that—

"*Malheur aux Vaincus* is the title of a big play by MONS. THÉODORE BARRIÈRE. It is so very big that he cannot get a house large enough to play it in, as he will have some most expensive set scenes, one of which will be the Bourse of 1815, showing the animation which prevailed in those days when terrifically exciting news was brought hourly to Paris. There will be a grand park with a real waterfall, and—be envious, ye London managers!—there will be a real river flow through the stage."

Real water has repeatedly been seen upon the stage, but it is quite a novel notion to put a real river on it. We wonder where the mania for realities will carry us. Real lamp-posts have been really shown in a street scene, and real lamplighters have probably been hired to light the gas in them. We own that, for ourselves, we are not tempted to a

theatre by the promise of a sight of things we daily can see out of it; and as for real lamp-posts attracting us to pay our money for a box, we should about as soon be drawn to the house by real donkeys. Tastes, however, differ, and doubtless there are playgoers who like to see some real earth dug by the *Grave-digger* in *Hamlet*, and would enjoy to see *Ophelia* drowned in real water. Perhaps when next we go to see the garden scene in *Faust*, we may be told that real roses are growing near the footlights, while at the back are real gooseberries on really real bushes. Were that enterprising manager, *Mr. Crummles*, living now, he might announce his real washing tubs as quite a new attraction, and get up a grand sensation scene to introduce his real pump. We remember in a pantomime to have seen some real cows and calves upon the stage; and possibly next Christmas, if a farmyard scene be shown, we may see some real turkey-cocks, and real sheep, and pigs. We have no doubt that in such case a good many real asses might be

found among the audience; and if any sibilation proceeded from the stalls, perhaps the manager might say that they were real geese that hissed.

THE RETAIL BUTCHER'S REMONSTRANCE TO THE TIMES.

HERE'S a pretty state of things, Sir,
When the *Times*, from every column,
At us retail dealers flings, Sir,
Letters, volum' upon volum'.
'Gainst the butcher and the baker,
Cruel calumnies you utter;
Fire Young Oxford, till you make her,
Quarrel with her bread and butter.

You forget that retail traders
By their cloth must cut their coats;
How competitive invaders,
Strive to slit their fellows' throats.
Count up credit, tips to servants,
Bad debts, interest, and you'll say,
Cent. per cent.'s the least advantage,
We should have from those who pay.

Am I not a man and brother,
Though a butcher's steel I wear?
From abuse of one another,
Sure 'twere Christian to forbear.
Of my customers *who* grumbled,
Till the grumbling *you* began;
Ask'd why up my prices tumbled,
Down my scale of charges ran?

Took comparisons to making
Of price-lists at Leadenhall,
With the charges I was taking—
As if *that* proved aught at all.
As if offal, clods, and stickings,
In account should not be ta'en—
Not to speak of little pickings,
Poor Retailers' hard-earned gain.

Then forbear your hand!—remember
Though it may be fun to you,
In this dead time of November,
Death may to our gains ensue.
Leave the London butcher's profit,
Leave the Oxford butler's theft,
Take our word, if aught's lopped off it,
Far too little will be left.

ALLEGED BODY-SNATCHING AT ROME.

Now this is too good:—

"WITH HIS HOLINESS'S COMPLIMENTS.—The POPE has just sent a *souvenir* to the widow of the late GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE. A Captain of the Pontifical staff has just brought the body of a holy martyr from the Catacombs as a consolatory present to his bereaved widow. The remains are those of an unknown martyr, and the POPE has given him the name of CHRISTOPHER, which was that of M. DE LAMORICIÈRE."

O fashionable contemporary, for the foregoing statement is extracted from the *Post*—as our young female friends and relations say—how can you? How, that is to say, can you give currency to such a Story? The idea of the Holy Father implicating himself in the heresy of the Resurrectionists! And then how absurd to represent his Holiness as sending a body to a General's widow, as if she could be supposed to be in any want of a "subject!" If that lady were the relict of a surgeon, there might, indeed, be some sense in the idea of the possibility that a very queer kind of POPE might take it into his head to offer her such a present. But the Sovereign Pontiff has never shown the slightest signs of that eccentricity which alone would induce any man to offer such a gift to any woman except a female doctor. If PIUS THE NINTH were asked to allow the remains of a holy martyr to be abstracted from the Catacombs, who can doubt that his indignant answer would be *non possumus*?

The supposition that the POPE could be capable of calling a mummy CHRISTOPHER, after the name of a gentleman deceased, and sending it to that gentleman's widow to console her for the loss of her husband, imputes to the successor of St. Peter a state of mind which would place him amongst the clients of St. Luke.

TRIUMPH OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

REJOICE, enlightened friends of progress in the subjoined intelligence:—

"THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY WORKS.—The compact between the Great Western Railway Company and the Corporation of Oxford for the purchase of Cripsey Meadow has been sealed, so that the question of the removal of the Great Western Railway Works is now definitely settled."

The establishment of a Factory at Oxford will be the greatest triumph that the Present has achieved over the Past. It is the conquest of mediæval sentiment by modern principles, of spiritual idealism by material utility, of bookworms by men of business. The Directors of the Great Western Railway, and their worthy allies, the Corporation of Oxford, may well glory in having initiated the end of Oxford's grandeur and beauty. The spires of the old University will soon be eclipsed by factory chimneys, pointing higher towards heaven, and at the same time shutting out the sight of it by their contributions to the clouds. Those ecclesiastical structures, now grey with worthless moss and lichen, will in good time be encrusted with the soot of profitable works. The gloomy silence and melancholy repose of the exclusive colleges and aristocratic halls, with their proud Professors and domineering Dons, will shortly be broken and destroyed by gangs of jolly British workmen, and by the surrounding noise of production and traffic. The studious quiet of Undergraduates will be exchanged for the busy hum of men, and the seat of learning will be smothered in the hive of industry. Hooray for the authors of the inchoate desecration of Oxford! May we live to see a terminus reared on the site of Westminster Abbey!! Honour to the Corporation of Oxford and the Directors of the Great Western Railway!!!

SLANG.—The idiocy of one and the vulgarity of many.

THE TIPPLER'S PARADISE.—Portsoken Ward.



NATIVE TALENT.

HOW THE "POT IS KEPT BOILING" BY THE BOYS ON THE NEW ENCAUSTIC TILES POUNCER HAS JUST LAID DOWN OPPOSITE HIS SHOP!

THE WALL-FLOWER;

OR, THE SONG OF THE UNASKED ONE.

(BY JOHN BRIGGS, M.P.)

AROUND my place the dancers throng,
My lonely seat the Swells flow by;
I hear the murmur, low and long,
Of prompt request and pleased reply.
For GÖSCHEN, FORSTER, STANSFELD there,
Impassioned wooers throng the rooms,
My eye's as bright, my form's as fair,
But all unsought the Wall-Flower blooms!

They say that I am hot of mood
And quick to give and take offence;
O'er fancied slights inclined to brood,
And prompt to scorn on slight pretence:
And therefore 'tis I sit apart,
Defy neglect, and nurse my fumes;
But not a sigh shall 'scape my heart,
Though all unsought the Wall-Flower blooms!

LORD RUSSELL moves about the ball,
In quest, they say, of youthful blood;
On me I saw his glances fall,
But he ne'er stirred from where he stood.
I see him steal to GÖSCHEN's side,
And in his eye a promise looms:
I see his hand to STANSFELD's glide—
But all unsought the Wall-Flower blooms!

Wooer, ask on! and, wooed, reply!
I care not—I am fancy-free:
A higher dream employs mine eye—
I love MY STAR, MY STAR loves me!

And when my Star shall statesmen sway
To seek its smiles and fear its glooms,
Between us they shall rue this day,
When all unsought the Wall-Flower blooms!

GRADUATES IN IMPOSITION.

It is not true that the undergraduates of Christchurch, Oxford, have been quarrelling with their bread and butter. They have been quarrelling with the fellows who overcharge them for their bread and butter. The quarrel is not a very pretty quarrel as it stands. It is a very ugly quarrel, and reflects great disgrace on the College authorities who have connived at the shameful cause of it. The undergraduates of Trinity and Downing, Cambridge, complain of extortion similar to that practised on their Oxford brethren. The freshmen of both Universities are treated as pigeons, and plucked before their time. The College butlers, and others who overcharge the students, should have a degree in dishonesty conferred upon them by a quorum competent to award that distinction, with a period on the treadmill, at one University, and, then they ought all to be admitted *ad eundem* at the other.

An Ambassador to Prussia Wanted.

ACCORDING to *Reuter's Express*, LORD NAPIER's recall from the English Embassy at Berlin is officially confirmed, but his successor at that capital has not yet been decided on. It is a wonder that so respectable a man as LORD NAPIER was not recalled from Berlin long ago, and our Government must have some difficulty in finding any one worthy to succeed him at the Prussian Court. We have hanged almost everybody fit to be sent there.

CURL PAPERS À LA MODE.

GOLDEN hair is at present all the rage with a certain description of fashionable ladies. Very likely those expensive females will next take to curling their hair with bank-notes.



THE POLITICAL "WALL-FLOWER."

MISS BRIGHT. "NOBODY ASKS *ME*; AND IF THEY DID, I SHOULD CERTAINLY DECLINE."

Punch's Table-Talk.

118.

A STREET block fifty yards a-head of your Hansom, is aggravating enough. But I appeal to the consciences of all of you who ride in such a vehicle whether there is not more aggravation in the obstinate fact that the block must be over before you can get to the point at which it is occurring, and so you will not be able to abuse anybody.

119.

There is a new sect in Germany. The members call themselves the Cogitants. They say that they have a religion without a creed. I suppose that these Cogitants are a branch of our Cogers.

120.

I am very fond of looking at bookstalls. Much of my valuable and beautiful library has been collected thence. I never, however, found any banknotes between the leaves of my purchases. I have heard of a man who was ruined by finding a £5 note in a book. He was foolish enough to exhibit it, in triumph to the vendor, who claimed it. The buyer was defiant, the lawyers went to work—and the usual result followed. Should I ever find such a thing, an Old Lady in Thread-needle Street will be my only *confidante*.

121.

But by what inscrutable fatality is it that a book-stall is always either over or next door to a reeking cookshop? The fact is so, and it abbreviates one's explorations. The stalls on the quays in Paris are more inviting, only they seldom offer anything worth buying.

122.

The French are evidently looking out for a trial for High Treason in London. They have read of the threatening letter to the late LORD MAYOR, and expect it to be avenged on a scaffold on Towerill.

123.

An Italian proverb says, "The smiles of a pretty girl are the tears of the purse." The maxim scarcely holds here, as we don't make presents to young ladies. But the frowns of an ugly woman, if she happens to be the wife of the purse's owner, are sometimes efficacious in the direction hinted at. That is said, of course, conventionally. There are no ugly wives, and we are honoured by any demand made by a spouse. Mind that, young men.

124.

Why did wild *Half-can* stab *Pots*? None of the Shakspearian commentating people hang out lights here. The question has troubled me for years.

125.

Mentioning the demise of an acquaintance to a couple of Aberdeen friends, one asked me, Fat deed he O? The other, seeing me puzzled, said, "He means Fat deed de dee O?"

126.

The *post nati* get a good deal of teaching for our money. A well meaning old gentleman, lunching at my house, said to my grandson, who is ten, "Well, my boy, can you tell me how beer is made?" My boy could tell, and with a calm smile rejoined, "By brewing, the saccharine or sweet principle of vegetables is separated from other matter, and after boiling with water is by fermentation converted into a vinous liquor." Inheriting my turn for liberality, the child added, "Distillation continues the series of changes, adds hydrogen to oxygen and carbonic acid, and makes alcohol, evaporating the water." I hope it was all right—the lecturer retired from the room tumbling head over heels four times, to the scandal of his previously proud Mamma.

127.

When a wise man uses the weak argument because the strong one would be unacceptable to the many, and he is abused for shallowness by the few, they do not thereby prove themselves to resemble him.

128.

I was for a short time at school in the country, and among us was a lad we all nobly persecuted because we thought that he was a donkey. The master shared our views, to the discomfort of the youth. But the discovery of four lines of verse, in the writing of the victim, ought to have made us all change our opinions. They were:—

"MR. BLACK, of Steam School,
Knocks me about and calls me a fool
But towards the end of the half-year,
He always calls me 'TUBBS, my dear.'"

I should not wonder if TUBBS, *mutato nomine*, has become Somebody in Church, State, or on *Punch*.

129.

Talking of poetry, there are savage and terrible lines by POPE, which have been discovered since the last edition. I have read some of them. They are fiendish. And—how is MR. ELWYN?

130.

The Africaness will not take operatic rank with the grand old Jew's grand works, for the simple reason that the Book is the worst he ever had to deal with, almost the worst ever given to any great composer. His genius is vindicated by the splendid effects he has managed to get out of such a wretched story, but the Opera will be heard as a duty rather than as a delight. It is, however, a duty to hear it, and I am glad to see Covent Garden theatre crowded before my friend MELO assumes the rod he wields so well.

131.

Hindústání difficult? No. At least I did not find it so, but then you are going to say that nothing is difficult to me. As my friend *Rip Van Winkle* says, here is your goot health, and your vamily, and may they live long and prosper. But to proceed.

132.

Hindústání is not difficult. And there are advantages in knowing a tongue which you are pretty certain that nobody else knows; you can relieve your mind by muttering your sentiments freely. For instance, you can growl at breakfast *Cha ka pani kaula na tha, is men maza mutlaq nahin*—your wife will not understand it, and her feelings will be spared, while quite as much practical effect will result as if you had said that the water couldn't have boiled, for the tea was beestly.

133.

Nonsense about ordering your gloves to be made for you. You never find such gloves fit any better than those you buy ready made, and for the best reason—the glover never has any made for you. He merely selects them from his box, and charges you a little extra.

134.

There is nothing in music itself that necessarily renders its votaries such fools as you describe the majority to be. Some of the best minds have been fond of music. MILTON was. I am. But a very commonplace person may be a very good musician, and if such a person becomes absorbed in one pursuit, and never reads, talks, or thinks on any other subject—the fool is the product.

135.

Let us drink the health of your pious aunt. You say that personally she accepted her grey hairs cheerfully, but that as a duty to society she coloured them black. Just so.

"The Saint sustained it, but the Woman dyed."

136.

I see in the *Law Times* an advertisement, wherein a young solicitor announces that he desires a seat in an office of standing.

137.

Only thirteen months and a half, now, to the Millennium, says DR. CUMMING.

138.

A good deal of trouble would be saved if the rule of Jedburgh Justice obtained. It is familiarly set out in the nursery rhyme:—

"That's JACK,
Lay a stick on his back.
What has he done?
I cannot say,
We'll find out to-morrow,
And beat him to-day."

139.

The new judge is an excellent lawyer. But he is also an amiable man, and I am sure would never have taken office, could he have known that I should immediately be literally flooded with a torrent of correspondence, suggesting bad jokes on his name. Friends at a distance, and near, will please accept this intimation that I decline all impertinent pleasantries on the word LUSH.

140.

There has been discussion about the authorship of *Michael's Dinner*. I do not believe it was LORD PALMERSTON'S. It is not very good, even as a squib of its day, but its personality made it a hit. "Rather yellow, rather yellow," applied to MR. LAMBTON, afterwards LORD DURHAM, was esteemed a very hard hit. The idea was followed up. I remember a vulgar song of about the same time in which his Lordship, who had mines, was called the Small Coal Man. One almost apologises for repeating such stuff, but it ran this way—it was a parody on a popular ballad:—

"O my darling Small Coal Man,
My nice little nasty Small Coal Man,
The yellow flag that decks our van,
Is the varmint mug of my Small Coal Man."

141.

And if my memory serves me right, the publishers of the insolence got something at the hands of OLD FATHER ANTIC for it, and serve them very right. I believe that I had a good deal to do with knocking that sort of thing on the head.—Thanks—and I drink yours in return.



"NOT THE MAN FOR GALWAY!"

(CAPTAIN WHYTE-LYVER'S MARE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE REFUSED FOR THE SIXTH TIME.)

Native Enthusiast. "THROW YER HEART OVER, CAPTAIN, AVICK! SHURE THE SHLIP OF A MARE WILL BE LEPPIN AFTHUR IT AT ONST!"

A PLEA FOR THE *RECORD*.

To the Charities' Committee of the City of London.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING ascertained from the speech of the REV. MR. ROGERS, at the City meeting recently held for the promotion of middle-class education, that among other funds for benevolent and charitable objects, invested in trustees belonging to the City of London, there is one now amounting to £1200, for the burning of heretics, which has accumulated for some centuries, owing to the disuse of this, like many other laudable customs of the good old time, I take the liberty of applying to have this fund paid over forthwith to the Proprietary of the *Record* newspaper.

It is true that a jealous, and, it is to be feared, un-Christian Legislature, a Church, too often neologian in high places,—though the episcopal appointments of the late lamented Premier, have done something to check the lamentable tendency to rationalism and irreverent application of thought to [matters of faith,—and a public, as yet very insufficiently influenced by organs of sound evangelical views, have refused to the Church—that is, to the true believers whose opinions are formed and expressed through the columns of the *Record*—the right of burning the bodies of heretics, but the duty of roasting them, metaphorically, has only become the more urgent. Where the stern corrective of the Pile is refused us, the milder, but no less efficacious chastisement of the Press is doubly necessary. The *Record* has from its foundation been earnestly engaged in this pious and profitable work. It has never slackened in the duty of blowing up the fires of theological zeal to a white heat, and in setting them to the writings, characters, and persons of heretics, especially in the Church of England. Its conductors may not have been able to command brimstone and faggots, but the will to use them has never slumbered, and their place has been not ill supplied by the gall and bitterness of controversial imputation, or the slower but not less blighting corrosive of calumny. I am privileged to append a list of reputations of heretics scathed, and fair-fames of heterodox theologians blackened by the fires weekly kindled in our

columns, and on the strength of it confidently to demand the transfer of the heretics-burning trust-fund, with its accumulations, to the Proprietors on whose behalf I have the honour to sign myself

THE EDITOR OF THE *RECORD* NEWSPAPER.

AN IRISH EXPLANATION.

MISTHER PONCH,

AV ye plaze, Sorr, Oi'll throble ye, for the honour of Ould Oireland, to see how some dhirty spalpeen in the *Toimes* has been blay-gardin' of it:—

"IRISH FAILINGS.—More than 78,000 persons were charged before magistrates in Ireland in the year 1864 with being drunk or drunk and disorderly; in an equal population in England there were not 27,000 persons so charged. To every two persons charged before magistrates for common assaults in England there were three persons so charged in Ireland."

Oirish failings! Bedad, Sorr, Oi'm not fond of "common assaults," which Oi take it manes assaultin' an' foightin' common people. But Oi'd like to see the man who says that it's an Oirish failin' to get dhrunk, an', being dhrunk, to get disorderly. Oirish failin's—the omadhaun! Begorra, Oi'd excite his *failings* wid a crack o' my shelayley! Sorr, is't a failin' in an Oirishman, when meetin' an ould frind, to shtand a dhrop o' dhrink? Shure, an' if they foight, it's because they love ache other. For what says the pote?—

"If iver you go to Donnybrook Fair,
An Oirishman all in his gloory is there,
Tho' maybe to his hat there is niver a crown;
Thin he meets wid a frind, an' for love knocks him down,
Wid his Sprig of Shelayley, and Shamrock so green!"

Bedad, Sorr, it's a sad heart that niver rejoices, an' we poor divils would be miserable if it wasn't for the pleasure of a dhrop o' dhrink together, and a little frindly foightin'. Besides, Sorr, so many of us poor Oirish have been Emma gratin' lately, that there's sorra a one left, an' Oi'll go bail that of the "78,000 persons" who got dhrunk last year in Oireland, iver Oirishman was either a Scotchman or an Englishman.

Jist shtick that in your poipe, an' believe me

THE O'DONTKNOWWHO.



"IT ALL DEPENDS UPON PUTTING THE LEGGIN'S ON NEATLY, TO LOOK LIKE REG'LAR-BUILT NICKERNOCKERS!"

"KING JOHN" IN PRIVATE.

SIR,

I WROTE to you, some time since, drawing the attention of Shakespearian amateurs generally to the opportunities afforded by the great WILLIAM for developing what the professionals would correctly term "small parts." I gave you a practical illustration in my performance of *Friar John* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I wish to tell your readers, *exempli gratia*, (which I hope they'll follow,) what I did with another small part that all the members of our Amateur Dramatic Club had refused.

We selected *King John* for our representation.

After forming my idea, I went to Drury Lane to see what was done with the drama in that place. I saw MR. PHELPS as *King John*, and MASTER PERCY ROSELLE as *Prince Arthur*. The child is apparently too young for the character; but, be that as it may, he is the best Prince that ever I saw, and so powerfully did he appeal to the sympathies of his audience, that I know more than one member of the male sex present who was obliged to use his opera-glasses every other minute and blow his nose violently. MR. ANDERSON was capital, and so was MR. BARSBY, but all the French people, the *Dauphin* and so forth, ought to imitate the pronunciation of MR. FECHTER or MADAME CELESTE. I had a great mind to write to the management, and inform them that I thought some one was tickling the legs of the old citizen of Angers, who appears on the walls of that obstinate town: he seemed uncomfortable. Is there any historical evidence to show that it wasn't the season at Angers when *King John* called on them, and so there were only two elderly gentlemen stopping in the town? That, however, was not my point. Our performance preceded my visit to Drury Lane, and we had all sorts of people on our walls—old men, young men, the Mayor, and little dirty town boys come to see what was going on. (At least this is what I advised them to have, but we could only get one man, and he was so frightened that he couldn't parley at all, but yielded to the Prompter, who appeared on the walls of Angers with his marked edition of the play.)

What character, you will ask, did I play? Sir, I chose *Peter*. *Peter*, Sir, is the fanatic who prophesied that *King John* should on Ascension Day yield up his Crown: and *Peter* was right.

I accepted the part on condition that I might "do what I liked with it," and have a procession, if I wished, at my own expense. I saw what the depths of this part were. First, as to the dress. He was a sort of hermit; something between that and a ballad-singer. His fame as a Prophet (*vide* play) had reached, probably, across the wide Atlantic, and certainly far beyond the shores of England. He wouldn't prophesy for nothing: therefore he would have received presents: therefore he would be rich; therefore he would be dressed gorgeously. But how does a Prophet dress when he dresses gorgeously? I was at my wits' end, until somebody said MARIO, and my mind reverted to *Le Prophète*. The very thing: so after a short consultation with my *costumier*, I

adopted a style of dress closely resembling that of the Operatic *Jean*. A dress of *Jean*! wasn't that an idea! Admirable!

He appears in Act IV., Sc. 2, and on the stage are noblemen, gentlemen, and the *King* himself. *Falconbridge* introduces *Peter*. I refused to come in until the line, "Not knowing what they fear and full of fear," had been given. Then, by pre-arrangement and paying extra men in the orchestra, there was a flourish of trumpets and a beating of drums. Whereupon *Falconbridge* exclaims, "And here's a Prophet," and before he concludes his line, *Peter* is to enter, preceded and accompanied as follows:—

Five Heralds.

Knights Templars who have come from the Holy Land in order to see PETER.

[Here the Band strike up the celebrated March from "*Le Prophète*,"

Deputation of Foreigners who had heard of PETER, with drums.

Deputation of Deaf Gentlemen who hadn't heard of PETER, with ear-trumpets.

Arahs laden with Camels, and other presents for the Holy Man.

Citizens of Pomfret. The Mayor, Ladies of Pomfret.

(Supposed to be a supporter of PETER.)

A Rich Relation who hates PETER.

The Family of the Prophet. His Grandfather, a Centenarian.

Somebody who knew PETER at home.

Acolytes. Effigy of PETER, the Hermit. Acolytes.

(His ancestor.)

Servants bearing presents made to the Prophet.

Servants bearing instruments from the Prophet's Laboratory.

Black Boy carrying a Crucible. Girl carrying a Stuffed Crocodile. Black Boy carrying a Brazier.

PETER's Private Secretary.

Music Publishers of the Period who want the Copyright of PETER's Songs.

The Prophet's Clerk.

Four Halberdiers carrying on their bucklers

PETER OF POMFRET.

Behind him "treading on his heels" come "many hundreds."

They cheer him. Boys shout. Flourish of Trumpets.

Then *Falconbridge* continues his speech, and *Peter* dissents or assents, as the case may be. Now *Peter* has but one line to say, and any one who knows what "business" or "pantomime" means, will be able to make this speech immensely telling. He is accused of prophesying the King's death, and then

King John. "Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?"

[PETER beckons to his Clerk, who whispers in his ear. They whisper in each other's ears. The Clerk departs to fetch PETER's books. In the meantime the deputations and his admirers offer him presents, the rich relation stands apart and scowls on him, and the family, who have never seen the King, make the most of the present opportunity. The Prophet rejects the presents, and in pantomime intimates that he despises his rich relation. The Clerk returns with folios and note-books. PETER consults them, to see if the charge brought against him is correct, and whether, according to custom, he had booked that particular prophecy. Finding that he has given the tip, he closes the volume, wipes his spectacles, while the rich relation smiles sarcastically, and walks down to the centre of the Stage. Mysterious music. Black boys bring crucible and brazier. Thunder, lightning. PETER goes through an incantation. People shudder. After this,

Peter (calmly). "Foreknowing" (slowly) "that the Truth" (politely takes FALCONBRIDGE's helmet as if for the cannon-ball trick) "will—fall out—so!" [Cannon-ball falls out of helmet. Great applause. Thunder.

King John. "HUBERT, away with him!" &c., &c. (Fight between partisans: quieted by PETER.) "Let him be hanged!"

[PETER falls on his grandfather's shoulders, is torn from his weeping family, shakes hands with his rich relation, who promises in pantomime that he will be good to his children: then PETER falls into HUBERT's arms, and is carried out.

You may by this possibly understand to what perfection I brought this small part. Let this be a lesson to all Managers, Actors, and honest students of SHAKSPEARE.

The Organ of the Kirk.

CHURCH music is beginning to find favour in the Scottish Kirk. In Glasgow organs have been lately introduced into four of the Established Churches. Perhaps there are still a few of the disciples of JOHN KNOX in whose eyes organs are obnoxious. There are, however, other instruments that even they might be induced to tolerate. They will still perhaps object to the organ that it is "a kist fu' o' whistles," but they cannot possibly make that objection to the bagpipe.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.

WE understand that in consequence of the high price of meat, the Beef-eaters at the Tower have all turned Vegetarians.

ADVICE TO CAPTAIN COLES.—Go into a towering passion.



A MORNING CONCERT.

Wife. "GEORGE! GEORGE! YOU ARE NOT IN CHURCH!"

LINES FOR THE TIMES.

BY THE FATHER OF A FAMILY.

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
'Tis such expensive food:
When butchers cry, "Come, buy, buy, buy!"
I think them vastly rude.
They've raised the price of all that's nice,
Beef, mutton, pork and veal:
Their meat's so dear, I sadly fear
I soon shall want a meal.

Chorus.

So scant my fare, my bones are bare,
I shiver with the cold:
Small strength's within my shrunken skin,
Now meat so dear is sold.

My wife, poor soul! must needs control
Her appetite so good,
In lieu of chops she lives on slops,
Most unsubstantial food.
We pinch and screw for SAM, and SUE,
And FRANK, and MAUD, and MAY;
Five little chicks who eat like six,
Nor care how much I pay.

Chorus. So scant my fare, &c.

North, South, East, West, the rinderpest
Is rife, the butchers tell,
And that is why so dear we buy:
I fancy 'tis a sell.
It's my belief that mutton and beef
Much cheaper should be sold,
For there's scarce a rise in the wholesale price,
As the press hath plainly told.

Chorus. Yet scant's my fare, &c.

I'd like to see a Company
To bring good meat to town,
No more at shops we'd buy our chops,
Then prices might go down.
Thus some fine day the butchers may
Look, like their aprons, blue:
And there may be for you and me
Cheap meat as e'er we knew.

Chorus.

North, South, East, West, the rinderpest
Is raging, so we're told:
And there's no meat that's fit to eat,
But is worth its weight in gold.

"LESS THAN KIND."

WE perceive the following advertisement:—

DOG.—Required a Kind Master for an excellent Black Retriever Dog.
Owner parts with him on account of savage tendencies.—Address, &c.

A savage dog wants a kind master. The advertiser is evidently advanced in the Victor Hugo school, which proposes to cure burglars by presenting them with your silver plate. But why does he not carry out his own theory? Perhaps, if he let this savage dog bite a few pieces out of his owner's legs or so, the animal would be converted to gentleness, the retriever be retrieved. Perhaps, again, the advertiser is relieving his conscience by asking for a kind master, and means to deliver the savage over to the dogwhip much as the priests handed the heretic to the civil power, begging that he might be kindly used. "There is much matter in these advertisers."

THE SUICIDE OF BEAUTY.—Painted faces and dyed hair are unpopular delusions, but fashionable fal-lalacies.

THE TEETOTALLER'S PARADISE.—The Temperate Zone.



THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

Arabella. "MORE CURATES ARE WHAT WE WANT."

NOBS AND SNOBS.

POOR EARL DUDLEY!

Not for his broad acres, not for all his fine houses, not for all his coal and his iron, not for all the pearls and diamonds and lace with which his new Countess was glorified in the eyes of JENKINS, would we stand to be steamed with the incense and pelted with the oblations of British Snobbery, as he has been for the last week or two, only because he has gone and got married!

We have spoken of JENKINS, but *his* hymeneal raptures are matters of course. What is better worth *Punch's* notice is the industrious *kotowing* of the Bumbledom of the Black Country to their biggest Black Diamond. When one thinks of what that Black Country is, its miles of sooty, cindery, slaggy desolation by day; its lurid horror by night; its foul and tottering cottages, with their untaught, ill-clad, un-kempt and uncared-for swarms; its drunkenness, its misery, and its vice; its brutal men, its unsexed women, its children stunted in mind and body by premature toil, it is a comfort to fall back on the one set-off to all this—the splendours of Whitley and Himley, the glory of EARL DUDLEY's wedding, the costliness of the *parures* and *trousseaux*, the magnificence of the presents, the ineffable exquisiteness of the millinery.

Here is the oasis in that Black Country desert, wherein the snobbery of the region can disport itself, and do homage, and grovel, and lick the shoes of its big man, to its snobbish heart's content.

Worcester lies within the orbit of the DUDLEY sun, and its Council has been sucked in by the all-absorbing influence which draws on to its knees the Snobbery of that portion of the Midlands. The MAYOR OF WORCESTER, in calling the attention of the Council to the awful, yet intoxicating, subject, observed that—

"The Council were noted, he was happy to say, for not paying court to the nobles of the county simply because they were noblemen, and he should be sorry if the year of his Mayoralty were to be marked by any departure from the rule, if there was any rule in existence with regard to the matter: but EARL DUDLEY had taken such an active part in forwarding the interests of the various institutions in the city that the Council might well afford to make a new rule, or at least depart from the old one, to express the gratification they felt that one for whom they entertained such a high respect should be about to take a step which they hoped would be pro-

ductive of the highest happiness to himself. He thought it desirable to propose that an address of congratulation on his marriage be presented to EARL DUDLEY by the Worcester Town Council, the address to be drawn up by the Mayor, the Sheriff, Aldermen HILL and LEA, and MR. WALTER HOLLAND. He (the Mayor) did not contemplate that there should be any formal presentation of the address, but that as the Earl would be passing through Worcester in company with his bride about the 7th December, and that if he could be induced to drive round near the Guildhall, that would be, he thought, a suitable opportunity for presenting the address."

Let us pray fervently that the Earl *may* be induced to drive round near the Guildhall. If he can't, one trembles to think of the consequences—Worcester weeping, and refusing to be comforted—the Mayor in hysterics, and PADMORE prostrated! For PADMORE, who writes M.P. after his name, as well as Alderman before it, trumps the Mayor. He has been spoken to by the Earl—nay, caught poaching by him—

"ALDERMAN PADMORE, M.P., said he rose to second the resolution with great pleasure, and more especially for one reason, which was that some time ago he (the speaker) happened to be poaching on EARL DUDLEY's estate—(laughter)—when the Earl caught him in the very act. His Lordship was not only kind and lenient to him, but notwithstanding he knew that he (ALDERMAN PADMORE) had no certificate—(laughter)—invited him to kill anything on his estate. He thought such conduct required recognition, and he therefore begged most cordially to second the motion. (Laughter and applause.)

"The motion was carried unanimously."

To be caught poaching by a Lord! and without a certificate, too! And to be invited by a real Earl to kill anything on his estate! Oh, ecstasy untold! Oh, bliss ineffable! We cordially agree with ALDERMAN PADMORE, M.P. Such conduct *does* require recognition!

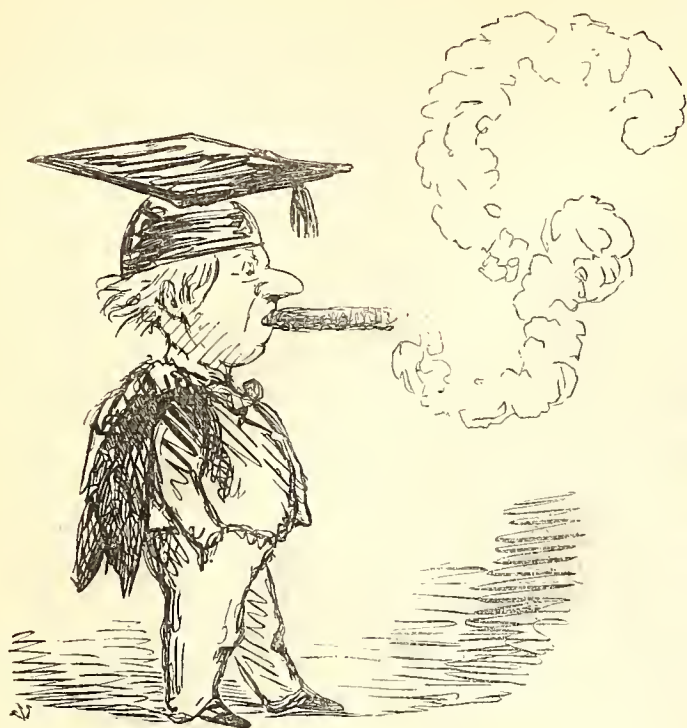
Be it hereby recognised accordingly. Let us bow down and do our *kotow* reverently—and proclaim our *credo*, in the name of the DUDLEY-worshippers of Worcester, "*Magna est Snobbishness et prævalet.*"

LITERARY JOTTING.

BACON lived at Ham House. The writer of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, when he came to London, always stopped at Gray's Inn.

A QUESTION OF TURNED HEADS.—How would the Negro women look if they used Golden Hair Wash to dye their woolly heads yellow?

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.



IR.—I beg to hand you the conclusions I have formed on the Christchurch correspondence:

That the Dean and Chapter should be suspended (not hanged), and a Provisional Government established.

That the Dean is not SWIFT.

That the Butler knows on which side his bread is buttered.

That a Professorship of Domestic Economy be immediately founded, and endowed by the four butlers, cook, and manciple, out of their past profits.

That Alma Mater may be too dear.

That the Undergraduates' "Battel" cry should be, "Reform our College Bills!"

That it is absurdly in-

consistent to hold public meetings and talk about founding new and cheap Colleges, when the old and dear ones might easily be reformed.

That there is a great waste in "Commons."

That the sooner "the bonny, bonny, Christchurch bills" are recast the better.

That "impositions" are not abolished at the Universities.

That the Undergraduates are quite able to fight their own "Battels."

Yours, YOUNG ISIS.

LAST CASE OF COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

THERE has been fearful business in Jamaica. Blacks rioted, were fired upon, and the riot became madness. The blacks slew many whites, and the massacre was attended by incidents too revolting to be described in pages usually devoted to pleasantness. It must, however, be stated that a young clergyman was hewn in pieces, and that the blacks enacted hideous orgies, devouring the brains of their victims. A terrible vengeance descended upon the savages, and shot, steel, and cord came into stern use. A great slaughter was made.

All this is painful to tell, but it must be told, because it is right to show the spirit in which the story is treated by those who claim to be exponents of the feelings of the people of England, but who by a perverse instinct set themselves, on all occasions, in opposition to those feelings. Those who found excuses for the Indian mutineers, those who advocate peace at any price, and hold honour not worth counting, are now loud in behalf of the Jamaica blacks. Nothing is said for a small white population, eight times outnumbered by the negroes, and suddenly confronted by the foulest horrors of savage warfare. Nothing is said of its natural terror for its wives and little children. All we hear is a howl about the severity exercised upon the poor dear blacks.

The Reverend DR. BURNS is a shining light among the advocates of the blacks. We dare say that he is a good man, at all events he uses many words out of the good Book. He addresses a long letter to MR. BRIGHT's organ, and thus he begins:—

"I have read with feelings of indescribable horror the details of the late sanguinary doings in Jamaica. I am sure, as those deeds are unfolded, and the whole truth shall be published in this country, that an unparalleled feeling of intensified indignation will be produced. I enter upon no justification of riots or of rebellion on the part of the misguided coloured people, but I do protest in the name of our common humanity against the precipitate destruction to which so many of our fellow creatures have been devoted."

This Christian minister reserves, it will be seen, his justification of riots or rebellion, that he may at once relieve his mind by abusing those who defended themselves against raging savages. He has not a word of regret for his brother Christian minister who was chopped to pieces by the blacks. All he desires is to intimate that he sends up to Heaven an "outcry, night and day," in company with the other "elect," he says (apparently meaning Dissenters of a certain sect), and though he does not state what he cries, we must gather that he means a protest against the whites who fought for their lives, wives, and babies. MR. BRIGHT's organ, of course, echoes this minister, and at a safe distance from anything blacker than its own misused ink, ridicules the terrors of white men who found themselves surrounded by a furious crowd, notoriously inflamed by belief—evidently not discouraged by certain religious teachers—that the negroes were the victims of tyranny.

It is strange that fanaticism blinds men, not otherwise foolish, to the truth, and makes them unaware of the feelings of the great mass of their countrymen. It is less strange, such blindness and obtuseness granted, that fanatics should believe themselves exponents of the popular mind, and should write, as was written in Tooley Street of old, "We, the people." Yet they have had some lessons at

hustings and elsewhere, and have now a lesson before them in the fact that an English Premier will not shock the heart of England by admitting one of their party to office, loudly as they clamour for it.

The whole history of the Jamaica trouble will of course be the subject of a Parliamentary inquiry, and if injustice has been done, it will appear, and no Englishman will defend it. We may appeal to work done before the anti-English party arose, in proof that we have ever advocated justice to men of all colours, and have done so at times when universal philanthropy was not the fashion, and was not exactly rewarded with ovations. But we cannot allow men to describe themselves as "we, the people," and then to outrage the feelings of all decent Englishmen, without pointing out that "we, the people," means a foolish handful of noisy quacks.

ODE TO MIDAS.

O MIDAS, who, in self-conceit
As wise as all the Grecian Seven,
The scales of justice dost, unmeet,
Hold, and erect thine ears to Heaven,
On salaried or civic chair,
Or Bench whose Greatness takes no pay!
Would your sweet worship take some care
How word and word, opposed, you weigh?

What weight hath an accuser's tale,
That's unsupported, and denied,
More than the story in the scale
That dangles on the other side?
Hold but the balance even; so
In equipoise both sides will seem.
That, Midas, thou dost not, and lo!
Scale of defendant kicks the beam.

Condemn not, save when proof outweighs
Denial; give those ears, O dense
Of Nature, to the law which says
Presume not guilt, but innocence.
Nor relegate, with solemn face,
And cant of being "deeply pained,"
Perchance a false accuser's case.
Dismiss the charge that's unsustained.

Imagine, if your Dulness can,
The torture of another's mind,
To infamy, a guiltless man,
Or fear of infamy consigned.
Thus, oft, because a Midas, void
Of brains, reverses judgment's rule,
Behold the righteous is destroyed
Between a liar and a fool!

But thou thyself mayst victim fall,
Some day, of malice or mistake,
A blockhead on the Bench withal,
False witness for the truth to take;
Then, Midas, by experience taught
The common folly of thy class,
Thou'lt know what cruelty is wrought
By Law whose Minister's an Ass.

Important!

MR. JAMES GRANT, of the *Advertiser*, has felt it his duty to contradict DR. CUMMING upon the subject of the Millennium. The former theological authority has published a new Book, called *The End of All Things* (he owes us a pint for this advertisement) in which he states, from his own knowledge, that the Doctor knows nothing about the matter, and that we may go on taking leases, and marrying and giving in marriage. As this announcement is official, we accept it with confidence, and on the whole are rather glad that things are to remain as they are.

ULTRA IRISH FENIANISM.

WE understand that in the Fenian "circles" addresses of condolence and sympathy are in course of being got up for presentation to the insurgent negroes in Jamaica who have been hanged.

MUTUAL RECOGNITION COMPANY (LIMITED.)



LIMITED Companies are now the order of the day. In order to insure the best possible Criticisms in the public journals, a society of gentlemen devoted to Music, the Drama, and Literature generally, has been formed, whereof the basis is the Principles of Mutual Recognition. MR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has clearly shown that MESSRS. SHAKSPEARE, BEN JONSON, BEAUMONT, and FLETCHER belonged to a Mutual Admiration Society. O. W. H. considers such a society to be "the crown of a Literary Metropolis." To M.A. Society but few members can belong: it is most exclusive. The Mutual Recognition Company, though limited, can enlist the names of many more than the above-mentioned body. Members of the M.R. are not bound to

praise one another; they may, if they like, and if they don't like they needn't, only in the latter case they must expect retaliation. Several members have already sent us notices of each other's books, plays, and musical compositions. A copy of every printed criticism is kept on the books in the Company's office, and proofs before publication, are open to any member for inspection; but no objection will be listened to. Every writer may say what he thinks, but he is bound to think it.

First, we have a notice of the St. James's Theatre, by the author of *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*. "*Lady Audley's Secret* has been revived at this theatre. Those who have not yet seen MISS HERBERT as *Lady Audley* have a rare treat in store for them. *The Ladies' Club*, another most successful revival at this theatre. Here, indeed, is the Poet's 'Vision of Fair Women' realised. Elegant MISS HERBERT, gentle MISS WENTWORTH, sprightly MISS COLLINSON, dark-eyed BESSIE ALLEYNE, handsome ELEANOR BUFTON, our Three Graces, and two over! We must be forgiven if the eye triumphed over the ear, and if, dazed by the fairy forms before us, we lost much of the author's neat dialogue, that from time to time fell to the lot of MR. FRANK MATTHEWS, MR. ROBSON, and MR. BELTON. We reserve a fuller account for another edition."

[Private Note. This is all genuine, but I shan't finish it until I see—I've left myself another opportunity—what either the author of *Lady A's Secret*, or the other piece says of *A Wolf, &c.*, in his forthcoming notice.]

The next is a notice of *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, at the Olympic, by the author of *The Ladies' Club*. "A most judicious revival. MR. MONTAGUE is a rising actor, and MR. H. NEVILLE has already established his reputation. MISS HARLAND shows that she can do something more than a burlesque dance, and little little Sister of MISS KATE TERRY's is a clever child, who must be taken care of, and not be produced at hothouse pressure. *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing* is decidedly one of the author's best pieces—full of repartee and telling situations."

[Private Note prefixed to the next Notice in the Company's Office.—There is a comedy being played at a certain distant theatre; but a journey thither involves a heavy cab-fare—that is, from any part of the West End; and I shan't say a word about it until I see what the author of that piece says of my latest production.]

The next notice is of the Strand Theatre, by the author of a new Comedy above-mentioned. "*L'Africaine, or The Queen of the Cannibal Islands*, is the new Opera-burlesque produced at this theatre. It is beautifully placed on the stage: the scenery and dresses excel anything previously attempted. The acting is simply the perfection of burlesque acting, whereof the requirements are totally different to those of comedy. The two niggers (MR. JAMES as *Nelusko*, and MR. THORNE as *Selika*) are inimitable, and the piece goes with shouts of laughter from the first to last. In this burlesque we see what musical success may be gained without the aid of the hackneyed airs of the music-halls, and by giving the public fresh and sparkling compositions. MISS SWANBOROUGH, as *Inez*, the yacht-ing young lady, and MISS RAYNHAM, dressed as *MENKEN* in *William*, are suited, both by author and composer, down to the ground. There is not such another burlesque company in London; but, warned by old experience, they must not forget that 'union is strength.'"

[Private Note.—The above is my genuine opinion, as far as it goes, but

I reserve my notice of the *writing* until I see what *he* says of my Comedy.]

The Mutual Recognition Company begins to work capitally. We have already got several notices of books, and in course of time we hope to see the result of the principle in fairly, candidly, and carefully-written criticisms on all subjects connected with Art, Music, the Drama, and Literature generally.

ARTFUL ADVERTISEMENTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN these days when the newest style of advertisement soon becomes stale, and a fresh supply differently dressed is necessary to excite that pleasurable sensation which readers of this class of writings alone know how to value, it is particularly refreshing to find, even among the contributions for the relief of the poor sufferers from the recent Gas Explosion, that this element of excitement is not altogether wanting.

At the bottom of the list I was delighted to find the following neat reminder:—

One who has derived considerable benefit from the constant use of MORISON'S Vegetable Pills 2s. 6d.

If this system is more generally adopted, dear Mr. Punch, and I have no doubt that you will give it your distinguished patronage, it is perfectly charming to think what a rich accession I shall have to my favourite food for the mind. I have thought over the subject so much that I have been able to make out a subscription list in the style I mean:—

Collected by a Curate, who with ALLEN'S Hair Restorer and Zylbalsamum has removed all traces of the tonsure, which he had imprudently adopted 6s. 6d.
One who has furnished his house at MAPLE'S 4 0
A Lady, who by procuring one of ZEGRETTI AND NAMBRA'S registering thermometers, has been able to tell her friends "How cold it has been" 10 0
Collected by two little boys who have become thorough masters of "HUNT on the Skin" 3 6½
A Lady who sees that she "Gets the Glenfield Starch" 21 0
A Manager who is never without BECKON-BECK'S Polariscopes and Stage-forceps 16
A Coloured Lady, who finds great comfort in the Ebonite Crinoline 7 0
One who means to go and see DOSTARE 2 0
A Gentleman who has travelled across the Desert of Arabia on a Rantooone 12 0

I am sure there are many ladies who share the same feelings with me, and would be as much pleased at seeing a list made out like the above as

Your admirer, TABITHA JONES.

A NEW ECHO SONG.

From the Vale of Isis.

THE servants sprawl about the Hall,
And benches where the students huddle:
Propitious fates, protect the plates,
In such a wild and glorious muddle!
Oh students oh, the cause is past divining,
But lately we have come to grief in dining, dining, dining!

O lor, O dear, how hard and queer,
And harder, queerer, farther going,
The beef so raw, that tries the jaw,
The mutton tough beyond all showing.
Oh students oh, it is no use repining,
Oh students, do not mention dining, dining, dining!

Oh friends, we dine like simple swine!
It tells on stomach or on liver.
To mend the fare our course is clear,
Let's chuck the cook into the river!
Oh butler, oh, still with the kitchen vying,
Soon may you find your profits dying, dying, dying!

Nothing Extraordinary.

A TELEGRAM, coming all the way from Bombay, announces that:—

"An English girl has been sold by her parents to the Chief of Chatna for 3,000 rupees. The affair has caused much excitement."

Why? She is not the first English girl whom her parents have sold. English girls sell themselves every day to old fools; who generally repent of their bargain. Let us hope the Chief of Chatna won't.

EPICUREAN LOGIC.—This menaced war is perfectly unnatural. No one will approve it who knows how good Spanish onions are with Chili vinegar.



IN TRAINING.

MASTER HENRY GROWS TOO HEAVY FOR HIS PONY, AND FINDING THE GOVERNOR DOES NOT TAKE HIS REPEATED HINTS ON THE SUBJECT, AND DO THE LIBERAL THING, RESOLVES AT LAST TO REDUCE HIS WEIGHT BY BANTING AND SUDORIFICS, &C. NURSE WON'T PUT UP WITH HIS "VIGARIES" ANY LONGER, AND SENDS FOR MASTER. *TABLEAU!*

THE UNDERGRADUATES' REBELLION.

BUTLER *sings*—

HEY, why, what, I say! Hallo!
 Here's a pretty kind of go!
 What on earth do these young Undergraduates mean?
 Gracious goodness! they rebel
 Against the Dean, and me as well;
 Yes, the Butler, me myself, besides the Dean!
 This won't do—won't never do!
 What a pass we're coming to,
 Arter goin' on so quiet and serene
 For so many 'oary years!
 Now, to think of mutineers
 Rising up agin the Butler and the Dean!
 Of their commons they complains,
 They denies our lawful gains
 On the College bread-and-butter. It is mean;
 It is vulgar; it is low.
 Where do they expect to go
 That resists the very Butler and the Dean?
 'Tis them *Essays and Reviews*,
 Which they've taken to peruse,
 And COLENSO, whose arithmetic I've seen,
 Wot has led their minds astray
 In this wild and wicked way,
 A-revoltin' from their Butler and their Dean!
 I am perfectly aghast!
 Sure the world is at its last!
 'Tis all up with this here transitory scene!
 Give the word Time's knell to ring;
 There's an end of everything
 Now the Butler they defies and braves the Dean!

MANTEUFFEL AND AUGUSTENBURG.

THE following is the text, in plain English, of the letter lately sent by GENERAL VON MANTEUFFEL to the PRINCE OF AUGUSTENBURG:—

PRINCE,

Castle Gottorf, Tuesday.

When you were at Eckenförde the other day, as many as half-a-dozen people had the audacity to touch their hats to you, and you presumed to raise your hat in return. I know what these demonstrations mean as well as you do. Let me have no more of this sort of thing. The only person here in Schleswig that anybody has a right to touch his hat to, except women, is, in the absence of the KING OF PRUSSIA, myself. Mind what you are about, and signify to your friends that you are not to receive these royal salutes. You will disobey this order at your peril. If I hear that you have had any more hats taken off to you, either here or where you are, I tell you plainly I shall have you arrested. I hope you understand that; and request you to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

The reply of the Prince, also in the language of conciseness and simplicity, is as follows:—

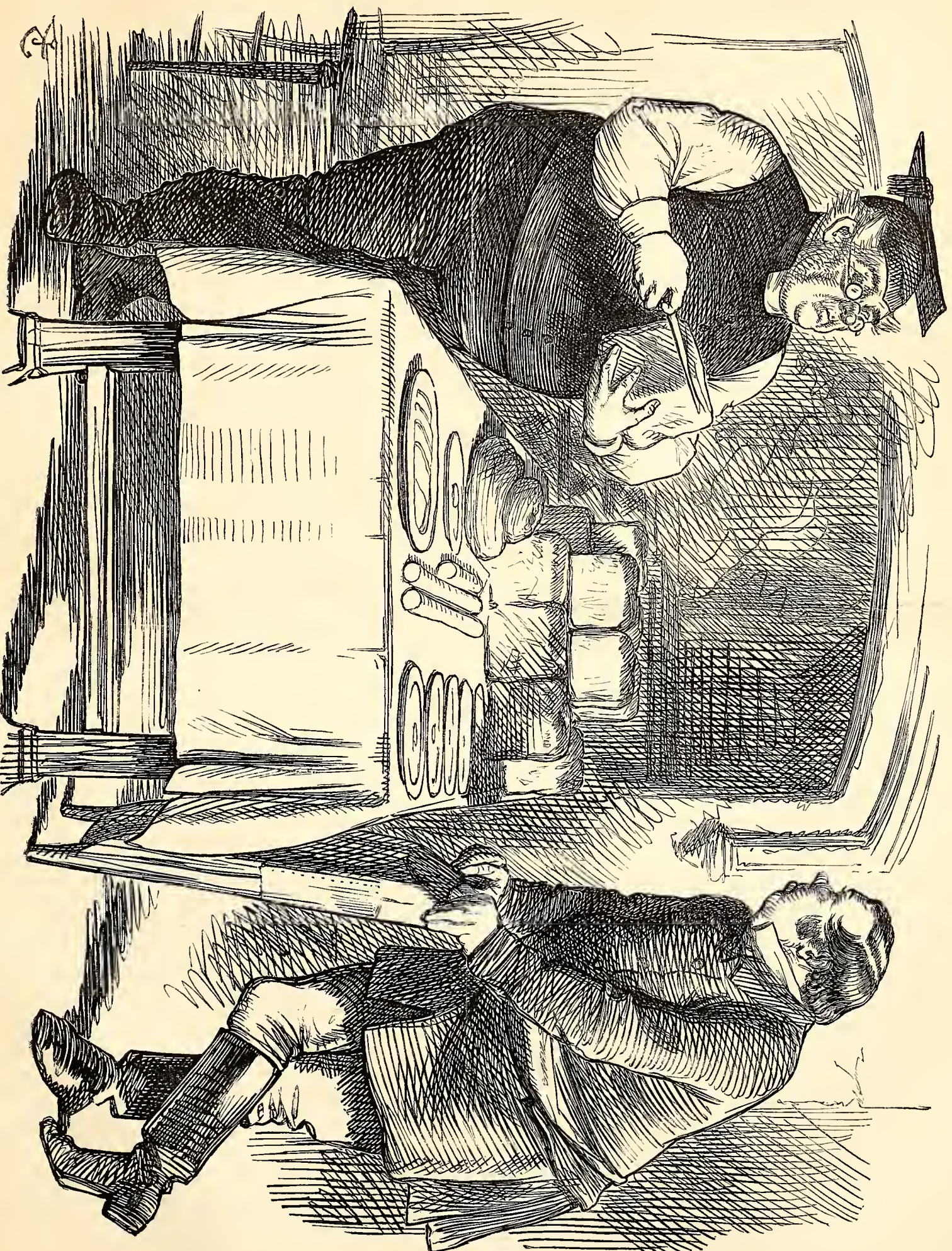
GENERAL,

Nieustädten, Wednesday.

Allow me to inform you that it is impossible for me to prevent people from touching their hats to me, and that I would not if I could check any demonstration of loyal feeling. Instead of offering me insolent dictation you had better recommend your master, the KING OF PRUSSIA, to leave the people of Schleswig to choose their own form of Government and Ruler for themselves. If he does not do this, the fact will be that he has seized upon that Duchy on a false pretence, and there will remain to be said of his Prussian Majesty no more than anybody who speaks the truth can say of the greatest robber in Europe. Desiring you to put that in your pipe, and smoke it under your master's nose, I have the honour to be

AUGUSTENBURG.

P.S. Arrest me, if you dare. The conscience of Europe requires to be outraged a little more. Do it!



DEAN AND CHOPPER.

BUTCHER. "VERY LOW THEM LETTERS IN THE PAPERS, MR. DEAN! VERY ARD ON BOTH OF US, SIR—MY BEEF AND YOUR BREAD-AN'-BUTTER!"



Punch's Table-Talk.

142.

JUST a hundred years ago, DR. EDWARD YOUNG—come, you must have heard of the *Night Thoughts*—published a book called *The Centaur not Fabulous*. It consists of letters on “the life in vogue,” and the author proposed to make the foolish folk of the time sensible of their errors. The book is not worth reading, and the author was a Hamburg. But the frontispiece is curious. A Centaur, his human body in Harlequin's motley, and his hat surmounted by a weather-cock, waves a bauble, and, trampling on the Commandments, leads a group of fools to a precipice, at the foot of which lies a woman with a hope's anchor, broken, and a man sits tearing his hair, in remorse. A band of music plays merrily as the victims come dancing to their doom. The principal figures are two ladies, with dresses very low cut. One of them laughingly brandishes a fool's cap. Behind are a building, probably the Rotunda, in Ranelagh Gardens, and a pagoda, in which stands Gambling, represented by the ace of clubs. From the Centaur's mouth proceed the words *Gnothi seauton*, in Greek. Our abstinent and vigorous friend, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, should re-produce the cut, introducing a fiend with a glass of champagne, and a demon with a box of Havannahs. Pass me the cigars, please.

143.

Touching which Rotunda, HORACE WALPOLE went to breakfast there on the 22nd April, 1742, and says that the immense amphitheatre has balconies full of little alehouses. It was in rivalry to Vauxhall, and cost £12,000. Entrance, eighteen-pence. “You see how poor we are, when with a tax of four shillings in the pound, we are laying out such sums for cakes and ale.” The last entertainment there was the installation ball of the Knights of the Bath in 1802. Now we have the Alhambra, but “caparisons are odious.”

144.

I write with a goose-quill, and I suppose that I shall finish the chapter with one. I have never had a metallic pen that came into tune with the varying temperament of genius. It is not in the nature of things. You dash through a fiery dialogue in another mood than that in which you polish an epigram into a diamond. A bit of metal recognises no nonsense of that kind. Sometimes I applaud myself, at the end of an ode, with a wild labyrinthine twiddle. The steel pen, aghast at such levity, splashes the ink and tears the paper. Keep your metal to state that you have a large account to make up next Tuesday, or to rebuke your relation for dunning for money—the goose-quill of nature is for the bard, the satirist, and the lover.

145.

Anchovy on curried toast is very much to the purpose.

146.

Give your children distinctive names. It is absurd to keep on calling boys JOHN, GEORGE, and THOMAS, merely because their fathers were so named—and when they come to the age of receiving letters, father and son often find out the inconvenience, and find out other things not intended for their eyes. Of course, if a rich godfather is to be complimented, that is another matter, but even then you should stick in an EPAMINONDAS or a MONTMORENCY, to be adopted when the legacy shall have been paid. It is very hard upon a fellow called JONES or the like, never to be mentioned without the inquiry, “What JONES?”

147.

Nobody—I mean no Swell—has been married before the Registrar only. What a flutter there would be among the bridesmaids, if they were all conveyed to the Office, and if the official I have named were to rise at the breakfast and imitate the clerical platitudes. There would be a Sensation Wedding, especially if the advertisement finished with—No Parsons.

148.

The Representation is capable of much amendment. But I think that a very full inquiry precedes the most commonplace reform—a plan for Drainage, or a new Police Act—it would be not only an English but a sensible course to obtain the fullest information before we make a change in the Constitution. At present we have not even trustworthy returns to show where the existing franchise is deposited.

149.

That is an irritating dodge of our common and unclean enemy, the Cabman—that asking you the way, to find out whether you know town. My answer is always sharp, short, and decisive, and usually starts him, at a hand gallop, on the directest route.

150.

Tradesmen who let their young men practise the habit of saying “Sir?” after being once told what you want, wonder at the diminution of their business. I always speak distinctly, and if the answer is “Sir?” I immediately walk out of the shop—unless I particularly want anything it contains.

151.

I seldom eat lunch. But if you like something nice in the middle of the day, take a fine oyster and wrap him in the thinnest jacket of the finest bacon—fasten with the tiniest silver skewer. Place him on a small pedestal of not very thin toast, and put him into a Dutch oven. Show him the fire—not too long—and eat him, multiplied, of course, by the power of your appetite. There be worse things.

152.

A good-natured act was rewarded in Baker Street the other day, as I was going to MADAME TUSSAUD's to be modelled. A tradesman was driving a cart, rather fast, and a small basket fell off behind. A young fellow picked it up, chased the cart, and after a smart run, the driver not attending to his cries, reached it, and was inserting the basket, when a faithful dog sprang up in the cart and bit him. Such a roar from several Cabmen, by way of consolation.

153.

I honour engineering talent almost beyond any other. But I think that it should be combined with some little knowledge of spelling. I say this, having recently seen this signature, “HENRY BROWN, S.I.” The gentleman is a Civil Engineer.

154.

I am the Artist's best friend. I am always suggesting subjects to him. Here is one, and I hope it will be seized. JOHN BROWN, whose soul is still marching on, was saving some negro women and children, when he was assailed by a gang of Legrees. He had four white men and three black, against forty-eight ruffians. But he made so bold a show of fight that the Legrees turned and fled, all but four, whom he took prisoners. He ordered them to dismount, on which they burst into furious execrations. He commanded silence, saying he would permit no blasphemy in his presence. At this, they only swore the louder and the harder. “Kneel!” exclaimed the stern Puritan, suddenly presenting his pistol. There was no alternative but a deadly one, and they all knelt. “Now, pray!” It was probably their first attempt in that line for many years, and their success could hardly have been brilliant; but he kept them at it until they had at least manifested an obedient and docile spirit. There are materials for an effective picture. What do you say, MR. ANSDALL?

155.

When a literary swell has the gout, the friends who have given it to him by asking him to dinners ought to do his work, or at least make up the amount of income he loses while alternating between morphia dreams and abuse of Fate.

156.

I wish somebody would make a Concordance to the Koran. MOHAMMED is accused of a vast quantity of nonsense which he never heard of, but the book is a difficult one to hunt in. MRS. C. C. CLARKE's admirable *Concordance to Shakspeare* should be the model.

157.

Which reminds me that DAVID MASSON, noble Miltonian critic, hath assumed his chair in Edinburgh. The right man in the right place, though I grieve that we lose him from the superior city. He will enlighten the young barbarians.

“Brave DAVID MASSON,
He will turn the gas on.
He's the man to bring his Edinboro' class on.”

158.

A gentleman, with whom I have not the slightest acquaintance, nevertheless favours me with a circular containing much valuable advice on the subject of investments of money. I can take care of my own in that line. But he inserts a triple counsel, on the subject of Mines, and this I think you all ought to hear. He says, “In Mines, no man should speculate in shares which, at the account day, he is not, if the market is against him, prepared to pay for and take up. No one should speculate in progressive mines who cannot afford to hold the same for at least a year after he has bought. No one should speculate in new mines who cannot afford to lose his stake altogether.” Now, I can't do the latter—send me that slice which you had cut for yourself, as I know it is a good bit.

159.

A cut in the *Charivari* made me laugh. A painter, who has sent a portrait to the Exhibition, is sternly addressing the gentleman who sat. “If the jury reject my work, I swear to destroy both picture and original. You do not know how elevated are the feelings of a true artist.”

160.

I prefer the Scottish law phrases to our own. I understand them perfectly. I learned them from LORD DEAS, and I flatter me that I endeared myself to a Procurator-Fiscal by remarking that if a panel was forisfamiliarated for resetting a self-contained roup at the upset price of the feu, averments would not be awanting to show that yon colligation was libelled, and the outcome would be presently fugitated.



RAILWAY IMPROVEMENT.

Guard. "BEG PARDON, SIR; BUT COULD YOU OBLIGE A GENTLEMAN IN THE NEXT CARRIAGE WITH A FUZEE?"

THE ANCIENT DON'S LAMENT.

Oh, dark and evil are the days,
Whereon our fortunes fall—
Defiant doubts their heads upraise,
And rampant reason scorneth stays,
And youths run off the ancient ways,
In Chapel and in Hall!

As though defying Dean, or Head,
Were not the worst of crimes,
Declare they're by the butler bled,
Both in their butter and their bread,
Complain they're neither taught nor fed,
And write it to the *Times*!

With questioning COLENSO dare
Moses himself to school;
Or in heresiarch JOWETT's snare
Seeking Greek roots, find poison there,
And in their faith, as in their fare,
Reject the good old rule!

Oh, for the days, unvexed by storms—
When none new light required;
When faith took usages for norms,
Ignoring facts, and bolting forms:
When wicked doubts, like waspish swarms,
With brimstone out were fired!

The youth our rule no longer brook,
Against us lift the heel:
Pick quarrels with a creed or cook,
Doctrines or Battels bring to book,
Till to their deep foundations shook,
Our faiths and fortunes reel!

Authority, where art thou fled?
Come back to us once more!
Repair the wrongs, of doubting bred;
Put reason out, give faith instead;
Knock all the future on the head,
And all the past restore!

"THE CONSTITUTIONS OF CLARENDON."—Foreign Office Despatches.

SHAKSPEARE AND STEAM.

He wasn't for an age, but for all time. Was he for Railway time? This must be the question asked by the management of the Standard Theatre, which is now next door to the City Extension of the North London Railway. All admirers of the immortal bard will be delighted with the performance of MESSRS. CRESWICK, RYDER, and MISS SARAH THORNE, and will praise the admirable emphasis and discretion given to every line they can hear. Take Act V. Scene 1. This represents the King's Camp near Shrewsbury (charmingly painted, by the way):—

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

King Henry (solemnly). How bloodily the sun begins to (rumbling of one train. Audience look at one another. The rest of the speech is lost to everyone except PRINCE HENRY, who is standing near the King).

Prince Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the (rumbling of two trains: speech continued in dumb show).

[EARL OF WORCESTER and SIR RICHARD VERNON are waiting to come on at the side opposite the Prompter]

Sir Richard Vernon (to Worcester). What did he say? (Railway whistle and scream.)

Worcester (takes off his helmet, and puts his hand to his ear). I don't know: can't hear the cue.

King Henry (who has given the required cue four times already, bawls out between both hands, looking towards Worcester)—foul to those who WIN!!!

[Rumble, rumble, rumble, screams and shrieks of steam, whistling.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON, and WORCESTER carrying his helmet.

[KING HENRY opens his mouth like a fish breathing, and is supposed to be saying his part.

Worcester (seeing the King's mouth shut for a second.) Hear me, my liege—

Prince John (aside to Worcester). He's not finished yet. (Railway whistle.)

Falstaff (who is standing apart from the rest, thinks his turn has come).

Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. (No one hears him except the Prompter, who shakes his head at him furiously.)

King Henry (during a calm, hoarsely). Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Worcester (getting his say at last). Hear me, my liege! (Railway bell, violently. Several trains rumbling. More shrieks from engines.)

King Henry (to Prince Henry). Hear him? Impossible!

Prince Henry (mistaking this for his cue, starts two pages ahead). In both our armies there is many a—(is stopped by King and SIR WALTER BLUNT).

[WORCESTER proceeds with his speech. Convenient trains arrive, depart, and pass one another, apparently every other minute. Screams, shrieks, bells, whistles, at short intervals. The audience listen with their heads on one side.

Worcester (cutting it short, shouts the last two lines).

And violation (takes breath for next shout) of all faith and troth, (Takes breath, and prepares for a yell to finish with),

Sworn to us—in—our (with full chest power, in opposition to two trains letting off steam) younger enterprise!!! (Loses his voice for the rest of the evening.)

Gallery (cheering). Brayvo!

King Henry. These things indeed you have articulated.

[Audience, who have caught this line, applaud vehemently. He continues his speech while the 10.45 is starting and the 10.40 is arriving. Both events celebrated by Railway officials on bells and steam-whistles.

King Henry (shouting to Audience). Of hurly-burly innovation!

[Leader of Orchestra hears him, and approves the sarcasm. The words do not get beyond the second fiddle.

King Henry (making a last effort while the 10.55 is imitating thunder). Of pell-mell (shouts louder) havoc (louder) and (loudest) confusion! (Loses his voice.)

And thus the play goes bravely on. Ear-trumpets ought to be sold at the door, and be lent, with opera-glasses, by the Boxkeeper at so much a night. SHAKSPEARE'S Lines have not fallen in pleasant places when so discordantly interrupted by the Lines of the North London Railway.

A LITTLE DIFFICULTY;

OR, DRESSING THE CABINET PUDDING.

SCENE—*The Kitchen in the First Lord's Official Residence.*

*Present, the Cooks of the Constitution—*LORD RUSSELL, THE LORD CHANCELLOR, THE DUKE OF SOMERSET, THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, EARL GRANVILLE, EARL CLARENDON, EARL DE GREY AND RIPON, LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, SIR GEORGE GREY, SIR CHARLES WOOD, MR. CARDWELL, MR. VILLIERS, MR. MILNER GIBSON.

Lord Russell. Well, my excellent confrères, it is really time the bill of fare was settled. Shall we say *Potage à la Reine* to begin with? There's the kettle of fish I left at the Foreign Office. CLARENDON can get that warmed up, and there's that Turkey—

Lord Stanley of A. I thought you had made a hash of that already.

Lord Russell. The Roast beef of Old England—by all means.

Duke of Argyll. Haggis.

Lord Stanley of A. Scarcely necessary to suggest Irish stew.

Gladstone. Hold hard, gentlemen! You are forgetting THE CABINET PUDDING À LA REFORME.

Milner Gibson. Ah! That's the *pièce de résistance*.

Granville. I am afraid the House won't relish it much.

Duke of Somerset. Nor the country either.

Lord Russell. I beg your pardon. It is quite settled that it is to be the feature of our bill of fare. The country is calling out for it—*una voce*—

Granville (hums). "Una voce poco fa."

Lord Stanley of A. The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Duke of Somerset. But the difficulty of the pudding is in the making.

Lord Granville. Apropos, who is to make it?

Lord Russell. I've all the old recipes which were so popular in 1830-32. I made the old pudding, I believe that is generally admitted. I'm ready to undertake the new one—single-handed.

Gladstone (blandly). I think we can't quite go even by the new edition of your old cookery-book, my Lord. I must, with the utmost humility, insist on having a finger in the pudding.

Lord Russell. Oh, by all means. Then let it be me and GLADSTONE.

Lord Granville. No, really that would be giving you too much trouble—

Lord Stanley of A. Too many cooks may spoil the broth, but too few would be certain to spoil the pudding.

Lord Clarendon. Unless, indeed, our pudding is to be like LORD CHESTERFIELD'S cucumber, very elaborately prepared, with a view to being flung out of the window.

Milner Gibson. Suppose we tossed up?

Lord Russell. Oh, anybody can make the pudding, if once the recipe's agreed on. Here's mine:—"Take a million six-pound householders. No occasion for picking them over, or washing and cleaning. Stir them briskly in with half the quantity of fine upper-crust flour, and middlings, till all distinction disappears in the dough. Leaven with Constitutional doctrine: add as many sound raisins* and currents (of opinion) as your dough will carry: season with (hustings') sugar-and-spice and candied fruits (of experience), if you can get them. Have a brisk fire, and plenty of hot water. Let your pudding boil one day from eight till four, and serve up hot."

[General chorus of adverse criticism from the assembled cooks.

Gladstone. Allow me to press my recipe in preference to his Lordship's:—"Take thirty small constituencies—the rottenest are the best for the purpose. Cut off their members. Have ready thirty boroughs, the largest you can find. Stick in the thirty members you have cut off from the small boroughs—"

Lord Stanley of A. But how about the representatives of the thirty small boroughs?

Lord Russell. I don't attach any value to re-distribution. Everything turns on lowering the franchise.

Lord Granville. The awkward point is, that the existing constituencies don't want it lowered at all.

Milner Gibson. I go in for the working-man. The working-man must be represented.

Duke of Somerset. Even if every other class should be swamped, Eh?

Duke of Argyll. Intelligence must be represented—

Villiers. Don't give us any bosh in the shape of fancy franchises.

Lord Clarendon. Provision ought to be made for large minorities.

Villiers. Stuff and nonsense! *Vox populi vox Dei!*

Lord Stanley of A. *Vox et præterea nihil.*

Lord Russell. The great point is, that the pudding should be strongly spiced enough.

Lord Stanley of A. Yes—but spiced with what?

Lord Granville. The House has a horror of democracy.

Milner Gibson. The country will look for a large measure—

Lord Stanley of A. (aside to Villiers). Then it will be a case of "measures, not men!"

Lord Cranworth. "Quieta non movere" would be my principle, I must confess.

Mr. Gladstone. We must take JOHN BULL by the horns, and face the consequences. The waters from the well of truth have always been waters of bitterness.

Duke of Somerset. Suppose we let well alone.

Milner Gibson. There can't be any danger from working-men. I've had experience of the working-man.

Lord Stanley of A. Not since you've been in office, I should say, GIBSON?

Lord Russell. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, how shall we ever get our pudding made, unless we can agree upon something?

Duke of Somerset. Just my difficulty.

Milner Gibson. Suppose we appoint a Committee to consider and report—Nothing like consideration.

All (except Russell and Gladstone.) A Committee—a Committee!

Lord Russell. But suppose—

[His voice of remonstrance is drowned in a general chorus, "A Committee—a Committee!" (Closed in.)]

A JOINT-STOCK COMPANY.

MR. PUNCH—PLEASE SIR,

MY Master, MR. CUTLETS, sends me to bed every night before nine, so that I may be up early to go to market with him. But as I lay awake I often hear him and his friends, CHUMP and CLEAVER (both jolly Butchers) talking, as they smoke their long pipes, and drink their rum-and-water hot with lemon. One night last week they were carousing like gipsies so merry and free, when my Master proposes a toast, "Success to trade!" "Plaguey good toast that," says CHUMP. "Right you are," says my Master, "it is plaguey good," and then they all laugh and cough till they are in danger of apoplexy. "Ah!" says my Master, with tears in his eyes, "we have much to be thankful for." "We have indeed," says CLEAVER, "rightly looked at, all things is for the best, what is a plague spot to some is a toolip to others." "Sweetly put," observes my Master, "beef at sixteenpence a pound is a beautiful perversion for us that have gals at boarding school—education nowadays can't be had for nothing." "If it hadn't been for that blessed cargo from Ravel," says CHUMP, "neither me nor my Missis would have seen Paris this summer." "Same here," says CLEAVER. "I should never have bought that there row of Willas at Kentish Town, if there hadn't been unity in our business. What a united body we are, I often think. We never cut under one another, like tailors and hatters, and painters, and such like. Oh, it's beautiful to see such harmony among butchers. In another year or two, please the pigs, I hope we shall be able to build ourselves a club-house equal to any in Pall Mall."

Now, Mr Punch, though I'm only a 'prentice, I do say it's shocking to hear such sentiments, and I've made up my mind as soon as I'm out of my time, which will be in less than a year, that I'll open a shop and sell good legs of mutton at eightpence, and sirloins at ninepence a pound. I will. I often wonder to think how innocent people are—they've no more idea what is the market price of a sheep than the sheep himself. They have coal, why not start cattle clubs? Supposing a number was to join together and form a Joint-Stock Company for supplying themselves with joints. I'd be their Managing Director, if they'd let me, and would buy a beast for 'em as cheap as my master, and dress it too. Depend on it, Sir, there's only one way to make beef cheap, and that is, the public must take the bull by the horns. It isn't to my interest to say so, but I like to see justice meted out to every one, rich and poor. I'm not ashamed of my business, never having done nothing to disgrace it, and am proud of being (with all proper respect, Sir, to you),

A BUTCHER BOY.

EDUCATION IN BERMONDSEY.

OUR Benevolent readers will be glad to hear that Bermondsey Workhouse, generally supposed an abominable place, is, by persons connected with it, and apparently the best possible judges of its arrangements, declared a tolerably decent one. According to the written statement of one of those persons, the condition of that establishment is "very good," whilst another certifies that it is "very good," a third that "all appears quiet," and a fourth, in reply to the printed question, "Are the lunatics quiet?" writes, "Yes, they har." These testimonies appear satisfactory. Their orthography seems to show that they must have been originally recorded in manuscript by inmates of the institution to which they relate. Such, however, is not exactly the case. The honour of their authorship is ascribed by the *Lancet's* Commissioner, deputed to report on the state of Bermondsey Workhouse, to certain gentlemen, members of its Committee of Guardians.

* Pronounce, as WALKER gives it, "resins."



THE LOVER'S REPROOF.

Captain Patcherly. "STOP, STOP, CLARA! LET ME KNOCK THE LOCK OFF!"

Clara. "NOT FOR THE WORLD, DEAR! WAIT TILL I AM OVER!"

A WEATHER EXCHANGE WANTED.

OF all topics for talk the weather is perhaps the most generally popular. After shaking hands, and saying "How d'ye do?" nine persons out of ten say somewhat of the weather. Of course, they only tell you what you knew quite well before, as that the day is very warm, or very wet, or rather chilly; but this fact never hinders them from making their remarks, which they usually put forth with all the air of thorough novelty, and as if they were announcing that which no one else by any mental ingenuity could have possibly conceived.

If this be so in ordinary seasons, it is ten times more the case when the weather is exceptional, and fairly may be made the subject of remark. For instance, this year there has been an uncommonly fine summer, and, while it lasted, folks were never tired of talking of it. There arose weather prophets in nearly every street, and the newspapers were filled with weatherwise predictions as to the expected duration of the drought. Then when the rain came, people talked of it as though it had been quite a new phenomenon, and worthy of especial comment on their part. In fact, whenever we have gone into society of late, the weather and its wonders have been made a more than usual theme for conversation, and have more than commonly been thrust into our thoughts. And this has set us thinking that the weather might quite properly be made a thing to bet upon; or, to use a phrase more business-like, might become a fitting basis for commercial speculation. Men constantly are speculating as to whether rain or sunshine, heat or cold, is coming; and they are continually writing to the newspapers to say what they predict. Now, why not let them have facilities for backing their opinions, and for betting on the rise and fall of the barometer, just as speculators do upon the rise and fall of consols, cotton, railway shares, or tallow, or any other of the "things which are always going up and down in the City," as some young lady is reported to have spoken of the Funds. Just as time bargains are common among speculative men, why should not weather bargains be equally made popular? Trusting in his weather wisdom, a man might bet that the barometer would rise within a week or month to any point that he might indicate: and as opinions always differ, he would be pretty certain to find people

who would bet with him. Anybody now-a-days will speculate in anything, if he only gets the chance; and atmospheric speculation would be fully as substantial as many other kinds of speculation that exist.

In the interests of business, then, we hope to see a Weather Exchange soon started in the City, and proper weather-brokers privileged to go and buy or sell in it. The fact that there would actually be nothing to be tangibly delivered in the way of goods or shares, need surely be no hindrance to the making of a weather bargain. When a time bargain is made, the stock is not delivered; and thousands of pounds monthly are lost and won in betting upon cotton, corn, or tallow, without an ounce of any of these articles really changing hands. Thus a man might, so to say, sell half an inch or more of mercury, and promise to deliver it in the tube of a barometer, upon a certain day for settling which the Weather Exchange should fix.

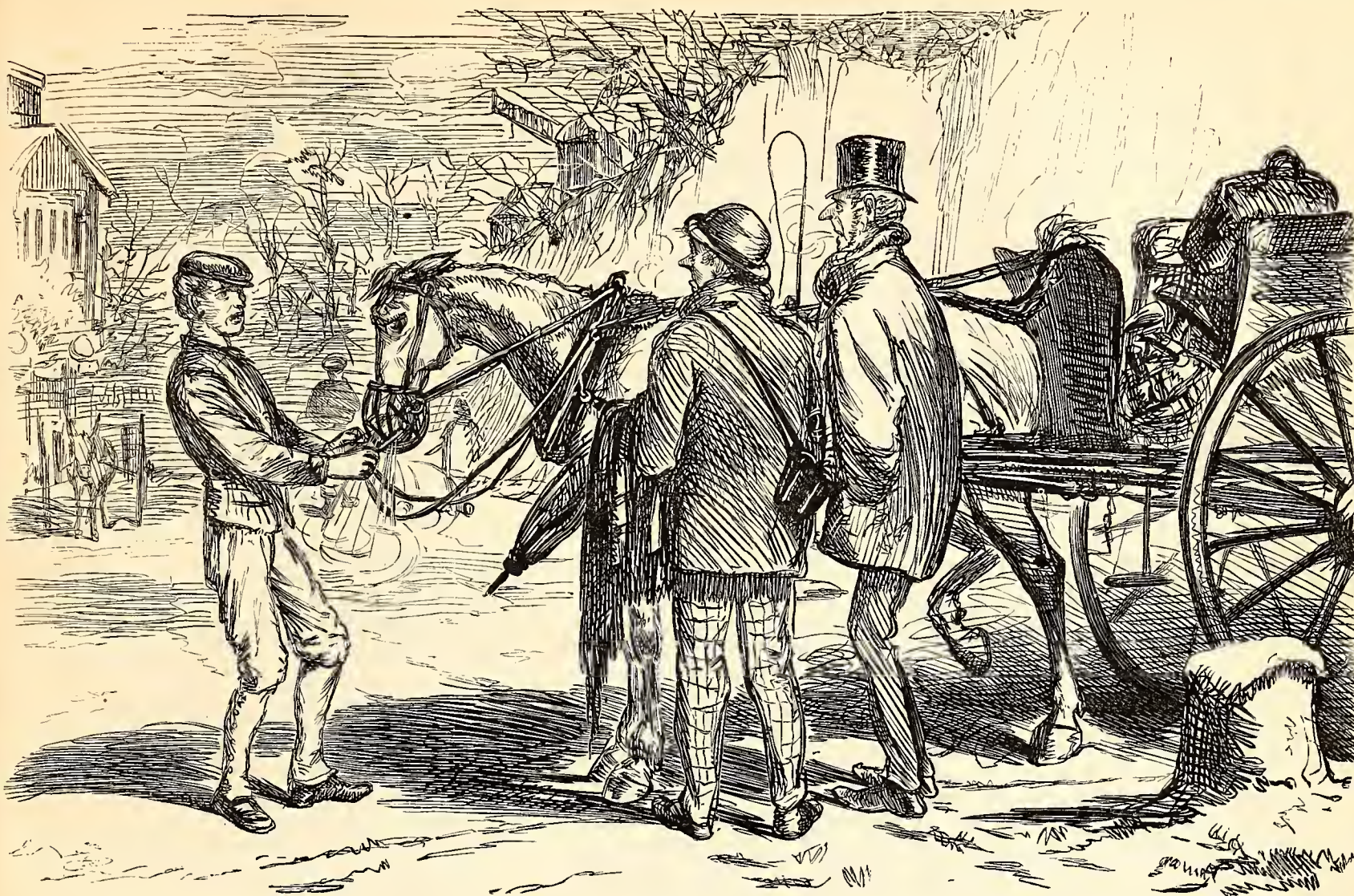
There would be, too, an advantage in thus wagering on the weather, that men could not rig the market, as they can with corn or cotton, and so cause an artificial elevation or depression in the tube. Moreover, as the weather, at its best, is always variable, it constantly affords abundant scope for speculation; and if an Exchange were established for the business, a tribe of weather-jobbers would speedily arise, and speculation in the weather would soon become as general as speculation in the Funds.

Interesting Imports.

AN Advertisement, issued by the proprietors of an establishment in Berners Street, offers the British Public "Convertible Ottomans." It must make the British Public sigh. Convertible Ottomans! Are they not very dear? They are supposed to be very scarce. A great deal of money is yearly subscribed to Missionary Societies, and how many converted Turks have they to show for it?

CRACKED CONSPIRATORS.—Poor crazy Fenians! Ought they not to be acquitted of high treason on the ground of insanity?

THE LAND OF GOS(C)HEN.—The Board of Trade.



WHAT A FIB!

Geologising Savant. "I THINK THE HORSE LOOKS VICIOUS! AND WHAT'S THAT CAGE ON HIS NOSE FOR?"

Groom. "VICIOUS! OH, NO, SIR! AND THAT THING ON HIS NOSE IS—IS A RESPIRATOR?"

BRITISH AND FOREIGN MAWWORMS.

THE *Monde* is a phoenix that has arisen out of the ashes of our old friend the *Univers*. What sort of a bird is this phoenix? We are enabled by the *Débats* to answer this question. As a set-off against a complaint made by the *Monde* that cheap publications, circulating amongst the lower classes, tended to corrupt the minds of the people, the leading French journal quotes the subjoined specimen of the literature of the party represented by the Ultramontane organ. It is taken from a periodical called *Les Petites Lectures*, wherein it occurs amongst the entries of a "Bulletin de la Semaine," supposed to be the diary of a young workman, in which he records what a British Methodist in the parallel case would call his "experiences":—

"Wednesday. An hour of meditation, a rosary, an hour of silence, two blows received from a workman, five *Paters*, five *Aves*, two *Souvenez-vous*. Thursday. At my breakfast I ate some dry bread as a mortification and a spiritual banquet; in returning to my work I was caught in a shower, and I made an offering of the wetting to the Holy Virgin. Friday. In the morning two hours of silence; in the evening four hours, *ad majorem Dei Gloriam*. Saturday. I offered to God my work, my burdens, my fatigues, my annoyances, my sufferings at the workshop, and a kick given me by a workman."

"Ay, do despise me; I likes to be despised," says the Protestant *Mawworm*. Ultramontanism appears to have its *Mawworm* too. The young workman who above describes himself as having got a kick which he turned to pious account perhaps acknowledged that favour received at the toe of his comrade by saying, "Ay, do kick me; I likes to be kicked." One who had never before happened to read the following passage from a renowned narrative would think that it must have related to this young workman:—

"He would stand in the turning of a street, and calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, 'Worthy, Sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chops.' To another, 'Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick . . . ; Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands? Noble captain, lend me a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders.'"

But, indeed, the hero, *Jack*, whose acts of self-abasement are com-

memorated as above in the *Tale of a Tub*, is represented by SWIFT as bearing in many respects a strong family resemblance to his brother *Peter*. The resemblance still exists, and it is also shared by *Stiggins*, and *Chadband*, and the rest. Have we no Saints? Plenty; such as our sanctified friend the young French workman who drivels in his "Bulletin de la Semaine." Our saints are, as they profess to be, very serious, but they must not fancy that those other saints are less serious than themselves. What can be more serious than the idea of making an offering of a wetting or a kick, especially a kick; which, if it were offered to you, you would return?

These considerations should teach us mutual charity and toleration. But the question about the phoenix, *Le Monde*, remains to be answered. What sort of a bird is it? The same as the *pièce de résistance* at the Feast of St. MICHAEL. The phoenix is a goose.

R. D. T.'s CONCERTS.

SEVERAL new performers are about to be added to the orchestra. Amongst them we are authorised to mention:—

The man who fiddles with his watch-chain.

The man who harps on one string.

The man who blows his own trumpet.

The man who is up to the horns of a dilemma.

The man who knows the symbols of algebra and the triangles of Euclid.

The man who rings the changes.

The man who drums on the table.

The man who is fond of his Fife, and

Several *artistes* (in spectacles) with their musical glasses.

Scores of applicants have been refused, because they all wanted to play the first fiddle, and a chorus could easily have been formed of those who sang their own praises.

N.B. The lady violinist will appear in lutestring.

THE LATEST THING OUT.—The Head Centre.

TESTIMONY AGAINST THE ROCKS.



NEW Association has been formed. It is called the "Victoria Institute, or Philosophical Society of Great Britain." LORD SHAFTESBURY, K.G., is at its head, but we do not observe any other great person in the list, which is chiefly composed of what are called "serious" gentlemen, and clergymen of the evangelical school. Its circular sets forth its objects at some length, but we condense the statement, fairly, we trust, in saying that it is an Anti-Geological Society. The design is by means of argument and evidence to sustain what are called orthodox views.

We mention the Anti-Geological Society simply that we may congratulate its members on the advance of their party. To write and publish candid and well weighed argument is the true way to make war for or against a faith. How very much better this course is than to denounce geologists and philosophers and critical commentators as knaves, fools, wicked men, deceivers, ensnarers, breakers of vows, sophists, atheists, infidels, and people who would marry their grandmothers. At last the orthodox have discovered that among the sins of the heterodox there is the sin of not thinking that giving a person a bad name is quite an answer to all that he may have said. Now that argument is to come into play, there is hope for truth. We do not quite like the sticking a fragment of a text into the first paragraph, because this is a bit of Claphamism; and though there is doubtless "philosophy falsely so called," there is also philosophy truly so called, and it has demolished a great deal of orthodoxy falsely so called. But this is a trifle, and one perhaps necessary as a sop to a class that prefers the utterances of an Irish parson of rabid unction to the calm and analytical teaching of a STANLEY or a MAURICE. Our objection is not grave. We cordially welcome the Anti-Geological Society, because all efforts to discover truth are respectable, and because it is a sign of the times that gentlemen of the Clapham faith condescend to argue.

PETROLIA.

IN these busy days,
Unless anything "pays,"
'Tis put down as of minor importance;
What matter how filthy
The way to be wealthy,
If, by it, men, dirt cheap, make fortunes,
Petrolia, that's a fine *Ile* land—
A slimy, detestable *Ile* land—
Venturesome men
Run off to Penn-
sylvania's unctuous *Ile* land!

Let the whales rest in peace,
Like old Heroes of Grease,
They may blubber all over their faces;
But the whalers won't pay
Them attention, when they
Have found out more available places.
They'll go to Petrolia's *Ile* land—
That sweet, oleaginous *Ile* land—
They'll play their harpoons
And a-singing of tunes
They'll be off to this unctuous *Ile* land.

You may talk, upon paper,
Of mud, slime, and vapour,
Such reports speculators are pleased at;
But who cares for the smell
That can work an oil-well?
Cent. per scent's not a thing to be sneezed at.
If you are a cunning old file, land
With money to rent and to buy land;
With that trump card a spade
Why, your fortune is made
In this wondrous Petrolian *Ile* Land.

Oh! just wait awhile
And we all shall burn *ile*,
Gas and candles grow dearer and dearer,
Snuff out each short six in this
Day of oil wicks, in this
Oil and *Victorian* Era.
Farewell to my own native sile! and
To-day I embark from this Island!
We, of Petrolia
Slowly, too slowly are,
Steaming away to the *Ile* Land.

A WORD TO THE ORCHESTRAS.

UNLIKE the Christian Lorenzo, Mr. Punch is ever "merry when he hears sweet music." But then, to make him merry, the music must be sweet. Else it only makes him miserable, and irritates his temper, and tempts him to repine that he was not born deaf.

Now, the music at our theatres is usually execrable, and it is time that public notice be taken of the fact. When Mr. Punch goes to the play, he goes intending to be pleased with everything he hears; but the pleasure the play gives him is neutralised well-nigh by the music that attends it. To enjoy a play completely, one's hearing must be fresh, and not wearied and worn out by the banging of a drum and the blaring of a cornet. A few fiddles and a flute, with a clarinet or two, a good French horn, and double bass, are quite enough to give sufficient music for an *entr'acte*. What one wants, then, is some music gentle, delicate, and light, to form an under-current, as it were, for conversation. At the falling of the curtain, people mostly like to talk, and unless they be born Stentors, they cannot easily converse amid the banging and the bellowing of kettledrums and cornets. It may be hinted that the "gods" are partial to a row, and that noisy tunes are only played to please the gallery. But the stalls and boxes surely have a right to be consulted; and Mr. Punch feels pretty sure that they will side with him in thinking that a side drum is a nuisance, and brass bellowers are bores.

There may be playgoers whose ears are tough as those of a rhinoceros, and capable of hearing any quantity of clamour; but there must be others, also, whose hearing is more sensitive, and who, to listen through a play, must not be worried in the *entr'actes*. Ears sometimes are so wearied by the blaring of the band, that they have barely strength to listen to the drama. If plays are to be published bound in brass and calfskin—in corneopans and kettledrums—they really might almost as well be plays without words; for after all the clanging and clamour of the band, not one playgoer in ten can have his hearing left to listen to them.

REFORM—PARLIAMENTARY AND PATAGONIAN.

THE present enormous demand for giants is suggestive of some serious reflections. It seems probable that our standard of human excellence will soon be raised to an eight feet standard. We may then expect to have manhood suffrage with a vengeance. The poor ten pound householder will be swept away to make room for one of thirty stone. Faggot votes of course will be abolished, and every elector be in himself a plumper.

Further—with a gigantic constituency what qualifications will be required for a legislator! Who but a "second Daniel" can fairly embody the principles of a Lambert? Then what will be the estimated size of a House of Representatives? St. Stephen will shrink in dismay when he sees a legislative body approaching for whom he has no adequate accommodation. But when a Member who sits for (say) Great Yarmouth occupies a sensible space, will debates be confined within their present almost unreportable limits? The elastic properties of popular oratory are proverbial. With an enlarged rotunda, may we not anticipate an aggravated *ore rotundo*? Would not an Irish Member swell over six short hours with Erin's grief, and would a country gentleman be content with an entire evening in spreading forth his burthens on land? We should like to see the franchise placed on a firm footing, but we cannot consistently support one which fascinates many muscular politicians because it is calculated to please the fancy.

In conclusion, we would ask, is EARL RUSSELL prepared to bring in a Reform Bill on this bold basis—giving sympathetically a preponderance of power to those who have the greatest weight, not in the social, but the fistic scale, and is he strong enough to carry it? We pause for a reply.

AMERICAN CLAIMS.

THERE is a large Tick between England and America.
The Atlan-tic.

THE WONDERS OF THE TELEGRAPH.



HE Electric Telegraph is a wonderful invention! See, here is a sample of the myriad useful messages it flashes from the farthest regions to our very doors. We copy it *verbatim* from the *Times* of Wednesday, November 29, where any sceptical reader may peruse it if he pleases, under the heading—

“CHINA. By TELEGRAPH FROM GALLE.
“Question United States treaty tim latms Pashiaky worse.”

We wonder how many pounds sterling the *Times* was charged for the transmission of this interesting intelligence. We wonder, too, how many of the readers of the *Times* were made the wiser by their reading of the message thus transmitted.

We wonder, also, if the “Pashiaky,” whoever he may be, is any better now than when the message was sent off. We wonder, moreover, that the workers of a telegraph should take the trouble to transmit such gibberish by their wires, for of course it could be easily concocted at the place where it is said to be received. We wonder, likewise, if a jury would give a plaintiff any damages, supposing he could prove that he in some way had been injured by the garbling of a message in transmission by the telegraph. We wonder, in the next place, if the sender of a message could recover the sum paid for it, in case of its being made completely unintelligible, either by imperfect transit through the wires, or by being pencilled in a hieroglyphic scribble which nobody can decipher, as is commonly the case. We wonder, too, that people should submit to pay for messages beforehand, when so many are miscarried, delayed, or made illegible, and thereby rendered useless by the time when they arrive. And, finally, we wonder that any one should place the least reliance on a telegram, seeing that for “East” is often substituted “West,” and that when MR. BROWN at Beyrout, or MR. JONES at Jericho, telegraphs to Fleet Street, “Send me three-and-twenty volumes of your admirable *Punch*,” the message is transmogrified into some such balderdash as, “Lend me tea in plenty columns if you Admiral paunch!”

MORAL AMUSEMENT AT MANCHESTER.

To the Editor of “*Punch*.”

SIR,

THE highest enjoyment of the brute creation consists in the fullest possible gratification of those instincts with which it has been beneficently endowed by Nature. To promote the happiness of any of the lower animals, the benevolent mind can pursue no course more effectual than that of cultivating and developing their peculiar propensities. Allow me, therefore, as an animal's sincere friend, to protest against the mistaken kindness which impelled an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Manchester the other day, to put a stop to a most interesting canine contest which was going on there at an establishment for the sale of beer in Tib Street. Assisted by a party of policemen, this injudicious agent of an excellent association not only terminated that exhibition of courage and endurance, but also made a capture of all the spectators of the combat, and nine of the combatants. The outrage thus perpetrated at the impulse of humane but unenlightened sentiment is narrated in a newspaper paragraph, under the heading of “A Raid on Manchester Dog Fighters,” in such terms as to represent it in the light of a triumphant exploit. With reference to the author of this achievement, we are informed, in an evident spirit of exultation, that:—

“He got the assistance of about twenty or thirty policemen belonging to the A division, who surrounded the house. The officer got admission to the room where the fighting was going on, and at a preconcerted signal, the police poured into the building, and secured every dog-fighter present. Twenty-five men were locked up at the Swan Street police station, and nine dogs were taken to the old cells at the Town Hall in King Street.”

The reporter adds:—“The dog-fighters were admitted to bail.” I suppose the dogs remained locked up. Poor captives! How much more pleasant a night they would have spent in the arena, enjoying the mutual exercise of their natural combativeness! Like a loving voice from a far-off happy land, a recollection of infancy, the preceptive muse of the amiable DR. WATTS bids us—

“Let dogs delight to bark and bite.”

How erroneous then is the idea of forbidding dogs to delight in barking and biting. Yet in direct violation of the rule prescribed by the little nightingale of Southampton, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (with the best intentions) does all it can to deprive poor dogs of the delight which they feel in fighting. That the members of that well-meaning association are actuated by the most praiseworthy motives I fully admit, but would affectionately suggest to them that their zeal is not according to knowledge of the canine species. Dogs cannot be forced to fight; they do so of their own accord; simply because:—

“It is their nature to,”

as the divine bard above-quoted further sings. The prevention of a dog-fight not only debars dogs of the pleasure attendant on indulgence of pugnacity, but also robs sympathising spectators of the gratification derived from the spectacle of animals innocently enjoying themselves. I have ventured, Sir, to submit the foregoing observations to you, because the interests of the canine fancy, like those of the pugilistic ring, and I might almost say the swell mob, regarded from a philosophical standpoint and with a moral purpose, are identical with those of general civilisation, refinement, and progress onward and upward, whose watchword is the unceasing cry of their ever consistent advocate

EXCELSIOR.

P.S. Halias BIL JAMES. i Gott the above defens of dog fitin Polish'd hupp and Put in to the rite Slang by Won of my Swels. Blow them uman sacyty coves wot the blessid evven bisnis is it of them blessid Parties?—B. J.

CHILI VINEGAR FOR SPAIN.

DON AND JOHN.

DON.

WILL you force me, will-I-nill-I, to refrain from hurting Chili?

Oh! how partial and how silly is your conduct, don't you see? Why you quietly let Russia trample Poland, Sir, and Prussia Plunder Denmark, yet to crush a little State won't suffer me.

JOHN.

Yes, but Denmark, Don, and Poland, are commercially as no land, I'm for chivalry a Roland when aggression stops my trade. True, the CZAR did Poland smother; Prussia's Monarch robbed his brother:

But they neither, one or other, did my customers blockade.

You shan't murder, you shan't plunder; if I knock your Donship under,

It will cost me less to thunder than it would to let you prey. You must know my toleration of foul wrong and spoliation Is a question of taxation—how will intervention pay?

THE TOLERATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE.

A MONSTER puff, put forth by the United Kingdom Alliance for the enactment of a Maine Law, one day last week, occupied a whole page in the *Times*. The above-named compulsory Total Abstinence Association had shortly before held a meeting at Manchester. The impunity with which the agitation of this body of busybodies, with SIR W. TREVELYAN at their head, is carried on, is a gratifying evidence of modern toleration. There was a time when the British Public would have broken the windows of their place of assembly, pelted their members with stones, and put some of those meddlesome gentlemen under that pump to which they want to chain everybody else along with themselves. These outrages would have made such gentlemen as SIR W. TREVELYAN and MR. SAMUEL POPE martyrs and confessors, and thus would have conduced to the triumph of their conspiracy against the liberty of the subject. Irritating, offensive, and disgusting as is the attempt of a would-be democracy of imbecile prigs to get us to have our hands tied and ourselves put into leading-strings, it is ridiculous, and ridiculous chiefly. The price of a Permissive Prohibitory Law, to destroy the Liquor Trade and the revenue thence derived, would be an increase of the Income-Tax. Still, it would be unwise, as well as cruel, to persecute the fanatics engaged in a crusade against the freedom of the public and the public-house.

Wise Saws and Modern Instances.

The Wise Saw.—“A stitch in time saves nine.” The Modern Instance.—Italy looking after her *rentes*.

The Wise Saw.—“Ask for an inch and take an ell.” The Modern Instance.—COUNT VON BISMARCK.

The Wise Saw.—“A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.” The Modern Instance.—JOHN BULL and Reform.



ROTTEN ROW NORTH.

'Amptstead Cavalier. "WOULD YOU BE SO KIND, MUM, AS TO FETCH 'IM A GOOD WHACK 'ITH YOUR RUMBERELLER?"

FRIGHTFUL DISCOVERY.

WE thought that the Tories, like the wolves, were extinct—not that any great price would be set, by an economist, on the heads of the former. But it seems that we were in error. The eminent naturalist, MR. BRIGHT, has discovered that the species is still in existence, and raging. He declares that there are thousands of Tories rampaging about England (and at their leisure electing nearly half the House of Commons) who are hungering and thirsting to undo all the good that has been done for the last seventy years. They are sworn and vowed to achieve certain horrible things, which he enumerates. They are these—

To re-enact the Test and Corporation Acts, so that every Dissenter may be turned out of every place of profit.

To repeal the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act.

To repeal the Reform Act, the Corporations Act, and the Navigation Acts.

To re-impose the Corn Laws, the Sugar Duties, the Newspaper Tax, and the Paper Duty.

To abolish the system of National Education.

To do away with the New Tariff.

To repudiate the French Treaty, and

To make Church Rates and the Irish Church Eternal Institutions.

This is truly awful. We did not know it. As we said, we thought that the old original Tory was extinct, and we did not believe that there existed in England so great a Fool as the man must be who entertains any one single object above stated. If we knew the man, we would burst upon him in thunder and lightning. But we do not. Can it be that MR. BRIGHT has been once more calumniating a large body of his fellow-countrymen, merely because they do not agree with him? This is again an awful supposition—but is it quite without warrant in precedent?

An Old Superstition Revived.

JIBBS, enamoured of a thrifty widow who is at house-keeping, goes into a shop near Temple Bar, and buys what he hopes will charm her and prove a love-philter.

LE FOLLET'S FASHIONABLE ECONOMY.

(A Fragment.)

THERE is a good thing in the *Follet* of this month. Does dearest ANNIE read the *Follet*? I think not. Perhaps she would not consider it a publication calculated to improve her mind.

However, the present number of *Le Follet* contains the description of a contrivance by which a lady who is "economically" disposed may re-adapt for wear a dress that the increasing length of trains has compelled her to lay by. Very good advice, certainly; but ANNIE, love, what lady who is economically disposed, would ever think of laying a dress by merely because it was a little short of the fashionable length behind?

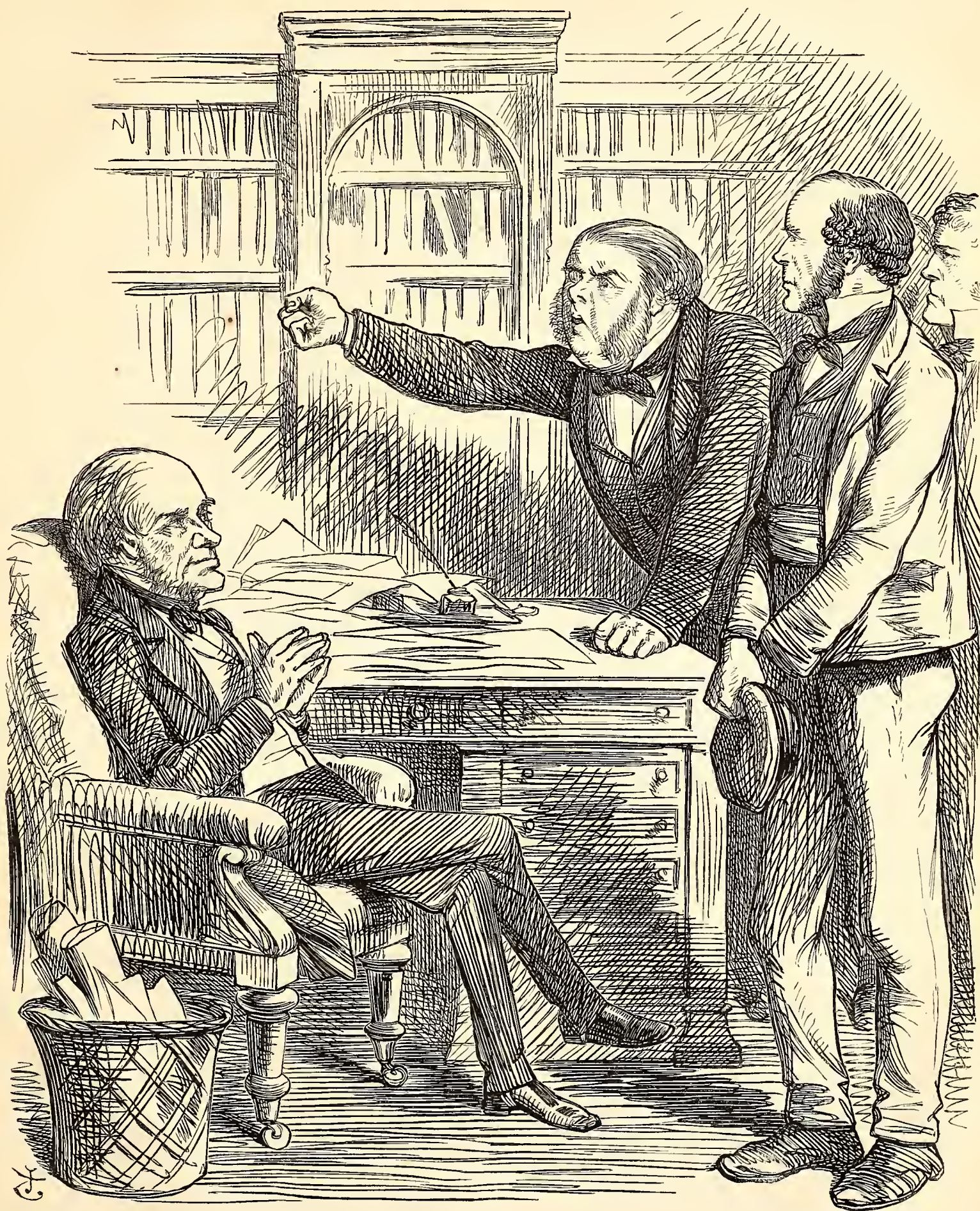
After we are married, when ANNIE's old uncle has left us all his money, then ANNIE will be able to follow the fashions without regard to expense. But, till then, we must save as much as ever we can in dress, so as not to be obliged to deny ourselves better things. In the mean time, dearest ANNIE, I am sure, will be much too economical to leave off any dress that perhaps would last her several years longer.

Note.—Correspondence between EDWARD and ANNIE has closed. The match is broken off. She sent him back his letters. In the last of these the foregoing passages are scored at the side, and further marked in the young lady's handwriting with the marginal annotation, "Shabby!"

Charity.

SIR,—Talk of Christian Charity in England! Pooh! The Mahomedans are the chaps for me. A late Telegram from Egypt, stated that the Viceroy of Egypt had "undertaken to pay the debts of the fellahs of Upper Egypt." What a jolly fellah he must be himself! I wish I was one of t' other fellahs. By the way, p'raps you might get up a Subscription for

Yours truly, IMPEY KUNIOUS.



JOHN SLOW AND JOHN FAST.

EARL RUSSELL. "WELL, WELL! DON'T BE VIOLENT, MR. BRIGHT, AND PROPER INQUIRIES SHALL BE MADE, AS WE HAVE PERFECT CONFIDENCE IN OUR FRIEND, MR. WORKINGMAN."

Punch's Table-Talk.

161.

Dimidium facti qui cœpit habet. Untrue at dinner time, my dear boys, at all events. I have partaken of two dishes, but I see seven more on the *carte*, all of which I mean to taste. Two is not the half of nine, I respectfully submit.

162.

A man who talks of things being permitted to a layman, which would be sins in a clerical man, talks—well, let me quote “the fiery TERTULLIAN” unto him. *Vani erimus si putaverimus id quod clericis non licet laicis licere.* You should read the Fathers occasionally—notably, when you cannot get to sleep in any other way.

163.

I own that an elegantly garbed audience makes a theatre pleasant. But, O my brethren, the bore of dressing! That infliction keeps me from many a performance. Our rules, however, have relaxed much. “Regulations as to costume are not enforced,” even at the Opera, during the off-season. In the days when the upper classes were regular playgoers, the rules were severe. I remember a song, once very famous,

“A clerk I was in London gay,
O Jemmy linkum feedle!
And went in boots to see the play.”

This, the dashing young man considered a great piece of free-and-easyism. By the way, he proceeds—

“I marched the lobby, twirled my stick,
The ladies cried, ‘He’s quite The Kick.’”

Not a bad slang name that. If the thief class would revive it, the term would soon be a household word in gay and festive scenes and halls of dazzling light.

164.

CAPTAIN RICHARD BURTON—good luck to him and his, wherever he is—gives capital illustrations of Oriental nature. In the Mecca book he speaks of the way in which an Arab of a particular district, when he is in a mad rage with one of another locality, shrieks out his insulting vaunts. It is as if a Londoner, savage with a Yorkshireman, should scream forth, with oaths, “I have smacked the face of every man, woman, and child in York, Scarborough, Sheffield, Leeds, and Bradford, I have.” Only a little stronger.

165.

Nobody who dislikes children can ever humbug them into liking him. How much wiser they are than grown people. POPPINS—you know whom I mean—adores me, yet I think I may say that I hate him. In proof, I cut up his book in the *Spectator*, got SIR EPICURE MAMMON to omit him from his turtle feast, and persuaded his wife not to go home to her relatives. But you should see the sweet smile and earnest hand-shake I give him.

166.

Avoid hypocrisy, my dear boys, in all its moods and tenses. If you think a man is a fool, tell him so, unless he is bigger than yourself. Then, I think you are justified in telling him that everybody else thinks him a fool, but that you don’t. He can hardly hit you for that.

167.

The American phrase, “the almighty dollar,” is vulgar and not strictly reverent. There is a better in our friend ARISTOPHANES, “What a mighty power have everywhere *The Two Obols.*” Bring the words into fashion.

168.

ROSSINI calls the brass instruments in the orchestra the kitchen utensils. They have cooked the goose of a good many good voices.

169.

CORNELIUS KILIANUS should be held in honour by my invaluable friend known in the printing-office as the Reader. He corrected the press admirably for fifty years, but he also, in an epigram of eighteen verses, vindicated the Correctors against the Authors, “who,” he says, “making mistakes for want of learning and judgment, and giving incorrect copies, do nevertheless blame the innocent Reader of the printing.” He died on Easter Day, 1607.

170.

The above CORNELIUS uses the word “copies.” Thence our word copy—known unpleasantly to some of you idle or procrastinating bloaters. Do you see what the word implies? That a printer had—and ought to have—a fair copy or transcript of your original MS., and not to have his soul vexed by your scribble, interlineations, balloons, and carets. *Mrs. Quickly* says that caret is a good root, but the printers do not agree with her. Do you apprehend me, gentlemen all and some? Especially some?

171.

The Trent is so called, say the antiquarians, from thirty kinds of fishes found therein, or for thirty streams that flow into it. That’s the

kind of rubbish we find in *The Authorities*. Was What-d’ye-call-him so wrong in burning the What’s-it’s-name library?

172.

You may not perceive the exquisitely subtle current of thought that connects the last remark with that which is coming, but I would rather have written the *Water Babies* than any book of the last fifty years.

173.

I know of no earthly responsibility so great as that of the writer of a child’s book—I mean, of course, of a book not meant to be mere nonsense.

174.

I was telling an American of somebody we both knew and disliked, and who had bumptiously said that he was so prosperous in all things that like the Ancient, he sometimes needed to be reminded that he was mortal. “Guess killing him wouldn’t be a bad hint to that effect,” said my friend, quietly.

175.

The great May fly for trout is the Alder Fly. Some call it the Orl fly, and in Wales I know they name it the Hump-back. It comes about the end of May, and stays till the end of June. I have done awful execution with it in the rivers in Hampshire. Mind, it’s not the Marlow Buzz, though very like it. I have won bets on the point.

176.

Bar two—there are not many of our theatrical critics who would not be the better for studying *The Critic*. MR. PUFF’s wit seems lost upon most of them. MRS. JORDAN and MRS. NISBETT never had half the adulation which is regularly bestowed upon pert creatures who succeed by sauciness, legs, and music-hall melodies. But, as LORD BYRON writ,

“‘WILKES,’ said the Devil, ‘I understand all this.’”

and if the public understood it, there would be no unfairness to real artists. No *claque* in London! Ha! ha! The London *claque* writes.

177.

You remember, of course—that is I’ll take six to two you don’t—MOORE’s epigram on a certain family, formerly famous for getting all sorts of good things:—

“‘I want the Court Guide,’ says my lady, ‘to look
If the house, Seymour Place, is at 30 or 20.’
‘We’ve lost the Court Guide, M’m, but here’s the Red Book,
Where you’ll find, I’ve no doubt, Seymour places in plenty.’”

Very good, but I didn’t quote it so much for its own sake, as to tell you what occurred when the epigram was cited, in my hearing, in the presence of a dear good sweet awfully stupid woman. “Yes,” she said, “that is very good. It’s just like servants—first they lose your books carelessly, and then they give you impudence.”

178.

Materiem superabat opus. I often think of this when I take up a country newspaper, and see that highly trained and skilful gentlemen, of the reporting staff, are set to take down verbatim the cackle of grocers, cheesemongers, and tailors in Municipal Council assembled. What would we not give for just one day of such a report of the proceedings on the Grand Remonstrance? And but for those and certain cognate proceedings, little chance the grocers and so forth would have had of saying their say in after times.

179.

Don’t you think I am a Poet. Lor!

“Good is dinner à la Russe;
So is dinner à la Goose.”

180.

The only thing for which I am eager, just now, is Lord Rector THOMAS CARLYLE’s inauguration speech. Able Editors will look out, as it were, for no dim inarticulate noises, but puncture of windbag.

181.

LORD PALMERSTON, it seems, held the theory to which I was alluding the other night, about LORD BACON having been the author of the plays attributed to one W. SHAKSPEARE. When BEN JONSON’s verses, in laudation of W. S., were mentioned to the late Premier, he said, “Oh, these fellows always stand up for one another. Besides, he may have been deceived like the rest.”

182.

Argument is not exactly valueless if it ends by giving you some little light upon a subject of which you knew nothing when you began to dogmatise. But it is none the less a nuisance. If a man differs from me, I make up my private mind that he is an ass, and I ask him whether he has heard *L’Africaine*. Moreover, *errat qui putat*, as the Catholics hold.

183.

LORD RUSSELL has told a deputation that he is favourable to Reform, but that we ought not to legislate in the absence of exact information. Some of you have been telling him what I said. You did right.



CLEVER BOYS!

George. "OH, WON'T UNCLE LAUGH WHEN HE FINDS THE REGISTER DOWN!"

THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

THIS is the Island of the Free,
The glorious Land of Liberty,
Whence her proud flag, aloft unfurled,
Displays a pattern to the world.

A noble people, we disdain,
Ye despots, your paternal reign,
Save by ourselves we Britons bold
Will ne'er submit to be controlled.

Never shall summary command
Check enterprising joint-stock band
In the supreme pursuit of wealth,
On plea of public rights or health.

Our Railway Companies shall seize
On anybody's land they please,
Make their own terms with every man,
And keep their time as best they can.

Gas Companies shall shed their light
Just as it suits them, dim, or bright,
At such a rate as they think best,
Exempt from Government's behest.

Our Corporations, as it seems
Them good, shall mingle with our streams,
The filth of towns; our factories still
Poison our waters at their will,

Our herbage blast, and taint our air,
Forbidden by no Ruler's care,
Because, good countrymen, you see
This is the Land of Liberty!

Irish in France.

A TELEGRAM last week stated that PRINCE NAPOLEON arrived at Toulon, and inspected the ram *Taurus*. Surely that ram's a Bull.

"THE WATCH CRY."—Police!

THE LANCERS.

A BALLET WITH DIALOGUE AND A LOVE PLOT.

(Adapted for any Drawing-Room performance.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, in love with YOUNG LADY.
YOUNG LADY, in love with YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

ARGUMENT.—They have not met for three days, and there is some little coolness between them. YOUNG GENTLEMAN has asked YOUNG LADY's hand for the "Lancers," in order that he may be able to explain why he has or hasn't, did or didn't, &c., &c., and she has accepted that she may hear why he did or didn't, or had or hadn't, &c., &c.

FIGURE I.

Young Gentleman (nervously, and feeling hot about the throat) to his partner. It's very kind of you to dance this quadrille with me. (Pause. Young Lady gently inclines her head, and looks about to see where she can deposit her fan. Young Gentleman takes advantage of this.) You want to put your fan down. Let me!

Young Lady (finding that they are close to the mantel-piece). Oh, no! this will do, thank you! (Band commences music to the Lancers.)

Young Gentleman (unpleasantly surprised). It's the Lancers. I thought it was a quadrille.

Young Lady (coldly). Perhaps you'd rather not dance the Lancers?

Young Gentleman. Oh, no! (seeing that she misunderstands him). I mean that I should like to dance the Lancers. (Thinks that he'll add, with tender emphasis, "with you." Waits two seconds, considers, and thinks that it wouldn't come in well now if he tried it: determines to leave it alone: regrets that he has lost an opportunity: becomes hotter and more nervous.)

Young Lady (giving him an opportunity). You seem rather dull this evening.

Young Gentleman. No! (puzzled as to how he shall get at his explanation about the matter nearest his heart)—I am (wants to say "never dull

when with you," but thinks it would sound absurd)—I am—a (makes a plunge)—I wanted to explain—

[YOUNG LADY suddenly turns to "set" to the next person. Young Gentleman (inwardly anathematizes the figure). Oh, yes! (Smiles, turns and finds a lady seriously "setting" to him: dances, takes her hand, begs pardon for not being ready, turns her round, and returns to his place.)

[YOUNG LADY looks away from him as if interested in the next set, and smiles at a female friend.

Young Gentleman (loses one minute in blowing his nose: anathematizes his nose: feels a conviction that he's made it look red, tries surreptitiously to catch a glimpse of his nose in the glass: thinks he might look better. Wishes he'd "sat out" this dance. Determines to waste no more time, but come to his explanation at once). I was saying that—

Young Lady (turning quietly). I beg your pardon.

Young Gentleman (assuming an injured look and tone). Well, AGNES, if you—

[Reprise of tune: he has to turn and "set" again; dances, takes her hand, begs pardon for not being ready, turns her round, and returns to his place.

Young Gentleman (determined not to lose another minute). I have longed for this opportunity.

Young Lady. It's your turn now.

[YOUNG GENTLEMAN anathematizes the Lancers for the third time: advances, dances, crosses, and looks laughingly at his partner.

Funny Male Friend his vis-à-vis (who is now standing behind him). Why don't you do some comic steps (pulls his coat tails)?

[YOUNG GENTLEMAN smiles as sweetly as he can, and anathematizes comic friend and the Lancers; thinks he'll do a comic step, to show that he can't; feels spooney; that he's making a fool of himself; dances, crosses, balancez to his partner. She then has her turn, and the figure ends.

FIGURE II.

Young Gentleman (buttoning his glove and becoming suddenly commonplace). I never can recollect the Lancers. (This is by way of an excuse, because he wants to watch the first couples and see what THEY do.)

Young Lady (looking straight before her, says apparently with great

point, but really without any clear idea of her own meaning). Yes, it is easy to forget.

Young Gentleman (looking injured). "Agnes! (Doesn't know what he's forgotten). It is unkind of you to (is hopelessly vague as to the conclusion of this sentence)—I wanted to say (resolves for the fourth time that he'll come to the point)—I wanted to explain to you—(he has to take somebody else's, and dance backwards and forwards on the opposite side to his, partner.)"

Young Gentleman (during the next pause). I have not seen you for three days, and now when I do—(Thinks that "see you again" won't sound well, and substitutes as follows)—now when we do meet, it seems that—

[Reprise of music, repetition figure. He anathematizes the Lancers.

Young Lady (seeing that if they talk too closely, it will look odd). It's our turn now.

[YOUNG GENTLEMAN has to lead his partner forward. His funny vis-à-vis intimates, in pantomime, that he ought to do comic steps. He tries to appear quite at his ease, and smiles on funny friend. Thinks a pas-seul is a stupid sort of thing.

End of Figure.

FIGURE III.

Lady of the Left Couple (generally). We dance the new figure. (Everyone tacitly assents.)

Young Gentleman (mistrusting his knowledge of new figure, appeals to his partner). What is the new figure?

Young Lady (who is beginning to think the Lancers a nuisance after all). You had better watch them.

[YOUNG GENTLEMAN thinks he'll say "AGNES" in a plaintive tone, but alters his mind and watches the figure. Double visiting done. Gentlemen have to dance round by themselves. Funny vis-à-vis does comic steps. YOUNG GENTLEMAN capers, winks at funny friend, and pretends to enter into the joke, sees his partner looking at him, thinks she'll set him down as a humbug: hates funny friend.

FIGURE IV.

[Grand chain; no opportunity for making explanations. YOUNG GENTLEMAN sees his partner smiling, and nodding as she goes round. Funny friend comes out very strong in steps and stamping the time. Perpetual motion. End of quadrille.

Young Gentleman. May I take you down-stairs?

Young Lady (assents, but distantly). Thank you. (Sees her Mamma and becomes suddenly pleasant and sensible). Don't go out that way, or Mamma will stop us.

[YOUNG GENTLEMAN feels the slightest electrical pressure on his arm. They descend. A retired corner is found, and no further explanation required.]

WANTED.



CHORUS of Mr. Punch's lady correspondents has been singing, "It is difficult to get good servants, now-a-days." The hardship arises from the impossibility, in most cases, of the Lady of the House adapting herself to the peculiar disposition of each one of her domestics.

The following *bonâ fide* advertisement shall serve us for a text:—

DOMESTIC SERVANT.—

A Person about Twenty, with excellent character, wishes a SITUATION where not restricted in becoming dress nor services rendered unnecessarily menial. She would prefer a small Country Family Situation, away from the noise and hurry of Birmingham. Should her mistress prove quiet and amiable, a suitable, respectable, permanent servant would inevitably be secured. Lowest wages accepted, ten guineas.

The Young Lady's grammar, in "wishing a situation," is somewhat arbitrary, but it is enough for her purpose that the reader should know what she means. The restriction in becoming dress probably alludes to the tyranny of a mistress who objected to her China ornaments being knocked down by BETTY and housemaid's extensive crinoline. "Services rendered unnecessarily menial," conveys the idea of the wearer of a crinoline being obliged to clean the doorsteps; the attitude necessitated by the nature of this operation being one of supplication so humble, and prostration so abject, as would never be adopted by any wearer of the steel hoops who "could see herself as others see her." The Young Lady would perhaps like to take her quiet tea and beauty sleep in drawing-room, about four o'clock of an afternoon, talk over family matters with her quiet and amiable mistress, or skim her a few pages of the *Court Circular*. We sincerely trust that the advertiser has obtained the situation she deserves.

TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR.

THERE is a converse to the proposition that many a true thing is said in joke. For instance a contemporary, in an article on University Extension at Oxford, observes:—

"The question then is, rather for each College, how it can take in more men, than for the University, how it can set up a new College."

Supposing this remark to be true in the sense which its writer intended, you will note that it is capable of bearing another construction. With reference to the system of overcharging undergraduates for bread-and-butter at Oxford, you will perhaps think the question for Christchurch and other Colleges just now, is not how they can take in more men, but how they can get on without taking men in any more.

THE WESTRIES' CALL TO ARMS.

Minutes at a Special Meeting.

MR. CLERK, put it right! We appeals to the nation, To guard us against that fiend, Centralisation! We're Englishmen all, and Self-Government's chief Of the means what has brought furrin tyrants to grief. But we hears of a rumour that's 'orrid! They say The Board of Works plots our destruction with GREY.

We're Westrymen all, and we laughs at the Press And the Public a-seekin' what they calls redress. Confound 'em a-pokin' and writin' and pryin'!— Our rules and our customs and men a-decryin'! We shall manage the paupers and streets as we chooses, And laugh as we wins—let him holler as loses!

One porter, and master, and missis, is all That's wanted, however the papers may bawl, And Willers's letters we value at little, For wagabonds we ain't a goin' for to wittle— If we ain't got the room, they must step it, and we Like westrymen stanch 'll go 'ome to our tea.

Then as to the pavin' and lightin' and cleanin', Why the press ain't no better than even a Fen'an, Stirrin' up a rebellion, and wantin' to take, The means out of which a man money may make. If 'ouses 'ave smells, and gas never 'll burn, Let the 'ouseholders patience and difference * learn!

If mud's a foot thick, and old gals is run over, Why who that walks pavements thinks he'll be in clover! If pavin' stones slip, and a collar bone's broke, What's the use of a row that 'll end all in smoke, Who won't hear these trifles as long as he shirks The un-English rule of that 'ere Board of Works!

* Query deference?

NATIONAL COPYHOLD.

Good news is rare. But here is an example, extracted from the *South London Chronicle*, of that rarity:—

"A Bill upon Open Spaces has been draughted, and it will be introduced into Parliament early in the Session of 1866, at the instance of the Commons Preservation Society."

Let us hope that the Bill upon Open Spaces will become an Act that shall keep all open spaces which are beautiful, and cannot now be legally enclosed without the sanction of Parliament, open for ever. May that Act constitute all those spaces national freeholds. If, however, it only constitute them national copyholds, it will do well enough, provided it secure the perpetual observance of the precept that may be proposed for a copy-book text:—"Preserve Open Spaces."

The Wise Saw.—"A rolling stone gathers no moss." The Modern Instance.—B. D'ISRAELI.



REASONABLE—VERY!

Swell. "HAW! I WANT TO GO TO HAMMERSMITH."

Conductor. "JUST COME FROM THERE, SIR. GOING T'OTHER WAY, NOW!"

Swell. "WA'AL! YOU CAN TURN WOUND, CAN'T YOU?"

LETTER FROM A LION.

DEAR SIR,

Charing Cross.

I AM the Lion on Northumberland House—we say the Lion of the PERCY, in the family—only as you know that we are not PERCIES but SMITHSONS, it is of no use my coming that sort of thing with you.

But you also know that I am to descend. Northumberland House has to get out of the way of a new street. Yokels will soon cease to stand and watch whether I wag my tail at one o'clock.

I am attached to the locality, however, and moreover I am an industrious Lion, willing to make himself generally useful.

The Nelson Column has at present Four vacancies for Lions. Would you use your interest with SIR E. L. to get one of these assigned to

Your most faithful Servant,

Mr. Punch.

LEO SMITHSONIUS.

THE FUGITIVE STEPHENS.

Amateur Shakspearian Performance in the Richmond Bridewell.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. O'DOGBERRY.

A WATCHMAN.

O'Dogberry (to Watch). You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch. You are to bid any man stand in the Queen's name.

Watch. How if he will not stand?

O'Dogberry. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk.

[*Exeunt severally.* STEPHENS walks out.]

UNPOPULAR SOLDIERS.—Private Pique and Corporal Punishment.

LINES BY A LADY'S MAID.

AIR—"The Meeting of the Waters."

THERE is not at the West End a *valet* so sweet,
As that *valet* who courts me in Chesterfield Street,
Oh! the last thought of fashion and dress must depart,
Ere the charm of that *valet* shall fade from my heart.

Yet it is not because of his figure and size,
The curl of his whiskers, the glance of his eyes—
'Tis not the soft kiss, or the sly little squeeze,
Oh, no! it is something far better than these!

'Tis that WILLIAMS has saved while he's been with SIR JOHN,
What, with my little store, is enough to live on;
Though we're taking a house close to Kensington Gate,
And shall let our apartments, with linen and plate.

Sweet *valet de chambre*! how glad shall I rest,
On thy bosom adorned with the studs I love best,
When all rows with my Lady for ever shall cease,
And our hearts, like our savings, be mingled in peace.

A Word for Covent Garden.

A GENTLEMAN, who had his choice between seeing *L'Africaine* or *Ida* at Covent Garden, sang out melodiously—

"How happy could I be with *Ida*,
When *Vasco di Gama's* away."

He was immediately presented with a stall.

TO A WATER-"PARTY."—Our Correspondent is assured that the Glassites are a religious sect, *not* a convivial society.



MIDDLE-CLASS EDUCATION.

MR. SWINDLE'S ONLY METHOD OF PREPARATION FOR THE CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION.

STRANGE CONDUCT OF SIR A. COCKBURN.

A RECENT trial has disclosed the fact, that when you buy silver plate, if you wish that it should be all silver, you must see that it has the London Hall Mark upon it, with the Leopard's Head, and not the Sheffield Hall Mark, in which is also a Crown. For London will stamp nothing that is not solid, whereas Sheffield allows the manufacturer to fill up the inside of his articles with sand, solder, MR. HADFIELD's lead, MR. ROEBUCK's brass, or anything he pleases.

That, however, is a mere case of *caveat emptor*, to which *Mr. Punch*, as President of the Customers' Protection Society, incidentally calls attention, himself expecting many presents this Christmas. But what he chiefly desires to note was the extraordinary and unlawful conduct of the Lord Chief Justice in the trial alluded to. After much wrangling and mystification, SIR ALEXANDER actually proposed—

"That one of the articles, a candlestick, about which question was raised, should be broken, in order to see what the substance really was."

A shudder went through the Court. What? Take the obvious and direct way of ascertaining the truth, by the evidence of the senses! Get at a fact in a straightforward fashion! The very rafters of the Court must have groaned, like the enchanted tree in the story. So monstrous a proposal we never heard of. If such innovations are permitted, what next? We shall actually have a cold-blooded suggestion for abolishing the rules that at present happily prevent a question from being put to the only person who can know anything about the matter of which he is accused. Fortunately the Judge was checked in his unrighteous attempt to get at the truth, "objections" being raised. But we really think that the matter must not stop here. LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN is clearly not inspired with the spirit of law, and we must insist on his taking his coronet and retiring from the headship of a system not intended for such impatient investigators.

TO A CORRESPONDENT WHO WRITES FROM HALLAMSHIRE.

You are right about the "Statute of Anne," but wrong in supposing that the "Pilgrimage of Grace" was undertaken by a young lady of the middle ages, with the Christian name you say you prefer.

OUR RAILWAY TYRANTS.

IN the case of an assault by the Director of a Railway upon one of its clerks, the Secretary of the Company the other day put forth his "solemn opinion" that—

"A railway servant was bound to obey an individual Director in regard to any act he might direct, even to the extent of compelling him to stop a train."

If this be so, poor JONES, who lives a score of miles from London, and daily travels by quick trains, is at the mercy of Directors who happen by ill-chance to have their houses on the line between himself and town. How jolly it must be for JONES, when coming hungry home to dinner, to have his fast train stopped to set down a Director at some paltry by-way station, where no one else gets out! No doubt, also, a contrary command will be obeyed, and a Director may direct an engine-driver *not* to stop, although a stoppage be distinctly announced in the time-bills. Supposing a Director live a dozen miles from town, and be rather late for dinner, perhaps he will desire the driver not to stop until that distance be accomplished. We think that if this privilege be generally acted on, the time-bills should announce that they may be depended on, "provided no Director give a contrary command." Indeed, people would do well, before paying for their ticket, to ask if a Director be travelling by the train; and if so, they would do wisely to defer their journey until the next day.

A Caution in Black and White.

To be on our guard let's agree,
Against all that may help turn the cry
Of Justice on EYRE, with an e,
To Injustice in Ire, with an i.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION will be found in *Punch's Almanack*: which also removes freckles, eradicates ill humours, and will prove a most effective remedy for baldness, when twisted like a foolscap and placed upon the head. Moreover, besides being an antidote to nervousness and neuralgia, it will be found to put one up to many hundreds of new wrinkles, and to produce the various old ones that with mirth and laughter come.

A WONDERFUL SHILLINGSWORTH!



IMONIO, a young friend of mine, fresh from the country, implored me, the other evening, to take him to the Polytechnic. Moved by his entreaties, and influenced by the fact that the cost of the entire entertainment was only one shilling a head, I yielded. We arrived punctually at seven, because my young friend wished to see the "Machinery in Motion." It was in motion, too, with a vengeance: not a wheel in the place but was whirling round and round; gyroscopes were turning about like mechanical JIM CROWS in one corner; pistons were in full swing in another; valves were opening and shutting; electrical eels wriggling; electrical wires entangling one another; straps going round wheels and wheels going round straps; something running up and down an inclined plane; water plashing in the distance: spinning-jennies hard at it; a glass-blower in a paroxysm of scientific joy over a hot gas-light, a stick of sealing-wax, and a knife-grinding machine; refreshment stall-keepers arranging and re-arranging scientific sponge cakes and boxes of scientific acidulated drops; shop-keepers talking like lecturers to anybody who would listen, and selling their wares with persuasive scientific eloquence; visitors moving about on the

ground-floor, and in the gallery above; civil officials in livery, with a strong family likeness to one another, running up and down stairs for no apparent reason, except that the machinery is in motion and they can't stand still; such a whizzing, whirling, grinding, spinning, fizzing, and burring that one is glad to hide among the tranquil joys of the Cosmographic views, which bear a close affinity to the peepshow of earlier years, only without the showman to pull a string on the payment of one penny. I was sorry to observe, that, in these times of peace, the Polytechnic Fleet that used to float in the calm straits four inches deep, leading to Diving Bell Bay at the end of the Hall, had disappeared. The Diver, too, was gone; his helmet is reverentially preserved in a corner of the building. I told my young friend what a man he was, and with what a thrill of pleasure I had often witnessed the blowing up of the *Royal George* in those dark green waters. Suddenly the machinery stopped. There was an attraction somewhere; we heard the voice of a siren, and saw a crowd gathering below. From our front seats in the gallery we beheld a stout, amiable, lecturer standing at a counter. For him even the glass-blower rested on his wheel, reluctantly quiet, but not one bit attentive, as we saw him dispose of six pieces of silky glass, twopence a skein, while his scientific rival, the stout lecturer, was trying to get up some excitement about a thermal battery. We heard him indistinctly, from our gallery.

The Lecturer (standing behind a counter, whereon is placed an—apparently—small Dutch oven, or portable gas-stove for roasting chestnuts.) I shall this evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, draw your attention to (something we couldn't catch) Thermal Battery. (Crowd on the other side of the counter crush against one another, and those in front try to examine the apparatus, to see "how it's done." The stout Lecturer continues glancing negligently about him with an engaging air of superiority, intended to impress the audience with the notion that he's not obliged to do this sort of thing, and could show them something better if he liked.) THEOPHRASTUS in the third century said (something we couldn't hear), and NAPOLEON THE FIRST, while at St. Helena, often (did or said something, which we lost), proving that friction—(here follow words heard at intervals)—cloth—sealing-wax—gold metal—beat—conductor—FRANKLIN—Thermal Battery. (Crowd, becoming accustomed to the last two words, are pleased to hear them again, and give a gentle hum of applause.) I will now show you (excitement and stir in crowd, on the Lecturer's pointing to an enormous machine of brass, copper, leather, and glass, standing near the centre of the Hall) a curious experiment (intense excitement), but unfortunately the weather is so damp that the machine will not work. (Great disappointment, and a general feeling of pity for the Lecturer and the machine.) The moisture of the atmosphere (Stout Lecturer becomes suddenly sleepy)—is—the needle—(more words heard at intervals)—cord—copper—wire (people begin to go away)—several learned bodies—occupy—friction—magnetisers (more people go away)—PROFESSOR GROVE—this establishment—(Stout Lecturer freshens up, and hits a stone with a piece of iron: popular attention arrested for a minute)—force—electricity—I touch this, and the wire divides. (The remainder of his audience go away, and look at models. The Glass-blower revives, and thinks his turn has come. Lecturer addresses a few people in the gallery.) Thus you see—galvanic batteries made by MESSRS. —.

Regent Street—(People in the gallery go away, and look at models. The Lecturer makes a last desperate attempt to recover his popularity.) And I will now show you one of PHARAOH's serpents. (Everyone returns: the Glass-blower sneers.) Sulphur—composition—odour—try it yourselves—inexpensive—MESSRS. —, Regent Street (the serpent being burnt out, people go away again)—now conclude (loudly), thanking you for your attention (pointedly to an old gentleman who had never stirred, probably deaf). 'Nother evening (Old Gentleman goes away)—Thermal Battery. (All the machinery gets into motion and the Glass-blower triumphs.)

A gong now summoned us to the Theatre, a large room, connected in my mind with early recollections of glass jars, sparks, lectures on chemistry, and a model steam engine. Here we were to be treated to a concert. Four dining-room chairs were placed on a stage in front of a large dissolving view cloth. Four nice young gentlemen, generally supposed to be lecturers of the establishment, in evening dress, with papers in their hands, entered, stood in a row, and bowed to the audience. After putting their heads together, to settle upon their starting note, they began a quartette. It was very well executed. The vocalists were unaccompanied, except by an undiscoverable boy who played a popgun when any opportunity occurred, and made the officials highly wrathful and indignant.

Tenor (singing and shutting his eyes quiveringly.) My La-a-ady slee—ps.

[Tenor holds a long note—pop-gun startles him—officials frown, and look at one another.

The Three other Vocalists (looking towards the gallery.) She sleeps! My Lady sleeps.

Basso (alone looking at the pit.) She slee-e-e—

[Pop gun. Officials regard one another sternly, and one goes to the front to get a good view of the audience; directly he has taken up his position pop-gun is heard again.

The Four (finishing.) Wake her not! She slee-e-eps.

She slee-e-eps-s-s-s-s.

[The note is prolonged; their voices are dying away; pop-gun, and exeunt vocalists. The Officials consult together.

The Concert was perhaps slightly monotonous, as, with the exception of a lady who really played with great taste and feeling on a violin, it consisted of the four young Lecturers coming on and going off, or for the sake of variety, not going off, but sitting on the four chairs as if they were going to give Nigger entertainments, but changing their minds and rising to sing another quartette. After they had disappeared behind the dissolving view curtain for the fifth time (I think it was the fifth) one of the party returned, and said kindly to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, it has struck us that the programme wants a little variety, (applause from some one, probably undiscoverable boy with pop-gun,) and that—in fact (depreciates the quartettes)—you would like something humorous. MR. MUDDICK will sing you a, a, a—(considers, and finally gives his own opinion of MR. MUDDICK's song) a rather humorous song." (Faint applause: he bows and retires.)

Enter MR. MUDDICK, who turns out to be the basso in the recent quartette. He looks as humorous as he can, and commences his song.

The audience evidently agreed with the gentleman who had described the song as rather humorous. The singer laughed once, either at his own fun, or (for I'm sure he had a sly sense of humour), at the notion of there being any fun in it at all; and somebody, who had paid an extra sixpence for a reserved seat, was as much amused as was my young friend, to whom the venerable jokes were entirely new. The rather humorous song, which had one short verse, all the rest being imaginary dialogue (it was one of the elder MATHEWS's, and, in its day, excellent), was over in something under ten minutes, and the audience would have left if they had not been fiercely ordered by the official to keep their seats. Everybody expected dissolving views, and two French gentlemen, who, up to this point, had visited the Polytechnic under the impression that it was *The Literary and Scientific Institution of England*, and had taken the comic dialogue as the lecture of some learned professor, began to think they'd made a mistake. However, the four gentlemen reappeared, and, after another quartette, of a mildly suggestive tone, about "Kiss me to-morrow and Love me to-day," the audience were allowed to quit their seats. On returning to the Hall, we found the machinery in motion, the Glass-blower at it again as energetically as ever, and two officials unbending their dignity and weighing one another on a machine in a corner.

After a short interval a gong summoned us once more to the theatre. Three musicians were there, and played a waltz. Then from a side door emerged our friend the Lecturer, looking just as stout and amiable as ever, only without his thermal battery. He was much applauded, under the idea, suggested by the music, that he was going to dance. He wasn't, however; but came to show an ingenious optical illusion called *Proteus*, which consisted in putting a feeble old person called The Curator (a dignity under the Roman Republic, some one said) into a closet, where he got behind a looking-glass, and pretended to disappear. The Curator was a weak yielding creature, evidently standing in much

awe of his tormentor, and the performance pleased *him*, even more than it delighted the audience, who, having seen him once, didn't care whether he ever came out of the cupboard again or not. After this the Lecturer, who seemed to have a partiality for Pharaoh's serpents, turned the gas down, and exhibited one by way of a dissolving view.

Then, the gas being turned lower down, our versatile friend gave us a sort of ghost-story about a poor author, who saw a spirit, made a compact, had a dream, was shot by Cupid, visited by Venus, and finally discovered that his good genius was his old landlady, represented by (I fancy) the Curator in a big cap and an old-fashioned gown. The lights were then turned on, and we were turned out.

That the Polytechnic has not lost any of its attractions I judge from the unanimous applause at the end of the performances, and the desire expressed by my fresh young friend to linger yet a little while among those scientific walls, even though the lights were out, the machinery motionless, the Glass-blower at supper, and the amiable unwearied Lecturer dreaming of future optical illusions that shall astonish even PROFESSOR PEPPER. My young friend subsequently discovered that there was a daily change in the programme, and announced his intention while at supper, which was the crowning point of my treat, of saving up his Christmas boxes in order to visit the Institution regularly, discover *Proteus*, buy a Thermal Battery, learn how to do the Ghost Illusion, and be introduced to the amiable Stout Lecturer in private life.

READ ME ARIGHT.

As a consequence of the increasing demand for amusements, a proportionate supply of entertainments, more or less dramatic in character, has been given to the public during the last few years. Of such entertainments as do not mainly depend for their popularity upon the harmonies of costume, scenic effect, and dramatic action, that class known as "Readings" has gained most favour.

Novelists read their works aloud to ladies and gentlemen who pay to see the Live Lion playing with his own tale. In the course of time, when other excitements fail, we shall hear of some eminent physician reading his own prescriptions aloud to a crowded audience, who will afterwards witness with delight the comfortable spectacle of the doctor swallowing his own draughts. It will be time enough to deal with such a case when it arises: at present our object is to assist, as far as in our power lies, those gentlemen who go hither and thither giving "Readings." In the first place, we must observe, that we never yet have heard a reading that was perfectly satisfactory to ourselves. There was either a lack, or a superfluity, of action; the gestures were ill-timed; there was an inability on the part of the agent to mesmerise his audience into a sympathetic state, or else, it appeared that one of us, we or he, had utterly misconceived the author's meaning; and this feeling was strongest in us when we once chanced to hear an author representing his own characters himself. Let us, *ex. gr.*, suppose that some well-known personage is going to read, say at PERKINS'S Paddington Green Assembly Rooms, MACAULAY'S *Battle of the Lake Regillus*; we will give him a few friendly hints, which may serve the turn of some other notable entertainer in this peculiar line.

Preliminary Remarks.—Turn over a few pages of your book unconcernedly, as if your reading was quite an unpremeditated affair, and only arose out of your happening to find yourself, accidentally, on a platform, with a lot of people seated in front of it. Let it appear as though you haven't in fact yet made up your mind as to what you are going to treat them. This unconsciousness of the presence of an audience is the art of arts. Do not omit a slight cough, nor the elegant application to the lips of a clean white pocket-handkerchief. Easily, howbeit not defiantly, take the opened book in your left hand, keeping your place marked with your thumb and little finger within, and supported by the three fingers without. Smile at your audience gently, in order to show that no ill-feeling prompts you to this display. Now begin:—

"Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!"

Put the corner of your book up to your mouth, like a horn. Imitate the movement of performing on it with the other hand. Do not forget to distend your cheeks as if with powerful blowing. Remember, whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

■ "Ho, Lictors, clear the way!"

Hit out with your book left and right, as if at a crowd. Place your arms as if holding the fasces: this weapon was used much in the same way that *Mr. Punch*, in the peripatetic tragedy, uses his stick. Kick, struggle, and finally strike an attitude as though having triumphed, you, still speaking for the civil power, told the *Civis Romanus* to "Move on!"

"The Knights will ride, in all their pride,
Along the streets to-day."

Divide this line judiciously and dramatically: 1st, "The knights;" 2nd, "will" (*i. e.*, insist upon); 3rd, "ride."

1st. Stand upright, as if shouldering arms; look warlike. This is the idea of "Knights."

2nd. Scowl, to convey the notion of their unalterable determination.

3rd. "Ride:" amble round the platform; pretend to whip your steed; frown as if on small boys telling you to get inside, and so forth.

Perhaps the piano might be introduced here, with the overture to the *Bronze Horse*.

"In all their pride." Sneer, and cast side-glances contemptuously at the audience.

"Along the streets." Frown at little boys, as before; look up at windows where ladies may be supposed to be seated; give money to beggars; ask some one (in pantomime) to hold your horse while you lengthen your stirrup; pretend to brush mud off your coat; look upwards, as if you were in doubt as to the weather; shade your eyes, to give the idea that it's a fine day after all; and do anything else that may suggest itself to you as being appropriate.

From these hints the reader may gather what our notion of a "Reading" is; and let him develop them, and make it what it ought to be.

"Unto the Great Twin Brethren,
We keep this solemn feast"

Here is an opportunity for advertising CHANG and ANAK, for which the Giants ought to give you a gigantic sum. Keep your eyes open.

"They came o'er wild Parthenius."

Throw your hair about: it oughtn't to have been cut for at least two months before this.

"From where with flutes and dances,"

Imitate flute; and dance.

Stanza iii, line 17.—"How wolves came with fierce gallop,
And crows on eager wings."

Get under the table, gnash your teeth, growl, and pretend to be a wolf coming out of his lair. Then, for the second line, flap your arms against your sides, and hop about. The audience will say, "That's a crow, he's doing now!" and even deaf people may be interested in your entertainment.

Stanza xxxvi. 3.—Here is one point that must not be lost:—

"The kites knew well the long stern swell"

The "long stern swell" is Aulus, of course, when mounted on black Auster. You will be in your most fashionable evening dress: if not tall, get on a stool, or two stools concealed behind the table. Assume a stern bearing, and the picture is complete.

Whenever a Public Reader announces that he has adopted our suggestions, we shall be delighted to patronise him.

ALLIANCE JOINT STOCK.

MR. PUNCH,

MONEY is a great moral power in these days. The United Kingdom Alliance advertises a capital of £50,000. The theory of this pecuniary demonstration apparently supposes that an overwhelming sense of awe must silence all opposition to a League whose political and social force is represented by all that money. We are to suppose, Sir, that the Alliance is resolved on spending £50,000 to have its way, and get a Permissive Prohibitory Bill to shut up the public-houses, destroy the liquor trade, and annihilate a branch of the revenue which must be made up for by an increased Income-Tax.

The Alliance shakes £50,000 in our faces. But we don't hear the money jingle. We don't see the colour of it. We see it only in a published subscription list. How much of the £50,000 capital of the United Kingdom Alliance is paid up!

The name of SIR WALTER TREVELYAN, President of the Alliance, is down for £3,000; that of MR. BENJAMIN WHITWORTH, M.P., for ditto; SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S for £2,500. Other gentlemen stand pledged in sums of £2,000 and downwards. Well, *Mr. Punch*, surely there is something respectable in the earnestness that is prepared to sacrifice so much as £3,000 or even as £300, in order to withhold the means of tipping from the working classes. But how many of the subscribers on paper would give five shillings towards it in hard cash? To what amount will the United Kingdom Alliance make any call upon their subscribers? Whatever the sum may be, don't they wish they may get it as sincerely as your old friend,

JOHN BARLEYCORN?

Sus. per Coll. and Sus. per Con.

SUSPEND GORDON—says the *Times*.

Suspend EYRE—says the *Star*.

Suspend Judgment—says *Punch*.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS.—Nobody has any business to be without a copy of *Punch's* famous *Almanack*. To take merely a glance at it will strengthen a weak mind, and refresh even a strong one; while carefully to read the wit and wisdom it contains will be "a liberal education."



DISTRESSING DILEMMA FOR OUR YOUNG BACHELOR SURGEON!

WAIT—AND HEAR.

AGAIN, *Mr. Punch*, in the interest of the respectable portion of the community, protests against the way in which MR. BRIGHT's organ and MR. BRIGHT's parasites are treating the Jamaica business. That in such quarters the question should be prejudged in the vilest manner, and that a torrent of mingled sanctimonious and slangy abuse should be let loose upon the white population of Jamaica was so much in accordance with the antecedents of the accusers that it could excite little surprise. That Miss EYRE's spirited and sisterly appeal on behalf of an absent and distinguished brother should be put into small type, while the letters of excited and rampant fanatics, and their ridiculous verses, should be accorded all the honours of prominence, was merely so much more provincialism and bad taste, and that the sister should be dismissed with a sneer proved, very needlessly, that the *Morning Star* is not the representative of English gentlemen. But we must seriously state that the new tone which the *Star* has taken up is too offensive to be tolerated. It is being "funny" on the executions of the rebels in Jamaica. It inserts a mass of the clumsiest irony, in which the authorities are charged, in a comic strain, with wanting to thin off the population, and the changes are rung on the over-stocking of the island, and the advantage of "popping down" the surplus negroes. This is meant for satire, but English instincts revolt at merriment over such subjects, and a protest against such fanatical buffoonery is due to Christians and gentlemen.

We are not disposed to blame the tactics of the party which is using the Jamaica incidents for its own purposes. The fullest inquiry into the whole subject is required by the country, and promised by the Prime Minister. It is impossible to predict the result. It may be that a Governor of first-rate character, all his advisers, the members of both Houses of Parliament (who have thanked him, and increased his powers), and the Jamaica press, may all have gone mad, and have perpetrated wholesale massacre in a dastardly panic. It may also be that the seeds of sedition have been sown by the emissaries of religionists at home, and that instead of confining themselves to their tolerated work of propagating Calvinism, these emissaries have been imbuing the minds of demi-savages with belief hostile to white supremacy. It may be that the home organisation which has supplied these persons with

money and encouragement has been involved in the culpability, and that instead of GOVERNOR EYRE and his Staff being "tried," as is so loudly menaced, that investigation may be applied in the case of a sectarian association in England. Again, it is possible that GORDON may have been a "martyr," or he may (as stated by a missionary in the *Scotsman*) have been endeavouring to revolutionise the island and aggrandise himself. But we have no real knowledge on the subject, and for real knowledge England will wait. The not disinterested efforts of a section, and the foolish clamour of excited fanaticism, will not induce the people to prejudge the case; and it is not to the credit of a portion of the press that it departs from its legitimate province, and hounds on the unthinking. But the British public is not to be humbugged by cant, or led astray by prejudice. *Punch* claims the right, sparingly as he uses it, to be serious on occasions, and he exercises that right for the purpose of assuring all parties that society retains its judicial attitude, despite the bellowing of the bulls of Bashan.

A HOT SUPPER.

THE following couplet in the English version of *Le Domino Noir*, now running at Covent Garden, is surely under some strange mistake, ascribed by a dramatic critic in a daily paper to the pen of MR. HENRY F. CHORLEY!

"Come enjoy with me, my charmer,
Good warm fire, and supper warmer."

A supper, to be warmer than a good warm fire, must be a very warm supper indeed. Such a supper could consist only of something devilled, and devilled in a high degree; but what esculent substance would stand the devilling which would render it a hotter supper than a red-hot poker?

HAVE YOU SEEN THE MERMAIDS?—Doubtless there are many people in the world who have never seen a mermaid, and some of them may possibly entertain a doubt if mermaids exist. If so, by all means let them purchase *Punch's Almanack*; wherein, among a million of other artistic marvels, they will discover some life-portraits of these beautiful sea-creatures, and will observe some very startling revelations of their habits, in a drawing that displays a myriad of the most wondrous of the wonders of the deep.



“REBELLION HAD BAD LUCK.”

JOHN BULL. “THERE, GET OUT! DON’T LET ME SEE YOUR UGLY FACE AGAIN FOR TWENTY YEARS; AND THANK YOUR STARS YOU WERE STOPPED IN TIME!”

Punch's Table-Talk.

184.

IN the first Court-scene in the *Prince of Denmark*, the mother of *Hamlet* makes some remonstrance touching his dress. There is a beautiful touch, overlooked by the commentators, of course, in the expression of his willingness to be obedient:—

"I shall, in all my best, obey you, Madam."

Meaning, you perceive, in all his best clothes. A *Hamlet* who understood his author would appear, on the next occasion, in the most splendid Danish costume, in fact as "the glass of fashion."

185.

A bore, who had been looking at the beautiful things at South Kensington (all of you go and see them) was cleverly stopped in his subsequent meanderings on the subject. A lady on whom he was inflicting his tediousness, said, with pretended ignorance, "The Cinque-Cento are the Italian five per cents, I believe?"

186.

The name PAMELA is usually sounded with the penultimate short. Very well, but what do you make of the line in DR. JOSEPH WARTON'S satire, *Fashion*?

"With him the fair, enamoured of a rattle,
Of VAUXHALL, GARRICK, or PAMELA prattle."

187.

Oysters are first spawn, then spat, then brood, then ware, and then, in the fourth year, oysters. They breed in salt water, on a clean bottom, they fatten in brackish water, on a muddy bottom, they leave the breeding-beds at two years old, and remain in the fattening-beds from one to two years. Breeding-oysters do not fatten—fattening-oysters do not breed. And our natural beds are nearly exhausted. I am informed of these facts by the Prospectus of a new Oyster Company, to which I wish all success. The Member for LYNN should be their Chairman, and they should have a dinner on PYM'S birthday, and their bye-laws should be called RULES. How blest are we that are not simple men!

188.

PROFESSOR ROMER has announced the discovery of a fossil spider, which resembles the recent genus *Lycosa*, in the coal mountains of Upper Silesia. The interest of this discovery lies in the fact that hitherto spiders have not been known from any rocks older than the Jurassic, and that now the existence of them in the Palæozoic period is proved. Here is a scrap for LORD SHAFTESBURY'S new Anti-Geological Society for promoting Judaism among the Christians.

189.

THE house at Kensington in which SIR ISAAC NEWTON died is called Bullingham House, and is a ladies' school, and is not going to be pulled down. I know an exceedingly pretty young lady who is being educated there.

190.

The Sovereign of Spain had—perhaps has—the right of conferring upon black subjects all the distinctions belonging to white lieges. The decree was *Que se tenga por blanco*—that he be deemed white. Cannot PRESIDENT JOHNSON assume this power, and so cut several knots?

191.

DR. JOHNSON was a great man. But I am a greater. I should like to know what SAMUEL would have said to an unhappy poet who had made the following bull:—

"Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy."

It is in his *London*.

192.

Hand me down that Chronology. I marked something. Yes, here it is. 1760, about a century ago—listen, "At Jamaica, a rebellion of negroes broke out with great fury. They murdered MR. SMITH, the overseer, who was at supper with his family. The insurrection was to be general, and the plan appeared to have been a complete massacre of all the whites. Some of the negroes, however, being intoxicated, the design was happily revealed." And so the world goes round.

193.

You never have headaches after my wine. But should you be troubled with such things, hear the counsel of my friend DR. CAMERON M'DOWALL, of India. Wet the head with cold water, and then pour about a table-spoonful (this is a table-spoon, not that, you owl) of nitric ether on the head, rubbing the hair round and round with the other hand. Mind your eyes, of course. Evaporation makes the heat latent, or in other words, produces cold. The cure is sometimes effected in a very few minutes. Any ether will do. But I do not tell you this to encourage you in taking too much liquor. Three glasses of sherry, two of hock, six of champagne, Cognac, and a bottle or so of claret is enough for any man, unless he is much depressed.

194.

In Russia I remember, with pleasure, a very pretty custom of hospitality. The children run to the guest and kiss his hands.

195.

HOBBS said that if he had bestowed as much time on reading as other men of letters, he should have been as ignorant as they. But neither he nor I would altogether discourage the practice of reading occasionally.

196.

I once came upon a mediæval schoolmaster's epitaph on himself. I think it was HARTUNGUS. The lines were in Greek, which I omit, for reasons, but the meaning was this—and pathetic:—

"In teaching youth I learned and suffered much:
But now I rest in quiet, with my Maker."

197.

A Sister of Charity in Paris has been educating children by taking hold of their noses with hot tongs. The Society of S. Vincent de Paul has been trying to keep the affair quiet, but the police are dealing with MADEMOISELLE ST. DUNSTAN.

198.

Some months ago a man who had some humour in him put an advertisement in the *Times*, saying to cabmen that an umbrella, left in a cab taken to Lower Eaton Street from the Strand, was anxiously expected at an address given, where a reward and the blessings of the owner awaited the honest restorer. The advertiser appealed to the cabman, with whom a friend sat upon the box, to reflect and to represent to his friend how great a comfort is an easy conscience. I should like to know whether the umbrella came back. Circulate the anecdote at your Clubs.

199.

I love and honour DR. NORMAN MACLEOD too much to say anything that would give fools and knaves an excuse for reviling him as a friend of mine. Therefore I denounce him as an innovator, a profane person, and a Sawbath-breaker, and I declare my full belief in the revolting story told against him, namely, that several years ago, walking in a garden, on a Sunday, he whistled to a bird.

200.

Anybody want a couplet for a burlesque? Here he is.

"Flatterers we are not, everybody grants,
Although at Christmas we grow sick-of-aunts."

Sycophants—don't you see? Ha! ha! and a growl from a private box.

201.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has changed hands, and will in future be published by MESSRS. BRADBURY, EVANS, & Co., Whitefriars, London, E.C. I shall be quite enchanted to renew my acquaintance with MR. SYLVANUS URBAN.

202.

I do not hold, with the Stoics, that the Cardinal Virtues are Animals. Yet it has been said that Patience is a good nag, but *will* bolt.

203.

Holidays are coming—here's a story for the children. A couple of boys, sons of an acquaintance of mine, were proudly telling their father (and horrifying their mother) about the fights of last half. A younger, small brother had made divers efforts to get a hearing, but had been shoved back and told to shut up by his seniors. At last he broke in. "I can make *one* boy cry."

204.

GEORGE THE THIRD said that young bishops ought to write.

205.

It was FOUCHÉ, not TALLEYRAND, who said, *C'est pire qu'un crime, c'est une faute*. Mind this, you fellows, when you begin your smart leading articles.

206.

In 1846 MR. DISRAELI said, in the House, "I belong to a party that can triumph no more." And he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852 and 1858. "Define, define, well educated infants," as *Armado* says.

207.

Avoir l'esprit bas et vulgaire,
Manger, dormir, et ne rien faire,
Ne rien savoir, n'apprendre rien,
C'est le naturel d'ISABELLE;
Qui semble, pour tout entretien,
Dire seulement—Je suis belle.

It is not the flatteringest of portraits, but I think I should have liked to know MADEMOISELLE ISABELLE. She would have been a hundred and twenty by this time.

GIRLS WHO DON'T DYE THEIR HAIR, but wisely wear it dressed *au naturel*, should mind not to forget to purchase *Punch's Almanack*, for therein they will find an elegant little picture which may comfort those abstaining from this vulgar practice.



OUR 'BUS-DRIVER ON INDIRECT TAXATION.

"MALT DOOTIES!—DON'T BELIEVE IN 'EM! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF 'EM IF THEY DON'T ATTEND TO 'EM? IF I CALLS FOR A GLASS O' ALE, I DON'T WANT TO SWALLER DYE-LOOTED BITTERS. THAT AIN'T MY NOTION O' MALT DOOTIES, MIND YER."

[The subject dropped.]

COMMON SENSE FROM A JUDGE.

SIR,

WE request that you will allow us to protest against the following remarks, as most unprofessional, and altogether unfit to proceed from the mouth of a Judge. In the Court of Exchequer, the other day, summing up on an action for breach of promise of marriage, MR. BARON BRAMWELL, according to a law report, said:—

"I cannot help thinking that these are actions that ought not to be encouraged. If people change their minds, it is better they should do so before marriage than when it is too late."

It is obvious, Sir, that the discouragement of actions for breach of promise of marriage would most injuriously affect the interests of the legal profession. The extent of the injury which it would inflict thereon, however, is even greater than people in general may at first sight perceive. Not only would a lucrative supply of business be at once cut off by it, but a greater amount of further litigation prevented, to our grievous loss.

The heavy damages with which the manly feelings of British jurymen, as husbands and fathers, invariably visit the wretch who has trifled with the affections of somebody's daughter, and disappointed her parents in the expectation of getting her off their hands, doubtless induce many men to keep the promise of marriage which they are disposed to break. So far, to be sure, that does us no good; but, Sir, observe that the fear of incurring an action for breach of promise of marriage in such a case which makes a man marry, makes him do that which is likely to end at last in the natural consequence of a forced marriage—a suit for its dissolution. So the employment which we miss in *Nisi Prius* is made up for by the work secured for us in the Probate and Divorce Court.

The British jury, with the natural sympathies of respectable men, look merely at the wrong done by the plaintiff to the defendant and her parents in a breach of promise case as a matter of damages in pounds, shillings, and pence. Happily, they do not consider whether he would not have done her a greater wrong by keeping his promise than he

did by breaking it. Such considerations as this are very likely to be suggested by such remarks from the Bench as those delivered by BARON BRAMWELL; and they are calculated to be highly prejudicial to your humble Servants,

Chancery Lane.

SIX AND EIGHTPENCE.

HOMŒOPATHIC TREATMENT OF A POACHER.

WE insert the following extract from the *West Sussex Gazette*, with the most child-like faith in the wisdom of that influential journal, and without venturing to hazard a speculation as to the meaning, which indeed defies the world. We only notice that the punishment is a very pleasant one, and the occupation is just now employing the PRINCE OF WALES and half the gentlemen of England—the Petersfield magistrates are humane in the extreme:—

"EVIL EFFECTS OF RULING PASSION.—The man JESSE STEVENS, on whom the skilful operation (in the removing of an immense tumour from his face) was performed, and for whom great sympathy was manifested at Rake and its vicinity, has been sentenced by the Bench of Magistrates, Petersfield, to three weeks' hard labour in search of game. We regret to hear that the silly fellow has already made his name notorious, having put in his appearance several times before the Magistrates for similar offences, so that while we admit the justice of the sentence, we can hardly hope that it will have a salutary effect on one whose poaching propensities led him immediately on his discharge from the King's College Hospital, and after such a wonderful cure, to commence his old 'Delight on a shiny night in the season of the year.'"

Why curing a tumour should cure a man of poaching habits, why—but we shut up. There is a tremendous mystery over the whole business.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY: HUSBANDS, BUY YOUR WIVES a copy of *Punch's Almanack*, which contains some useful hints on most domestic matters, and is admirably fitted in a thousand ways to foster the felicity of home. It will prove an ornament to the drawing-room, a comfort to the kitchen, and an amusement to the nursery, and in short no family library can be deemed complete without it.

MEYRICK'S DEO GRATIAS.

OF what very queer bills,
One finds Gratitude's bank full!
With amaze the mind fills,
For what some folks are thankful.
Hark to Rome thanking Heaven,
For her safe-guards 'gainst heresy:
"I've no Publican's leaven,
Thank God"—says the Pharisee.

But 'twixt Brighton and Berwick,
What cause more debate-full,
Than that for which MEYRICK,
At Oxford is grateful.
Not fast-keeping, nor feast,
Not schools, battels, nor sermons—
He thanks Heaven that, at least,
We are not as those Germans!

That *our* system of college
Is meant to form youth;
While theirs but seeks knowledge,
And pries into truth.
Does he mean, forming youth
Truth and Knowledge must smother?
We had fancied, in sooth,
That one led to the other.

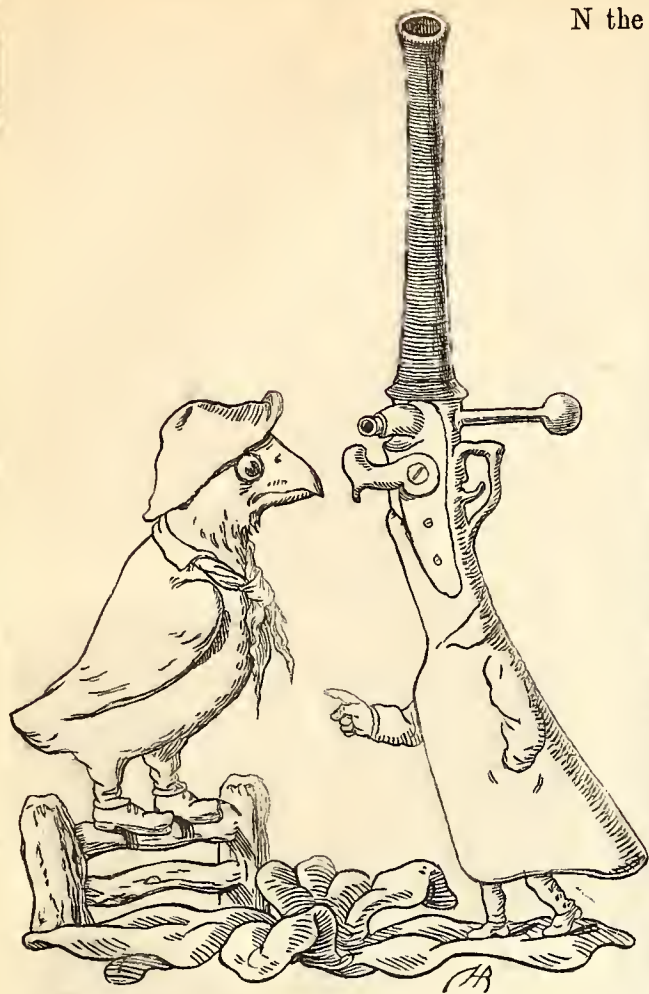
But, looking about us
O'er Europe at present,
To find scholars flout us
Is rather unpleasant.
We well may feel jealous
That the text of *their* sermon's,
Would our Dons and Fellows
Were but as these Germans!

Hospital Casualty.

A YOUNG fellow, apparently in excellent health, was admitted into St. George's, complaining of shooting pains. The explanation he volunteered was, that he had been making great efforts to improve his target practice. He was soon dismissed, the staff thinking he was making a butt of them.

THE CHILI QUESTION.—"How's your cold?"

THE FARMERS AND THEIR FRIEND.



IN the *Morning Star*, a writer who writes the only articles therein that *Mr. Punch* pays much attention to, calls notice to the fact that at the Cattle Show this week the claims of MR. MECHE, to whom the farmers owe so much, will be urged upon the farmers:—

"The secretary to the Mechi Testimonial will attend for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the fund now being raised in honour of a real philanthropist, the much-talked-of man who has 'made two blades of grass to grow where one grew before.' * * * All farmers with brains must have largely been benefited by MR. MECHE's experiments, and ought therefore to contribute largely to the testimonial. It is said that those who have not brains oppose the fund, on the ground that MR. MECHE, by showing what good crops can be got out of bad land, has led landlords to increase their rent. This is of course mere drivel. But it is not only the farmers who are interested. All who want to eat cheap food should give a friendly turn to the man who by experiments has done so much to get it for them."

Bravo, MR. FLANEUR! *Punch* subscribes with all his heart to your Mechi testimonial. *Punch* believes with you most thoroughly that farmers who have

brains must have greatly profited by MR. MECHE's farming. Deep draining, and sparse sowing, and liberal manuring are the means whereby at Tiptree corn has sprung out of a bog; and the result of MR. MECHE's experiments in farming has been elsewhere widely followed with infinite success. It is, indeed, "mere drivel" to contend that rents are raised where bad land is made good, and that therefore MR. MECHE is an enemy to farmers, who, but for his experiments, would have been allowed to dawdle and drudge on in their old way, too ignorant or indolent to grow more than the facile food which scarce-helped Nature gave. MR. MECHE, it is true, is no friend to bad farmers; but farmers who have brains, and industry to use them, must largely have been aided by the trials he has made. They will therefore, of course, largely contribute to the fund; as likewise should the landlords whose rental has so risen through MR. MECHE's influence; and the public, too, who profit by fecundity of crops. If all the farms in England were farmed as well as Tiptree, we should hear no more complaints of agricultural distress, and not a quarter of the quarters of foreign wheat imported now would need to be brought in.

THE GLUT OF RAILWAY BILLS.

MR. PUNCH,

You have never, perhaps, suffered by Railway unpunctuality. But you have heard a few people complain of it. You may be aware that it is rather a fact, and that various excuses may be made for it.

The best of these, Sir, perhaps, is the great number of branch lines. In proportion as these are multiplied, so are the chances of stoppage and accident. The train on the main line has to wait for that due in front of it from the branch. Thus, the whole arrangements of the Railway time-table are disturbed; and no wonder that the times are out of joint.

Yet, Mr. Punch, some 450 applications to Parliament for leave to make new Railways were the other day catalogued in the *Times*. Do you not think, Sir, that one way to prevent the unpunctuality of Railways from getting a great deal worse than it is would be the refusal of the House of Commons to accede to any one of those applications over and above what are made for lines really necessary?

There may be too much of any good thing—even such a good thing as Railway extension. Perish ancient monuments, perish Oxford, perish St. Bride's Church; and may you, Sir, be turned out of your own Office by a new Railway, if absolute need be, but not otherwise. Hear

Ludgate Hill.

A VOICE FROM A VIADUCT.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.—She who would become so should purchase *Punch's Almanack*, which imparts a bloom to the sallowest complexion, and restores in the most faded cheek the roseate hue of health. It makes the eye to sparkle by the brilliance of its wit, and imparts a lively vigour to the lip.

LEGAL EDUCATION.

THE sons of lawyers, who are intended for their fathers' profession, cannot too early become familiar with legal phrases and their meanings. Old nursery rhymes might easily be adapted for this purpose. For instance—

I.

Alibi, baby, on the tree-top,
Proved 'gainst your foes,
The case it will stop;
When we suppose
The evidence fall,
Down goes the *alibi*, baby, and all.

II.

Dickory, dickory, dock,
The Burglar picks a lock,
Police come down,
Case for Crown,
Dickory, dickory, *Dock*.

III.

Goosey, Goosey, Gander,
Whither do you wander,
Up-stairs and down-stairs into Judges' Chambers.
Old BARON LONGWIGS,
Finished his affairs;
Puts him out his left leg,
Puts him out his right leg,
Puts him out his both legs and walks down-stairs.

IV.

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a leg o' beef.
P'liceman went to Taffy's house,
Taffy wouldn't own;
Took him up to my house,
Thence to Mary's bone.*

V.

Ride a Cab horse,
Beyond Charing Cross,
To see any lady get a divorce;
Ring on her finger
Still dully shows;
Will she have music wherever she goes?

* *Subaudi Police Court.*

MATRIMONY IN THE TEMPLE.—ON Tuesday last week, for about the first time these hundred years, a wedding was celebrated in the Temple Church. So now the Temple Church has once more become a Temple of Hymen.

TO SOCIETY.

Adapted for starting a Conversation at Dinner.

Sly Guest. Can you tell me any lady's name who can do the figure of eight on the ice? (*LADY can't.*) No? Then I can: her name is Kate.

Young Lady. Oh, how stupid of me! Of course: how absurd!

Old Gentleman (*who doesn't like being kept out of a joke*). Eh? What's that?

[*SLY GUEST repeats it, with a consciousness that every one's listening.*
OLD GENTLEMAN misses the point, pause, conversation suddenly breaks out.

From the Gallery.

MORAL, after seeing MR. CHARLES READE's Drama, *Never too Late to Mend*: Well, if that ere's the way they goes on in a prison, I shan't pick a pocket.

[*Becomes virtuous, and applies to MR. VINING for a situation in the pit.*

New Music.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, the composer of *The Enchanted Island*, admirably played by MANNS' men at the Crystal Palace, inspired by Mr. *Punch's* verses on "Petrolia," contemplates the production of a new work, to be called *The Enchanted Ile*.



VERY RUDE!

Dumpy French Officer. "EH! VOS VOLUNTEERS DEY DO NOT MAKE DEMZELVES VER' FIERCE! ARE YOU OF DEM?"

Long Britisher. "WERE ONCE; BUT I AND MY FRIEND HERE HAD TO LEAVE BECAUSE THEY RAISED THE STANDARD!"

THE INVASION OF SCOTLAND.

It may not be known that Scotland—or certain Scots—are just now in awful alarm. An Invasion is apprehended—in fact, it has begun. And England is the invader. We do not allude to the Tourists, who are wickedly said to supply Scotland with the means of holding on during the nine months when she is unapproachable by civilised persons—this new Panic is no jesting matter. That it may be comprehended in all its terrors, we submit the following extract from the ably-written Glasgow paper, the *Morning Journal*.

A patriotic Scot, who signs himself "SHOMER" (Gaelic for the Latin word *anser*); says—we deduct Scriptural phrases, as the English do not like profanity—

"I think the enemy has lately been coming in to Sabbath-loving Scotland like a flood. I believe [sundry theological] effects will be produced by this Sabbath invasion from England and this Sabbath controversy in Scotland. When our country used to be invaded by Englishmen in freebooting and warlike times, Scotchmen united their forces and marched to the Border to drive back the foe. Glad are we that now that a worse invasion is being made, the rallying cry is being raised, and the faithful and valiant sons of Caledonia are going forth to the battle. Let us unite our forces, and war for truth, righteousness, and peace, and victory shall surely be ours.—SHOMER."

Bravo, SHOMER! Well cackled, Anser! You know what preserved the Capitol in old days. In England we save our goose for Sunday; in Scotland, Sunday is saved by the goose. But—*entre nous*—that is, *Mr. Punch* and the Editor of the *M. J.*—we did not expect to find that journal turned, even temporarily, into a goose-pen.

Hint to Examiners.

We know several high-spirited girls who would like to present themselves at the Local University Examination for Ladies, did they not object to be dictated to. Two of them (sisters) have been so eager over their logic that Mamma, always suspicious of the military, grew alarmed at the constant mention of "The Major, the Major," and insisted on the premis(s)es being examined.

"GROCER" HUMBUG.

Yes, Correspondent, thanks. We certainly will gibbet this bit of cant, but we will as certainly refrain from giving its author the benefit of the unequalled advertisement for which so many traps are set. The following—but with different locality and name—appears in a London newspaper:—

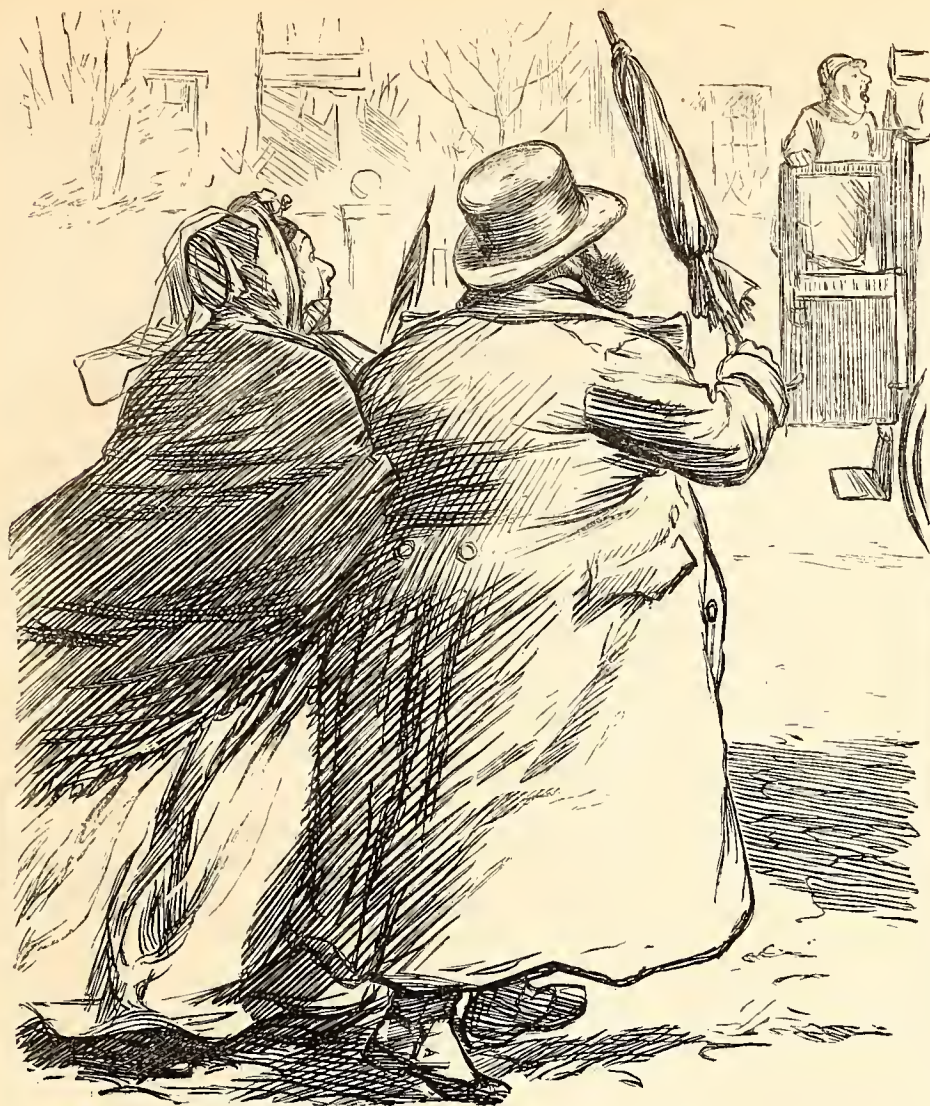
CANTWELL TEA MART.—R. CHADBAND, Tea Dealer and Grocer, 30, Cantwell Place, N.W., has entered the above business, that he may gratuitously serve the cause of ***** in which he has been engaged five years in the surrounding neighbourhood.

The stars supply the place of a sacred name about to be specially honoured at the coming festival. The pious tea-dealer uses it as a bait. We abstain from even reprinting it. The rest we leave to our readers. MR. CHADBAND proposes to "take orders" in a double sense, and "serve" at once the Cause and the Customer. Verily, CHADBAND, we would nail thine ear to thy counter, but that we should thereby assist thy trade, even thy traffic, beloved, but consider thine ear perforated, yea, with a large nail and rusty.

Homœopathy on its Trial.

A SOCIETY, with the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH at the head of it, has been formed for trying the effect of homœopathy in the treatment of murrain. If an infinitesimal dose of arsenic is found capable of curing a large ox, we shall be agreeably surprised. In that case, perhaps further investigation will discover that the millionth of a grain of salt will cure a round of beef.

HOW TO ESCAPE INCOME-TAX.—Sell off everything you have, and invest the entire proceeds in buying a lot of *Punch's Almanacks*, which you may distribute among the world at large. Then go and live abroad, and don't return to England, excepting for one day or so in every December, just to purchase *Punch's Almanack* for the ensuing year. Thus you may escape your liability to Income-Tax and all the other taxes to which British flesh is heir.



THE CATTLE-SHOW WEEK.

Conductor (joyously to Driver). "LOOK OUT, BILL! 'OLD 'ARD! 'ERE WE'VE GOT THE PRIZE LOT THIS TIME, AND NO MISTAKE!"

LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS.

BORN: DECEMBER 16, 1790.

DIED: DECEMBER 9, 1865.

WHEREFORE such stir of tongues and pens, to-day,
Whisper of Courts, and Statesmen's anxious frown?
'Tis but another King, turned common clay,
Another King, glorious in robe and crown.

But this, they tell us, was no common King,
One schooled in life, serene and just and wise.
Is a wise Monarch, then, so rare a thing,
That we thus mourn his passing from our eyes?

Stand Thrones so high, the waters of Truth's well
Though irrepressible, leap not so far?
Broods there an air about them, that can quell
Even Truth's beamy hand and frontal star?

Then he was happy, that his infant lot
Was not into the purple to be born;
That Heaven's free air played round his baby-cot,
And narrow fortune braced his manhood's morn.

To stern adversity he went to school:
Saw his house stoop under an iron hand:
Must brook submission, in the name of rule,
Or, braving power, a beggared Prince must stand.

He chose the harder, but the prouder part:
'Gainst the Imperial giant drew the sword:
For evil stars bated nor hope nor heart,
Not realm-less, for he of himself was Lord.

Till fortune came, such as the wretched dream,
By nature's boon, in ill-hap's darkest hour;
Fortune arrayed in young love's rosiest gleam,
And in its hand the orb of kingly power.

He wedded the fair daughter of the Isles;
And o'er the pair a year of sunshine swept,
Then sudden mourning quenched our England's smiles,
And the young mother by her baby slept.

His life, for years, was in the sacred shrine
That memory builds above the loved and lost:
With sorrow's euphrasy he purged his eyne,
And learned grief's lessons, precious as their cost.

Scanning the world, from the exalted stage
Where pure and noble sorrow takes its stand;
And meting men and things by the true gauge
Put by such sorrow in the wise man's hand—

The gauge that shows how little are the things
Which shallow judgments count of highest worth:
The pomp of Courts, the dignity of Kings,
The glories that begin and end with earth.

A crown was offered him: he put it by,
Rating a crown but as a means of good:
Not eager for the mock of majesty,
That glittering bait which few have e'er withstood.

Another crown was offered: *that* he took,
For in its roundel scope and space he saw
To teach a people wise control to brook,
And mould a nation in the bounds of law.

Work for the regal brain, the kingly heart—
His firm and even hand the balance held
Between vexed parties, creeds that scowled apart
In hate, e'en by *his* wisdom checked, not quelled.

He stood aloof from factions and from feuds,
Till feuds and factions craved his tempering hand,
Bigots and partisans controlled their moods,
And a true nation's life lived through the land.

Where every man could speak the thing he thought,
Where none could all-controlling law control;
Where the strong bonds of steam and iron wrought
Strange bloods and tongues into a living whole.

So his throne stood unshaken in the hour
When thrones about him, as they reeled and fell,
Knowing no prop but the strong arm of power,
In Revolution's tocsin read their knell.

He saw his children's children round his knee,
His race's blood in royal channels rife:
Nestor of Europe's kings he lived to be,
Their fount of counsel, arbiter of strife.

No voice so like the Court that hopeful men
Dream of when good seems weak and ill grows strong:
To lash brute force to bounds of law again,
And uphold helpless right 'gainst armed wrong.

He used his sway for justice and for truth,
Till nations sought his voice as well as Kings;
The verdict that he spake all knew was sooth,
Nor fear nor favour poisoning its springs.

A noble destiny, borne nobly through!
And now that he is gone we look to see
What mischief shall on his surcease ensue,
What rise of tyrants, failure of the free.

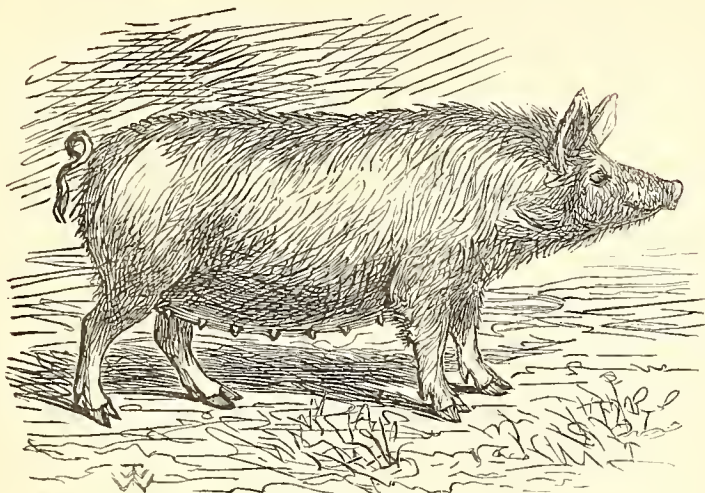
As those who learn, while floods roar through the night,
The bank is broke that held the tide at bay;
And ask aghast, in the wan morning light,
How goes it? Are the waters making way?

A Gifted Youth.

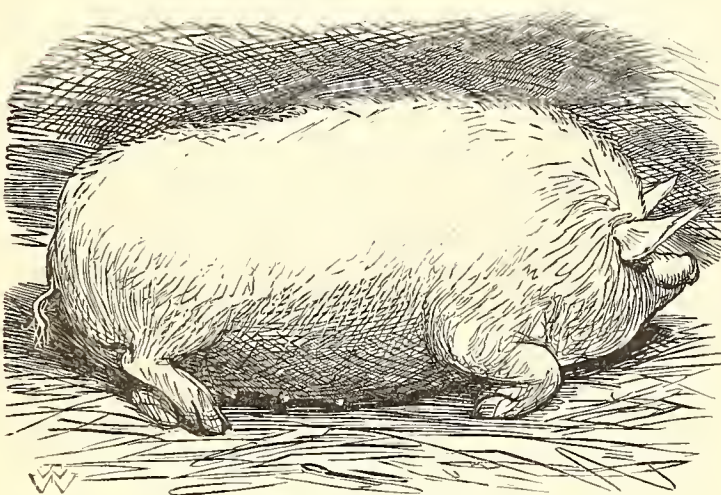
WE read in *Le Grand Journal* (a sheet large enough to cover the Bed of Ware) that GUSTAVE DORÉ, the REMBRANDT of wood-engraving, makes, young as he is, not less than a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year. Six thousand pounds is not a bad income (to begin with). Every time this gifted young artist puts his pencil on the block, must be equivalent to his drawing a large cheque—a cheque that is always honoured by the public to its fullest value. The inexhaustible facility that the juvenile GUSTAVE has at his fingers' ends for coining money, is the prettiest illustration that we know of what the French are fond of calling "*une jeunesse Dorée*."

A DARWINIAN IDEA.

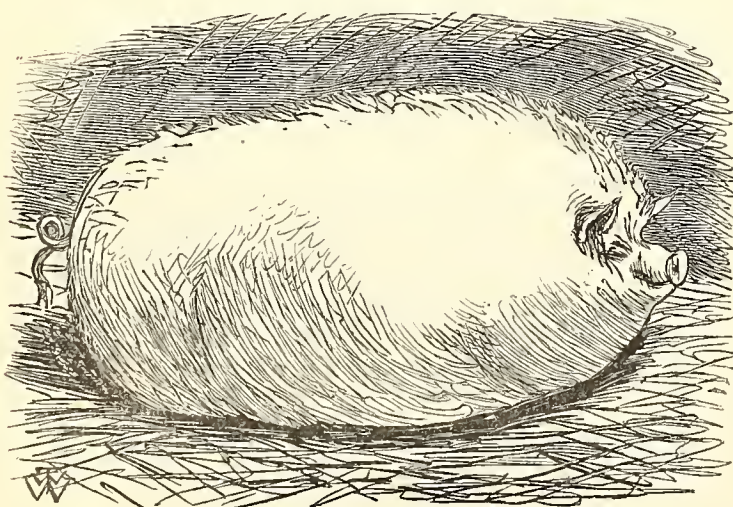
SUGGESTED BY THE CATTLE SHOW.



THE OLD SORT.



THE MODERN IMPROVEMENT.



WHAT IT MUST COME TO.

A PHENOMENON IN THE PULPIT.

THE performances of juvenile prodigies have hitherto been confined to theatres, halls, and concert-rooms. But now precocity has begun to appear in the pulpit. The natives of Yorkshire have, according to a contemporary, been astonished by—

"A BOY PREACHER.—On Sunday last Two Sermons were preached in the Methodist Free Church, North Whittington, near Sheffield, by a youth aged thirteen years. Crowded congregations were attracted, and the collections amounted to £23 6s., which will be devoted to the purchase of a harmonium."

For the boy? Surely an accordion would have done as well for a young gentleman only thirteen years old; perhaps indeed the Infant Preacher would have been very well satisfied with a penny trumpet.

Now READY.—The Red Hot Poker at all the Pantomimes.

"HENRY DUNBAR" AT THE OLYMPIC.

WHAT a happy destiny is that of the dramatic author!

Not for his freedom of the theatres, both before and behind the curtain; not for his opportunities of direct appeal to the dear British public, and his certainty of getting his applause (or his condemnation, as the case may be), not cold-drawn, and "in notes by distance made less sweet," but hot and hot, and at the hands of his hearers; not for his privilege of fitting pretty actresses with pretty parts, and taking the measure, in the most familiar style, of the popular favourites of the other sex;—all these are pleasant chances, but there is one chance in which the dramatic author now-a-days is still more blessed beyond his pen-fellows, and that is, in his critics. He is judged by his brethren, and not seldom by his unsuccessful brethren. It is difficult to enumerate all the advantages which thus accrue to him. In the first place, he is sat upon by what the French call *experts*, workmen of his own craft—gentlemen who, to use a vulgarism, have been "in the oven themselves." Now we all know how two of a trade are apt to agree. Of course such judges are keenly appreciative of beauties or demerits, especially the former, and generous, as brethren should be, in their tribute of admiration. But, besides this, the practice secures to the author criticised the inestimable advantage of a series of lessons in his art. Each critic takes his turn to point out to him how his piece might have been better conceived and better executed; how the scenes might have been re-arranged, the dialogue re-written, and the characters re-combined, to the immense advantage of the general effect.

There is only one drawback to the value of this kind of instruction, that the instructors are never agreed among themselves—one gentleman invariably praising what the other blames, and Oracle A. suggesting as highly desirable, what Oracle B. protests against as inevitably fatal to success.

We have been led into these remarks by reading the criticisms on the recent adaptation of *Henry Dunbar* at the Olympic, as to which, however, we find the critics, who differ on every other point, agreeing in two things, which probably the author and the manager of the Olympic may consider a very sufficient set-off against their conflicting testimony or contradictory counsel on all other points. The first point of agreement is, that the piece was eminently successful—a fact which some of these gentlemen may find it difficult to reconcile with their judgments of it, and which no doubt the *Morning Advertiser* is right in thinking discreditable to the British public; not the "public," by the way, with which he, as the Tap-Tub oracle, is naturally most familiar.

The second point of agreement is that the acting, especially that of Miss KATE TERRY, Mr. H. NEVILLE and Mr. VINCENT was admirable,—of the very best quality.

On both these points *Mr. Punch* is happy to agree with the critics. He can testify to the success of the piece, though he is unhappily under the necessity of differing with the oracular gentleman of the *Tizer* as to its merits. And respecting the quality of the acting, he is also happy to bear his testimony, in common with his friends the critics of the daily papers, to the exquisite refinement, sensibility and unaffected truth of Miss KATE TERRY, one of the most consummate actresses of her own range of parts we have ever seen on the English stage, in *Margaret Wentworth*—a debt he pays all the more readily, because he feels himself very heavily in arrears to that young lady for the tears she made him shed in *Anne Carew*, for some of which, by the way, her little sister is partly answerable—and to Mr. NEVILLE's earnestness, well-conceived reserve, and self-restraint in *Henry Dunbar*. The Major, in Mr. VINCENT's hands, is a scamp worthy to take his place by *Montague Tigg* and *Robert Macaire*, and few better-conceived bits of acting have been seen on our stage of late years. Oh, if *The Major* will only stay where he is, and not let himself be carried away by the applause of the dear B. P., which *does* like its *bit of fat*, and never quite knows when it has had enough!

Thanks to these artists, to Mr. SOUTAR, and Mr. MONTAGUE, and to the acting of the smaller parts of a waiter by Mr. F. COOPER, and of the old banker, *Balderby*, *Punch* found in *Henry Dunbar* what he rarely finds—*Ensemble*; and he can only say to other managers and authors charged with drilling a company, "Go ye and do likewise."

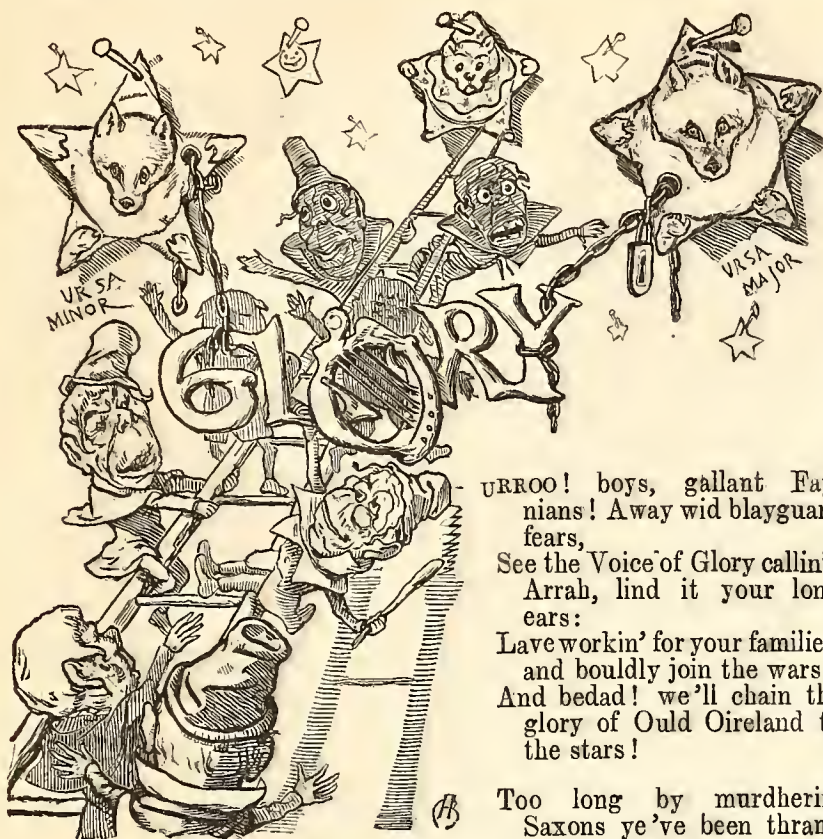
Accidentally Correct.

THE power of aspirating words, which Londoners are supposed to possess, but which provincials practise to an incalculably greater extent, sometimes hits the truth, though it is only by what is called a happy accident. For instance, we heard SLIPPER the other day, saying, "The great fault he had to find with young ladies of the present day was, that they were always giving themselves such tremendously false hairs." By Jove, he wasn't far wrong.

AN EXCLUSIVE SET.—A New series of dances has been arranged for County Balls. It is named the County-Court Quadrilles.

FENIANS TO THE FORE!

"The day Irishmen bumble the baughty crest of England, they chain forever the glory of Ireland to the stars."—*Elegant Extract from a Leader in the "Irish People," a Fenian Journal now extinct.*



URROO! boys, gallant Fay-nians! Away wid blayguard fears,
See the Voice of Glory callin'!
Arrah, lind it your long ears:
Lave workin' for your families,
and bouldly join the wars,
And bedad! we'll chain the
glory of Ould Oireland to the stars!

Too long by murderin'
Saxons ye've been thramp-
pled under fut,

And the doors of riyal mansions in your faces have been shut;
But ye'll see how quick they'll open to you, gallant sons of Mars,
Whin ye've gone and chained the glory of Ould Oireland to the stars!

Ye hear thim Saxons braggin' they've got Income-Tax to pay,
And begorra! 'tis an insult ye're not taxed the same as they;
But you'll get your rights, be shure, boys, whin ye show your
honoured scars,
Aftther chainin' up the glory of Ould Oireland to the stars!

All is ready for our risin', faix! we've throops in ivery street,
And sailin' from the westward you'll persave the Faynian fleet;
If you're squintin' wid your telescopes, ye'll spy their lofty spars,
Where we'll climb, and chain the glory of Ould Oireland to the stars!

You've heard, may be, of foights at say in toimes of throbble past,
And how bould Sons of Neptune nailed their colours to the mast:
Shure, an' clamberin' wid big hammers soon ye'll see our gallant tars,
As they go to chain the glory of Ould Oireland to the stars!

How our inimies will thrimble, whin they see us to the fore,
Wid big guns and shelayleys, faix! an' broad swords, too, galore!
How pale will be their Life Guards, an' their Lancers, an' Hussars,
Whin they see us chain the glory of Ould Oireland to the stars!

May be you'll say, the stars bedad! are neighbours of the moon,
And you'll think to rise an' reach thim you'll be wantin' a balloon;
But we're makin' some big ladders, and by these, wid loud hurrahs,
We'll climb and chain the glory of Ould Oireland to the stars!

Who fears to speak of 'forty-eight?—whin near the Shannon shore
Like a lion in the cabbages O'BRIEN bould did roar!
Who fears to tell how STEPHENS bravely burst his prison bars,
Becase he wished to chain the glory of Ould Oireland to the stars?

Faix! thin, boys, bring out your pitchforks, an' your pistols, an'
your pikes,
Bring, ivery mother's son of you, the weapon that he likes;
And brandishin' ould blunderbusts, an' scythes, an' simmi-tars.
Hurroo! we'll chain the glory of Ould Oireland to the stars!

Hurroo! boys, 'tis for Liberty, an' plundher, that ye rise,
Shure, the golden crown of England soon will be your lawful prize;
You'll be rich as Kings, an' Imperors, an' Princes, an' Pashars,
Whin ye've bravely chained the glory of Ould Oireland to the stars.

The haughty crest of England shure we'll humble in the dust,
Thin wid lashins of ould whiskey, faix! we'll quinch our noble thust;
An' we'll ride like Roman haroes bould in our triumphal cars,
Aftther chainin' up the glory of Ould Oireland to the stars!

PUNCH'S PRIVATE INQUIRY OFFICE.

For why should not Mr. Punch also amuse the public with mystifications, if by concocting and publishing such things he can advertise himself and improve his trade?

REHOBOAM informs Wiggles that Glaucus bites. No spluttering.—85, Fleet Street, E.C.

HENRY.—My life is a protracted agony, and as for my corns, they are simply awful. Leave some remedy at *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

JELLYBAGS (Brompton)—Snooper. Pardiggle. Oysters. Piggins. Aurora Borealis. Insufficiency.—Write to *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

SEEDY PARTY who on Tuesday, the 5th instant, was seen pretending to examine articles in the Window of his Uncle, Lombardy Troisballes, and who then buried in at the private entrance, and came out with his watch chain only, and no watch, is informed that a legacy of £50,000 has been left to him.—Apply at *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

ROBBIN THE BOBBIN is informed that the Big Ben eats more meat than fourscore men, and that notwithstanding the Rinderpest be eat a cow, he eat a calf, he eat six oxen and a half. Horns and tails to be seen at *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

HOME FROM THE ARCHIPELAGO.—Lydia is free. Full fathom five thy guardian lies. Awful splash. 'Tis done—he almost waked, but it is done. Let us marry at St. Bride's, by *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

TOPSY.—I have been away, for good reasons. In fact, I am away now. Do not believe the police, but enclose two tenners to yours truly at *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

IF TIMOTHY does not send home his Vertebrae the anti-Pelagian fat will be in the fire, and Isis and Osiris will not hear of the arrival of Electrical Jimmy. Why, for a day or two of pleasure, falsely so called, throw away the happiness of years? She was never so beautiful as now, with flaxen locks that sweetly curl, and eyes of lovely blue. Don't be adipose, but excogitate the note at *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

REVEREND L. B.—Spriggs has seen the Bishop of P., and squared it for you. Hierarchical prog at 7.30, Saturday, sharp, and you worry much expected. But conditions. No more Puseyism, nor leap-frog in cemetery. Your darkened visual optic will be attributed to tumbling out of bed. Now, toe the scratch handsome, and be a credit to the Church. Call for your things at *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

ROSABELLE.—Hide no longer, for I have hid your brother, and bumbled your parents, and all is happy. They will give no money, but I am to be made a Secretary to a Company, now advertising for one, but as matter of form the other applications must be received. Daddy jobs that for us, and now our fresh young bearts may mingle and be one, and we will live and love for ever through many changing years. A triling jewel awaits you at *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR refuses you absolution unless you send the amount in sovereigns to *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

LIGNUM.—Sir Charles Wood not at home—porter not inclined to commit himself to particulars—slam, in fact. Mr. Gladstone's menial civil, but cold and incorruptible. Earl Russell's domestic binted that coats had been missed after visitors resembling myself had been admitted to the hall. The present Ministry evidently in a conspiracy against us, and I had better see you on the advisability of our trying the Conservatives. Let me know, by a line to *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

TATTYMOUSE (Regent's Park).—Two—Mephistopheles—James—gum-bottle—pears—Euclid—magnesia—jam—perihelion—snails—Eleusinia—pig—Earl—adamant—polaposcoposity—Musical World—eel's feet—St. Clair of the Isles—soap—Dissenters—phlebotomy. No other terms, and don't waste time, but meet me at *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

MISS W—LL—MS.—Above all things conceal your name. We may be bappy yet, for the last links are not broken, and my bap hath one unchanging theme. The Flowers of Spring are blooming now, and the sweet spirit has heard my prayer, for music, when soft voices die, never asks the reason why. I shall ask you not to sing to-night, nor yet at any other time, but even at times a heart neglected, will sometimes answer with a sigh. Take then this rose, gay gentle girl, and bind thy brow with lustrous pearl, for many a shaft, at random sent, finds mark the archer little meant, as he meant nothing if he shot at random and rode in a tandem. Regina infandum.—Address Pelican of the Wilderness, *Punch's Private Inquiry Office*, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

Darkness Visible.

Two friends were inveighing against the bad lighting of the metropolis. "It's infamous!" exclaimed one. "Why, look at that gas. I declare it's quite black." "Yes, you may say, lamp-black," rejoined his companion. "And jet-black, too," as quickly added the first denunciator. And the witty pair disappeared in the gloomy distance laughing. It was evident that with them, at least, the brightness of their humour made some amends for the darkness of the streets.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—The nearest approach we know to that mathematical impossibility is the foreign circle that resides in Leicester Square.



LADY-PHYSICIANS.

WHO IS THIS INTERESTING INVALID? IT IS YOUNG REGINALD DE BRACES, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED IN CATCHING A BAD COLD, IN ORDER THAT HE MIGHT SEND FOR THAT RISING PRACTITIONER, DR. ARABELLA BOLUS!

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

A Hint to Exeter Hall.

Does human kindness drain its cup
For black and whitey-brown,
That still you cry the darkey up,
And bawl the planter down?

Reason is reason, right is right,
Though all the platform pack
Join in the cry that black's so white,
And white so *very* black.

Justice demands an equal mind,
Unchanged her gauge should be:
And as we know that she is blind,
Colours she cannot see.

Fools think that nature draws her deeds
Like Lawyers, by the skin:
Her acts he only rightly reads
Who can read hearts within.

Then lay your suit of sables by,
Black predilections smother,
And listen to the *white-man's* cry—
"Am not *I* man and brother?"

That every question, fairly tried,
Two sides must have, is true:
If this one have its sooty side,
It has its white side too.

"PARI PASSU."—SERJEANT PARRY and JOHN PARRY walking arm-in-arm together.

HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION.

CERTAINLY they manage some things far better in France. We learn, for instance, by a statement in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that recently at Yonne the votes of the electors were requested for a gentleman who in his great modesty put forth no other claim to them than such as might be gathered from the following placard:—

CANDIDAT AU CORPS LEGISLATIF.

M. FRÉMY,

INVITÉ DE COMPIEGNE.

This is a delightfully short and simple form for an Election address; and to our mind it is just as good as one parading all the usual catalogue of virtues which candidates possess. It is a pity some such form is not adopted here in England. What a quantity of needless twaddle it would save! Imagine if a candidate had Our august permission to announce that he had been invited to 85, Fleet Street, and had been received under the roof of *Mr. Punch*, what more would need be said about his clearly obvious fitness for admission into parliament? and who would dare to oppose, or to vote against, a candidate whom *Mr. Punch* in his great wisdom thought proper to invite?

Warmth for Wilful Nakedness.

Now the inclement season of the year is approaching, our sympathies are naturally excited on behalf of those poor creatures whose clothing is insufficient to protect them from the wintry blast. Just at this time no conduct can be more unseasonable than that of able-bodied paupers in workhouses, who, on purpose to give trouble and annoyance, tear up their clothes. Still, they should not be left to perish of cold; and magistrates ought to be empowered by statute to order the backs of all such perverse offenders to be warmed with a good whipping.



THE JAMAICA QUESTION.

WHITE PLANTER. "AM NOT I A MAN AND BROTHER, TOO, MR. STIGGINS?"



Punch's Table-Talk.

208.

No modest man now rides in an omnibus. I had nearly said no modest woman, but that would be unjust. MADAME MANTALINI decrees the afflicting dress—the poor women can't help themselves.

209.

Said I unto a friend of mine last week, "How long are you going to write those furious satires against soldiers and priests?" He replied, "Until I have made money enough to buy CHARLES a commission and WILLIAM a rectory." We exchanged winks, which was vulgar.

210.

The chief blunders of my life have been consequent on asking the advice of friends, and taking it.

211.

Follow a lawyer's advice, however, occasionally. Not because it is wise, for it seldom is, but because it usually frees you from legal responsibility.

212.

Fancy a Clergyman, on intimate terms with the Primate of All England, writing a poem to his friend, and inscribing it, To the Worthy, Humane, Generous, Reverend, and Noble MR. CHARLES T. LONGLEY, now Archbishop of Canterbury. Yet so wrote DR. SNEYD DAVIES to ARCHBISHOP CORNWALLIS, who was the last but four.

213.

I copied an epitaph in Ruabon Churchyard the other day, for the sake of the second line. Is it elsewhere, my dear MR. THOMS?

"My loving husband and children all,
Out of sight and out of call;
Then look and learn as you go by,
Both how to live and how to die."

214.

Thanks to SIGNOR ARDITI, London has heard some of HERR WAGNER'S *Tannhäuser* music at last. I have not, but them which has tells me it is none so dusty. Spex the crickets have been too shirty.

215.

Conversing with a nobleman's son who had sent for me to the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, by reason that the proverbial hospitality of the chosen people would not hear of his leaving the house in which he was a guest, I gently hinted that it was hardly the thing, in these days, to order so many dressing-cases, and studs, and fur-coats with no possible means of paying for them. "You've just hit it, my boy," said the HONOURABLE RODERICK DOO, with a pleasing smile. "In these days, But is it my fault that I came so late into the world? Had I been one of my feudal ancestors, I should never have done these mean things. I should have swooped down, like a gentleman, with my retainers, and simply taken the necessities of life, or what were then such. Don't abuse me for being an anachronism, but lend me fifty pounds." Which I did, but under protest.

216.

Are you asking seriously? You don't know what a Borsholder is? And I give dinner to such ignorance! Why, the word is from buhr's ealder, borough's elder, and a very good word it is.

217.

Æolian harps were very common when I was a boy. The rising generation may need to be told that these were long boxes, with wires above them, protected by a cover, and were placed in windows, the sash being shut down upon them. The wind did the rest. Sentimental folks adored the instrument. I should think it must have been highly effective for the raising of Blue Devils.

218.

But there was another toy of my youth which I am sorry to miss in my age. Where is the kaleidoscope? We used to have huge ones, which gave visions of elaborate glory. I know that there are some two-penny halfpenny ones to be got in the Lowther Arcade, but ours were noble vistas ending with divinest splendours.

219.

No such thing. Bosh! I am as young as ever, and I enjoyed an open, oval jam tart, price one penny, this very day. I know an auk from an urn. Pshaw!

220.

The Great Council of Patalibuthra, at which Buddhism was declared the religion of India, was held under KING ASOKA, somewhere about the time that REGULUS was being rolled down the hill in the barrel of spikes by the countrymen of Salammbô. Where was the civilisation in these days, East or West?

221.

Shall I never see a good melodrama again? I want no French vice, no British moral, but plenty of good situations, and also some broad

fun. Not much blubberation. Scoundrels to be killed. MR. BUCKSTONE could write it—he has written such things capitally—but then his theatre is not the place. I think I shall do it myself, some evening. All you boys shall have orders, and applaud.

222.

Do you want another innocent game for the holidays? Ask the following questions, quick and sharp, and you'll get the answers I am going to mention. Q. Who was the first man? A. ADAM. Q. Who was the first woman? A. EVE. Q. Who killed CAIN? A. ABEL. Nine times out of ten you'll get that reply. Which cannot fail to afford intellectual amusement.

223.

When good photographers die, they go to Brighton.

224.

If cod is in first-rate condition, do not take mustard with it. But if you are unlucky enough not to have the best in the world, by all means avail yourself of the aid of the mustard-pot.

225.

VAN AMBURGH has tamed his last liou, and has himself succumbed to the Great Tamer. But what has become of the French journalists' Englishman, who had vowed to attend all the lion-tamer's performances until his head should be bitten off. I bet you we shall read that this "eccentric" has shot himself on the tomb of his hero.

226.

"Where no oxen are, the crib is clean." I suspect that many an honest agriculturist who has been stolidly hearing this from his boyhood, will this year begin to see a significance in it which he never saw before. The Black Ox will tramp largely over bucolic lips.

227.

MR. DICKENS, in his beautiful preface to MISS PROCTER'S poems, mentions some of the curious reasons which people adduce for demanding that you accept their literary efforts, or introduce them to the reading world. I am a good deal pestered in this way. A lady, of whom I had never heard, sending me a novel in MS., which I was to read, amend if necessary, get accepted by a publisher, see through the press, and then puff, informed me that her mother had, centuries ago, been acquainted with my father, and had liked him, and that if he had liked her, and had wedded her, we—the fair scribe and myself—should have been sister and brother. But I sent back the MS. unopened, for all that, and all that, and would have done so for twice as much as all that. Women are dreadfully impudent, that's a fact.

228.

BRADY and TATE'S birds are certainly the politest of all creatures. In one of their abominable parodies of the Psalms, B. and T. set forth that as for the wicked man,

"The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same."

The courtesy of the ravens, in extracting the food, and leaving it for the superior birds, is above praise. Why does not the ATTORNEY-GENERAL see about providing a new version. Thanks, meantime, for your hymn-book, Sir R. P.

229.

What do you say? You wanted a good title to your Christmas book of wild dream-stories. Why didn't you come to me? I am a royal and ever-springing fountain for titles. I would have given you this, *A Stable for My Night-Mares*.

230.

In the case of the fireworks to which Pharaoh's name has been blunderingly appended, the fizzdom of the serpent is by no means combined with the harmlessness of the dove. The vapour is deleterious—but a pack of idiots make a needless fuss about it. You need not exactly inhale the smoke, and short of that, the hideous exhibition is safe enough. Snap-dragon is much prettier.

231.

That second column of the *Times* offers some riddles, usually not worth solving. There has been one lately, in which the words, "Your Mother's Diary" occurs. I suppose this is an artful dodge to puff the name of a book to appear with that name. It is sure to be rubbish.

232.

I have seen young fellows, before they have lost all their becoming modesty, avoid encountering the concentrated fire of all the eyes of a ladies' school, as it came marching on, twenty-four deep. But if our ingenuous youth remembered that only two could be quizzing him at the same moment, he might have been more bold.

233.

BASIL HALL says that there are three classes who cannot ride: tailors, sailors, and cavalry officers. At one time I take it that he might have added literary gents; but Authorship now buys and rides the best horseflesh vendible, and looks uncommonly aristocratic in the Park.



SHOCKING!

First Citizen. "WHAT BUS'NESS SH' WORKING-MAN BR'ISH M'SEUM 'F SHUNDAY (HIC); 'SH LOTSH O' PUBLIC-'OUSES?"

Second Citizen (assenting). "WANT TO GO T' Z'LOSGH'CAL GARDENS NEXT!"

PROGRAMME FOR THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

MR. PUNCH,

ALLOW me, Sir, if you please, a little room for the purpose of offering a suggestion to the Conservative party. I am generally regarded as a member of that party, but I do not call myself a Conservative. I call myself a Tory. My political opinions are simply the same as those which were held by the late LORD ELDON.

The Conservatives, *Mr. Punch*, have hardly anything left, politically, to conserve. Socially, however, there still remains something to be conserved. For one thing, Sir, there is the English character of English women, which has not gone yet; let Conservatives direct their energies to conserving that.

We consider ourselves, as you know, Sir, the special representatives of old English tastes and feelings, particularly as contradistinguished from what is revolting as well as new-fangled and foreign. We stand up for roast beef against roast horse, as our fathers did against fricasseed frogs. Let us take the same ground against those abominable French extravagances and absurdities in attire with which our women have stooped to suffer themselves to be disfigured. I mean *chignons*, and false hair, and rouge, and whitening; and all that preposterous roomful of muslin and gauze, lace, ribbons, artificial flowers, grass, weeds, and vegetables, out of which you see a head and face, with bare shoulders, emerging in a ball-room. All this is copied by English ladies from French; and the French ladies copy it—from whom? The late M. DUPIN has told us, *Mr. Punch*. I will not venture to ask you to allow me to repeat his statement.

If the dress were pretty, and set the wearer off to advantage, that would be something to weigh against the taint of its origin. But it is grotesque as well as disreputable. It was doubtless invented to give an artificial presence to the sort of person that women call an "upstart," meaning thereby not one who has risen from a low origin, but merely a little pert, impudent creature. The original purpose of this bramblebush of clothes, in which the wearer is lost, was evidently to disguise a bad figure, and hide thick ankles and large feet. Its very general adoption

POPULATION AND GAME.

SIR,

MR. BRIGHT, in his speech at Birmingham, the other day, said, with reference to gentlemen who share the opinions of your humble servant:—

"If I told them that in this civilised and Christian country a man would be sent to prison for the sake of preserving, and to a great excess, a sport that is absurd in this thickly populated country, they would not be more disposed to give you a vote if they thought that you would provide a remedy for this state of things."

That depends, *Mr. Punch*, as far as I am concerned, on the remedy they would propose to provide. Is it really true that the sport of shooting has become, as MR. BRIGHT says, "absurd in this thickly populated country?" If that is so, what a country it has grown! A country, the thickness of whose population is such as to render shooting in its fields and covers absurd, must be one much too crowded to be pleasant. Who would swelter in such a country? I don't think England has got quite so bad as that yet. If it had, the proper "remedy" for a "state of things," wherein shooting would be absurd, would, perhaps, in the opinion of the hon. Member for Birmingham, be the abolition of the Game Laws. Certainly I should not be disposed to give anybody a vote who would vote for that. But I would willingly give honest working men a vote if I thought them likely to provide a remedy for circumstances incompatible with shooting, not by any measure tending to the destruction of game, but by measures calculated to check population.

The reversal of the liberal legislation of the last six-and-thirty years, especially the repeal of Free Trade, would no doubt have that effect. I am not without hope that a Tory multitude might be induced to dictate indefinite reaction. But in the meantime population promises to be checked by circumstances. The Registrar-General's Returns of Marriages may as yet have shown no falling off. But they soon must. Look at the price of butcher's meat. Look at the enormous cost of women's dress. An immense fortune is required to maintain a wife and family, or even a wife alone. Marriage will soon be possible only for the wealthy few. That is, if the masses are taught to form a sufficiently high estimate of necessary comfort: as I sincerely wish they may be, for I am, in so far, a friend to education, albeit sometimes called

OLD BOOTS.

Carlton Club.

I ascribe to the prevalent passion for equality, putting as it does all women on a level. Sir, the English women do not gain by placing themselves on a level with the French; to say nothing of those with whom the ladies of France have levelled themselves.

The whole abomination comprehended under the name of Crinoline is an excrescence of democracy as well as of vice. Its abatement therefore ought to be the aim of every Conservative. I saw, the other day, in the *Publicité* of Marseilles, that the example has been set our own young men, by no less than 6,000 bachelors of that city, between the ages of twenty and thirty, of pledging one another not to ask any girl in marriage until a complete change shall have taken place in her habits, particularly in dress. Sir, I beg to propose the Establishment of a Conservative Society for the Revival of Moderation in Millinery. The Conservatives might as well set to work at that for want of something better to do. I am, Sir, though a determined opponent of political economy, a steady advocate of domestic

RETRENCHMENT.

P.S. I am credibly informed that a French lady in full dress often stands in the midst of some thousand guineas.

Scientific.

At the last meeting of the Anthropological Society there was a delightful discussion on Cannibalism. MR. CARTER BLAKE fired up over this subject to such an extent, that several members, noticing the presence of the "devouring element" in his speech, felt slightly uncomfortable. The learned Secretary, we need hardly inform our readers, has not suggested Cannibalism as an alternative if the cattle disease continues. We have heard of a gentleman not a hundred yards from Charing Cross being "eaten up with pride," but, with the unchristian old woman, let us hope, it isn't true.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

EXETER Hall says the case against GOVERNOR EYRE is *plam*. In their hands, *we* say, it is *coloured*.



FARM-YARD STUDY.

EXERCISING THE PRIZE FIG.—(From Nature.)

THE WHITE MAN AND BROTHER.

SNUFFLING sons of platform thunder,
Ye who bellow, not aware
That your cry may prove a blunder,
Vengeance on the head of EYRE;
Reverend Gents—though ordination
It is true you mostly lack—
Pray you, some consideration
Show for White as well as Black.

What's the shape of human features?
What's the tint of human skin?
Are we not all fellow-creatures?
Is external whiteness sin?
We are kin to one another.
Be our colour what it may.
Am I not a Man and Brother?
Come, beloved, answer "Yea."

Little Bethel, Ebenezer,
STIGGINS, ARTHUR, NEWMAN HALL,
Love your POMPEY and your CÆSAR,
But be just alike to all.
Wait for light, and, wanting, smother
Wrath outrageous, if you can,
Lest, while you denounce a Brother,
You prejudge a guiltless man.

Motto for Harriers.

(BY THE HARE.)

"Double, double, toil and trouble."—*Macbeth*.

Also an Epitaph on the Hare; suggested by a Harrier,

"And is old Double dead?"

2nd Part of *King Henry IV.*, Act iii. Scene 2.

THE HEIGHT OF GOOD BREEDING.

THE giants CHANG and ANAK, it is said by those who know them, are most estimable persons, and indeed we must allow that every one looks up to them.

THE BILL-STICKER'S PARADISE.—The Great Wall of China.

SIGNS AND SEASONS.

EVERY month has its zodiacal sign; the seasons are typified by various devices. We recognise the approach and then the presence of winter by several unmistakable signs. For instance, it is a sign of cold weather when, having been called at a quarter to eight A.M., you ask what sort of a morning it is, and receive the answer that "It is a fine clear sharp morning" with qualified pleasure.

It is a sign of the season when you are not sorry to hear it is a dull morning "out," and feel, that, by remaining in bed you have the best of the situation. It is also a sign of the cold season when (being still in bed) you are inclined to disbelieve any one who rubs his hands and declares "It's a beautiful morning, and he feels as warm as a toast." It is certainly a sign of its being very cold weather, when you think that you'll just turn round and warm yourself thoroughly before getting up. The following are signs of winter:—

When you think that you don't know whether the first bell has been rung or not.

When it strikes you that your watch is at least ten minutes fast; and so if you get up when the minute hand is 'at a quarter to' you'll be in capital time.

That if you could only be taken out of bed to be washed and dressed in a second by machinery, you wouldn't mind getting up.

That another five minutes' sleep will make you all right for the day.

That it's three minutes to the half-hour, and you'll get up exactly at the half-hour.

That it's just one minute past the half-hour, so you'll get up exactly at the thirty-five minutes.

That as five minutes won't make much difference, say, get up at the quarter punctually.

The following considerations will also lead you to the conclusion that the winter has come at last:—

That you can't get up without hot water.

That you don't think that water is quite hot.

That he had better bring a little more water, please; and take care it's quite hot.

That you can't get up until your clothes are all ready for you.
That a little snooze while JAMES is bringing the clothes (and while he fetches some more hot water), will do you all the good in the world.

That when you *do* get up, you won't be a second, dressing.

That you'll get up in exactly *two* minutes from now.

That (the two minutes having passed) you'll just settle what you're going to do to-day, and *then* get up.

That, if that's the first bell, you've plenty of time; and if it's the second, it's no good hurrying up now, as you're late anyhow.

The consideration that is generally required before making a move out of bed, is in itself a pretty sure sign of the presence of Winter.

A STRANGE LIBERTY FOR SPAIN.

A TELEGRAM, dated on the 10th instant from Madrid, affords information which is news indeed. Read it; and stare:—

"The Government contemplates taking under the protection of Spain the negro kingdoms on the African coast opposite Fernando Po, and to proclaim religious liberty in the latter island and the kingdoms in question."

It is difficult to imagine a novelty so startling as the proclamation of religious liberty by a Spanish Government. To be sure the present Government of Spain is liberal enough to have recognised the Kingdom of Italy. It may therefore be hoped that the religious liberty which the Ministers of QUEEN ISABELLA intend to proclaim in Fernando Po and the adjacent kingdoms, has begun at home, and that the proclamation of Spanish religious liberty in the above-named territories will not simply mean the announcement, on behalf of the authorities there, of the liberty to imprison Protestants for practising their religion.

The Philosophy of History.

SOME of the Clergy have been remonstrating against the existing arrangements in connection with QUEEN ANNE'S Bounty. How history repeats itself! In the nineteenth century we have over again *The Mutiny of the Bounty*.



"THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS IS FADED."

Noble Master of Fox-Hounds. "HAW! YOU DON'T APPROVE OF OUR MODERN SYSTEM, THEN?"

Ex-Huntsman. "I ARN'T AGOT NO PATIENCE WITH IT, MY LORD. HOUNDS NOW-A-DAY IS TOO HARISTERCRATIC; THEY CARRIES THEIR NOSES TOO HIGH FOR WORK. THEY EXPECTS THEIR FOX FOUND FOR 'EM; AND WHEN THEY GETS ON HIS LINE, THEY WON'T OWN IT, MUCH MORE SPEAK TO IT; AND IF THEY DO PUT ON THE PACE FOR TWENTY MINUTES OR SO, WHY—THEY LOOKS FOR A CARRIAGE TO TAKE 'EM TO KENNEL!"

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SIR,

I HAVE got no definite occupation at present; I live on "plans." My plans fall to the ground simply because I can't find any one sufficiently enterprising to take them up, and work them for me with the necessary capital. You have kindly allowed me a space in your pages, which I may use to put before the public at large some of my plans, and individuals can look into them and write to me upon the various subjects.

My plans all point to one end, *i. e.* the making a fortune. I see how fortunes are to be made: such is my taste for this work that had I a large fortune I would lay it out in making another. The difficulty that I labour under is want of capital; let anyone step forward and say to me, "BUNTLE, my dear fellow, here's twenty thousand pounds for you, now then go-a-head with it,"—the world would soon hear of my gigantic undertakings. No one, however, has as yet shown anything like a full confidence in the BUNTLE capabilities. Now, therefore, I throw myself before the public, I stop the crowd with my out-stretched hand; I say to it, stop and listen to BUNTLE. Some few may have the brains to seize upon the notions thrown out to you, if so, come to me and I, BUNTLE, will give you my further ideas upon the subject. Henceforth, no one shall be able to work an idea of mine without acknowledging its source, because I shall have proclaimed it publicly. I say nothing about recent inventions by which some persons have benefited considerably. I am silent, though, believe me, I was the man *who gave the original idea, that contained the germ of the future plant,* to those who were in a position to use it, work it, develop it, and make their fortunes. I now proceed to throw out an idea or two to begin with.

A Fortune is to be made from Eggs.—That statement will cause a few people to prick up their ears, I take it. Yes, Sir, a fortune is to be made from eggs, or to narrow the boundary, let me say from One Egg, and

that a good one. That one egg produces a chicken, that chicken becomes a hen; should it be a cock, sell it, or what is better, if you can, keep it, and procure another egg. Very good, at last you have your hen. Now, this hen, if a good one, may be calculated upon for at least six eggs per week. In a very short time you will thus have a good stock of poultry about you. Turn the original hen into a Limited Liability Company, and make arrangements to supply London, the Country, the Continent, and the Colonies with eggs. Calculate, (for 'tis only a mere matter of figures) the cost of the egg, the feed of the hen, and the demand, the enormous demand for which you will have to provide a supply. Let anyone who wishes to enter further into this, communicate with me, JAMES FYLTER BUNTLE. My business address I enclose.

There is a fortune to be made out of Gas, Cabs, and Skates. I will forward you my plans when I see if the public are inclined to jump at the present attractive bait. I wish I had a few spare pounds, and I'd work that egg business next week.

Sieve tray Villa.

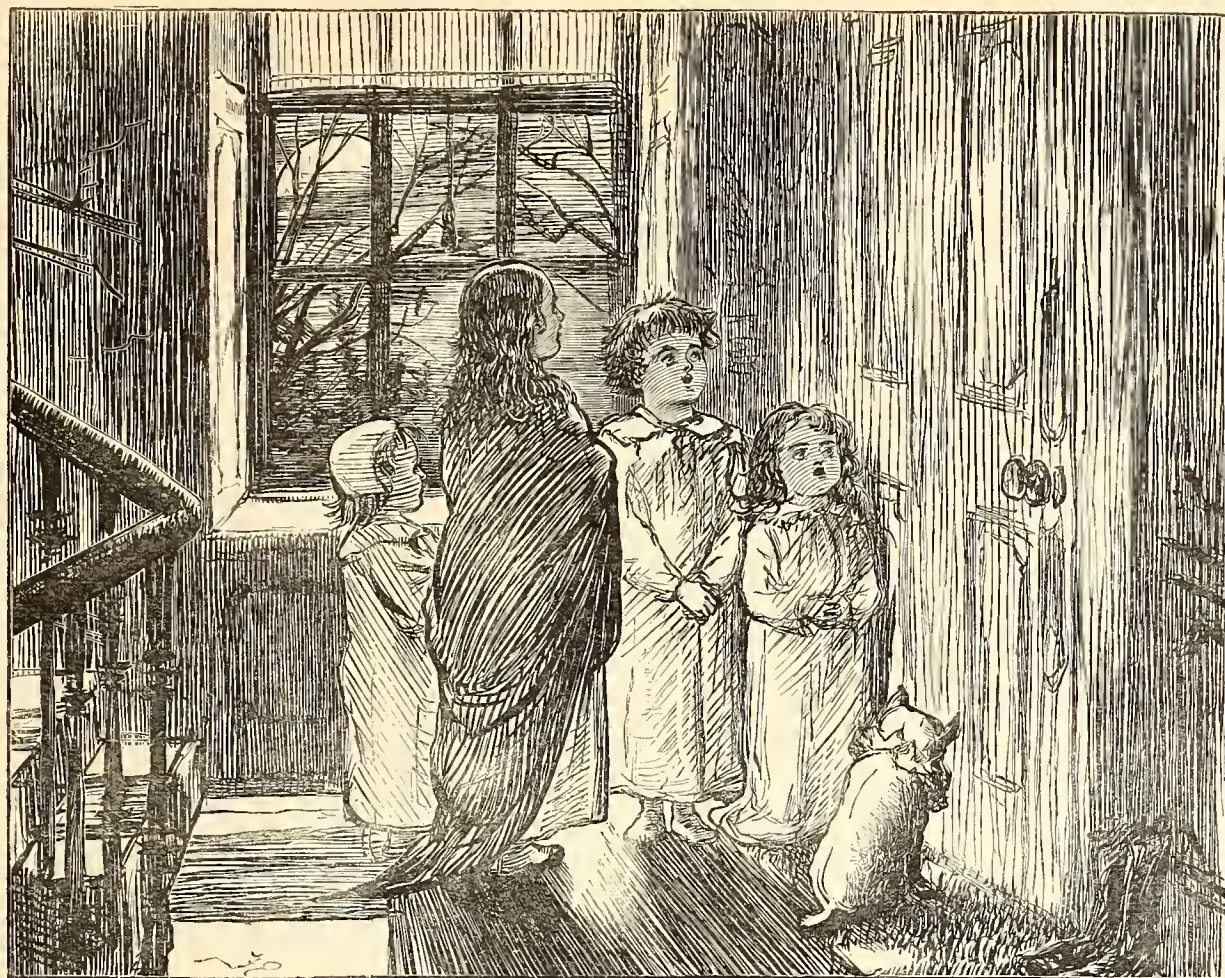
I remain, Sir, Yours truly,

JAMES FYLTER BUNTLE.

Pretty Things for a Pudding.

Ye loops of Larks, that hang on high,
The front of poulterers' shops along,
What are you, dainties of the sky?
Festoons of Song.

GIRLS WHO DYE THEIR HAIR should purchase *Punch's Almanack*: for the fact that they have done so will defend them from the charge of being brainless idiots, which their wearing of dyed hair is quite sufficient to excite. N.B. All women who dye their heads ought certainly to have them taken off—in *Punch*.



THE WAITS.

THESE ARE THE ONLY ONES TO WHOM MR. P. GIVES A CHRISTMAS-BOX !

THE WHIGS OF AULD LANG SYNE.

(The Premier and the New Peers.)

SHOULD auld supporters be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld Whigs be remembered not
By Whigs of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne;
We'll gie ye baith a Peerage yet,
For auld lang syne.

We three hae tasted aft, at times,
The sweets of office fine;
And sighed for place for mony a day,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We three hae paddled, in our turn,
The River down, to dine,
And whiles without the whitebait gane,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

Noo, gie's a lift, my trusty friends,
And here's a lift o' mine;
And we'll tak' a right guid Johnnie-waught
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang, &c.

And surely ye'll be your staunch votes,
As sure ye're friends o' mine,
And we'll tak' a stoup o' Gladstone yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

A Tall Notion.

A QUOTATION that does not apply to CHANG OR ANAK:—

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

Philip Van Artevelde, Act i., Scene 5.

SHAKSPEARE IN SILENCE.

SONGS without words are familiar in our ears; but it is a novelty to hear of plays without words audible. Yet the *Athenæum* tells us where this curious stage phenomenon has recently been witnessed:—

"The drama is in active use at several of our asylums. Very recently, SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry IV.*, (arranged by MR. PATTERSON) was performed by deaf and dumb pupils, in presence of their deaf and dumb school fellows and an interested body of spectators, rather than audience, at Manchester. The text was conveyed through the 'sign-language' familiar to the pupils, and it was easily followed by the other spectators."

A capital notion this of playing SHAKSPEARE in dumb show. We hope some London Manager will take the hint and act upon it. "Not to speak profanely" of any stage celebrities, it would be a great relief if one could see a play of SHAKSPEARE'S, without hearing SHAKSPEARE'S language mumbled, mouthed, or murdered otherwise. A *troupe* of clever pantomimists might readily be trained to strike the proper attitudes, and make the gestures fitted to the speeches in a play; while the audience could mentally supply the missing words. The eye would thus be satisfied by the sight of a stage-show, while the ear would not be tortured by emphasis used wrongly and English mispronounced. Many persons, when they are asked to go and hear a play of SHAKSPEARE'S, reply, "No, thank you, I prefer to read it to myself." Yet, while reading, they might like to see the scenery and dresses; nor might they object even to the presence of the actors, if their mouths were only shut, and their tongues thus kept aloof from mutilation of the text.

A BIT OF BERLIN WOOL.

It is not often that *Mr. Punch* can do himself the pleasure of printing one of the millions of letters which he receives, though he reads every one of them with the most eager desire to find a diamond in the chaff. But he has just perused a communication from a German friend, in whose favour *Mr. Punch* is tempted to make an exception, and he yields to the temptation. He would like to gladden the Christmas households with a veritable specimen of German wit. Here it is, *verbatim et literatim*:—

What is the difference between a small-one and the thirtieth of February?
y. g. i. u.?

The small-one is not-a-tall and
the 30th of Febray is not-at-all—

Decemb. 65.

Yours, W. S., Berlin.

CRIMINAL HAIR-CUTTING.



THE attention of fair ladies is requested to the following:—

"The *chignons*, which form so important a part of the toilet of a modern lady of fashion, are procured, it would seem, at the expense of a great deal of annoyance to the softer sex of Germany. According to the *Europe*, the whole country is in an uproar on account of the people who go about, scissors in hand, with the express object of cutting the hair of every woman who walks with it dressed after the fashion of the country—i.e., hanging in long plaits over the back. Even the churches are not free from these pestilent thieves, the last case reported being that of a lady whose hair was cut off whilst engaged in her devotions in the Evangelical church of Buda."

See, ladies, to what evil deeds your folly may give rise. You ought to be ashamed of wearing any hair which, excepting by the right of purchase, is not yours; but the shame is more than doubled when the hair you buy is stolen, and cut by sneaking pilferers from living women's heads. Certainly in this case you ought to be indicted for receiving stolen goods; and, indeed, by rights you ought to be held liable to punishment for having tempted thieving scoundrels to commit a brutal series of dastardly assaults. The ruffians who clip off women's hair that you may wear it are guilty of committing a most horrid mutilation; and it is your purchase of false hair that provokes them to the act. If you will persist in this abominable practice, it would serve you right to have the street boys running after you and shouting out "Stop Thief!" whenever you walk out.

HOME THEY BROUGHT.

(With abject apologies to MR. TENNYSON, MISS DANCE, and MISS DOLBY.)

HOME they brought her lap-dog dead,
Just run over by a fly,
JEAMES to Buttons, winking, said,
"Won't there be a row, O my!"
Then they called the flyman low,
Said his baseness could be proved:
How she to the Beak should go—
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Said her maid (and risked her place),
"In the 'ouse it should have kept,
Flymen drives at such a pace"—
Still the lady's anger slept.
Rose her husband, best of dears,
Laid a bracelet on her knee,
Like playful child she boxed his ears—
"Sweet old pet!—let's have some tea."

TEA-TRAY READING.

BY OUR OWN WEEKLY OLD LADY.

To whom her Grandson TOMMY reads aloud extracts from the daily papers.

THE royal ox did you say, my dear? Well, what do they say about that? Festivities at Windsor, eh? I'm glad to hear of 'em, I am. The Baron will be roasted in the kitchen of Windsor Castle on Thursday. Goodness me, child! a Baron? And will be forwarded, when cold, to Osborne! Horrible! That's what comes of the Cattle plagues, is it? Is it BARON ROTHSCHILD, my dear? You don't know. What next?—That can't be true, child. The Belgians called out, when they saw our PRINCE OF WALES, "Long live the Prince de Galles!" Gals, indeed! He's a married man: what 'ud the PRINCESS say? Those Belgians ought to ha' known better.

Milk will be dearer than Bass soon. I never liked the Bassoon as an instrument; and what milk has to do with 'em I don't know. Cream dearer than champagne. Oh! I see what you mean now. What a fine thing for the babies! Bass in the pap-boat! Wonderful! Ah! from the cradle to the beer! Deary me! A Duc de Massa at the French Court! Massa! So they're elevating a blackamoor to the peerage! Well, times do change! You may clear away, MARY.

PRUSSIA'S OWN FAITH.

WE are informed by the foreign correspondent of a contemporary that "a new sect has lately sprung up at Berlin." This last addition to the world's lunatics at large is called by its members "The Cogitants." The founder of this fraternity, a DR. EDWARD LÖWENTHAL, has published a book about his bosh, which he calls "a religion without a confession." NEDDY LÖWENTHAL'S disciples have also a magazine, bearing for its motto the following nonsense:—

"Our knowledgo is our faith; our dignity is our morality; our worship is life, and our religion is our secret."

No secret appears, however, to be made of the doctrines and practices of this "religion without a confession." Some of its tenets are remarkable. The "Cogitants" hold that—

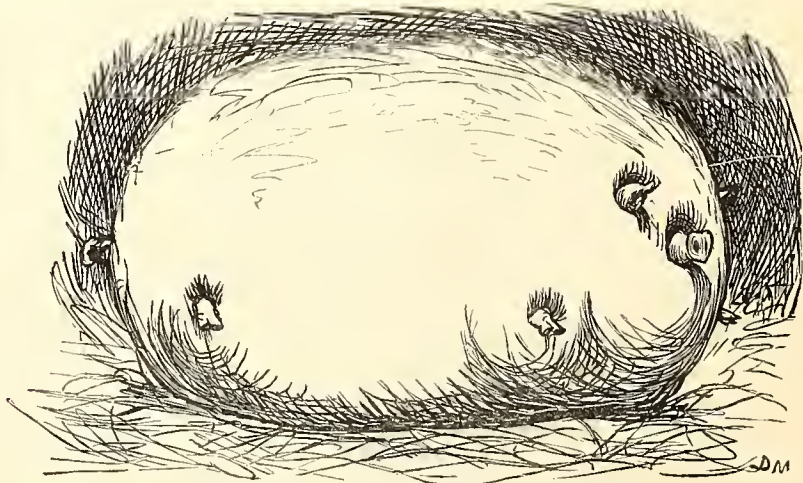
"Neither theft nor fraud can be punished with imprisonment. Women are to have a part in the Church government. Only the lower part of a coffin should be buried in the earth."

Cogitantism, so far, seems to be the conceit of a crazy knave; the chimera of a rogue affected with softening of the brain. Here, however, is a regulation of the Cogitant system which indicates its author to be, in as far as he is not wholly a rogue, not altogether a fool:—

"All good Cogitants are to have a good dinner for nothing, and dine in public, on Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, and Whit-Sunday."

It may be understood how the Cogitants "are to have a good dinner for nothing," without a miracle. If "neither theft nor fraud can be punished with imprisonment," there appears to be no reason why geese, and legs of mutton, and other materials requisite for a good dinner, should not be stolen. A difficulty, nevertheless, will stand in the way of this arrangement pending the conversion to Cogitantism of butchers, poulterers, and other dealers in food, with Society in general.

There is something very striking, though, in the fact that a religion, one of whose principal points is that "neither theft nor fraud can be punished with imprisonment," should have "sprung up in Berlin." Is not that city the capital of a country wherein theft and fraud are honoured by illustrious patronage? Was not Denmark invaded, and despoiled of the Duchies, on a pretext now avowed to have been false? In the crime thus perpetrated were not theft and fraud beautifully combined? Then, who forgets the solemn thanksgiving pronounced by pious Royalty itself for the success of that fraud and that theft, and not only that theft, but the murders by which it was attended?



THE VERY LAST EXPRESSION OF PRIZE PIG FATNESS. FORGOTTEN IN OUR LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.

THE MAGISTRATES' PRIZES.

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in unhesitatingly awarding the last Prize of the Year to

MR. TRAFFORD,

Magistrate at Salford, for the very sensible Speech which he is reported to have addressed to a Clergyman:—

"The REV. O. DE LEYLAND BALDWIN, Curate of St. Stephen's, Salford, was charged at the Salford Town Hall, on Tuesday, with assaulting a chorister boy, named WILLIAM WHARTON. MR. TRAFFORD said he should fine the defendant 10s. He regretted the necessity for that decision, but he really thought that those persons, the High Church people, who talked so much about the sanctity of the Church, ought to take care and not thrash a lad within its sacred precincts."

Very Curious Coincidence.

ATTENTION has lately been attracted to the extraordinary height of the barometer. Had this phenomenon any connection with the high price of butchers' meat?

Punch's Table-Talk.

234.

ADMIRAL FITZROY, late Curator of the Weather, has left his family without much provision. He expended large sums in perfecting the system which has saved thousands of lives. A Fund is in course of collection, for presentation to those whom his sudden death deprived of his support. The mercantile world alone ought to have made any general appeal needless. If the sea-ports do not subscribe handsomely, it will be my duty to erect such sea-marks on them as will be remembered. I shall probably begin with Aberdeen.

235.

A witness in a police case the other day being asked what his religion was, replied that he was neither Jew nor Gentile, but a sort of half and half, and his religion was to do the best he could for himself, and his wife and family. I have heard worse creeds. At all events he denounced no terrible doom against any other religionists.

236.

I perceive an advertisement for the place of groom. The advertiser is a young married man "who has lived with a deceased incumbent seven years in Warwickshire." A Ghoul-Groom.

237.

A leading New York paper is good enough to say of me, "The London *Punch* is unquestionably a power in Europe and throughout the civilised world. But then *Punch* is *sui generis*. Moreover, he is not afraid of what People, or Parties, or Powers may think of his satires." I should say not. "What is fear, Grandmamma?" as LORD NELSON asked—or did not ask.

238.

And, by the way, I suppose that because LORD NELSON said, "Victory or Westminster Abbey" that glorious sea-captain was buried in St. Paul's.

239.

If any lady—specially any mother—wants a thorough good cry, I recommend her MRS. OLIPHANT's charmingly written new novel, *Agnes*.

240.

A gallant captain of a whaler took for his motto, "Blubber for ever." "Shan't," said his widow, re-marrying.

241.

I hereby signify my extreme obligation to MR. T.W. ERLE, Associate, Court of Common Pleas, for a capital little pamphlet on the present abominable system of summoning special juries in London and Middlesex. The summonses come to some folks very seldom, and to others in such numbers as to make one suspect, as MR. EYRE says, that "favouritism and bribery" have something to do with the matter. I suppose that it is necessary that a gentleman should be hurried out of his house at nine in the morning, to the neglect of his business, and should stick in a dirty crowded court, where no accommodation is provided for him, and after waiting three or four days, should be put into a box to listen to a two-penny case that ought to be decided by an inferior judge. That's the Constitution. But the process ought not to be made utterly intolerable. MR. ERLE has some excellent suggestions for reforming the system, and if he succeeds he ought to be made a real Earl.

242.

You know, I suppose, that Cambridge now examines Girls. Thirteen were examined at Bristol the other day, and did great credit to their instructors. The excellent bishop seemed puzzled to know whether he should call the candidates "girls," or "young ladies." None of your jokes about gownswomen, and Mistresses of Hearts. I see no objection to Spinster, any more than to Bachelor, but I suppose the darlings will be of *Lydia Languish's* mind, "O that I should live to hear myself called spinster."

243.

As a good many educated men have been returned to the new Parliament, I suggest to the Speaker to drop the vulgar tongue, and instead of saying, "As many as are of that opinion say Aye, those of a contrary opinion say No—I think the Ayes have it," let MR. DENISON give the last lines of this year's Westminster Epilogue:—

"Diceant 'Immo' quibus placet hæc sententia. Dicant
Quis contraria 'Non.' Prevalet 'Immo,' reor."

244.

Bother Consols. If the Turkish Gladstone continues his good work of reforming the finances of the empire, I shall invest in the Tahvilati Mumtozé. I don't like the Rahat el Halkam.

245.

GORGEOUS THE FOURTH did not often say anything worth remembering, but he one day remarked to a foreign minister, "We have had war for thirty years—let us all conspire to keep the peace."

246.

Somebody told me a "goodish" story about a crack pigeon-shooter. He always shot with a glass in his eye. One day, when he was just going to fire, he dropped his glass, and, looking about for it, trampled it to pieces. Swore and all that, but said he would shoot, nevertheless. Heavy betting against him. When his friends were all right, he produced another eye-glass, and killed every bird. There were brains in this noble sportsman.

247.

Don't you really know the difference between a Sublapsarian and a Superlapsarian? What are the Sunday Schools for? The first hold that ADAM was merely permitted—not pre-determined—to fall, whereas the second maintain that his fall had been pre-determined, and that he could not avoid it. Both are sub-divisions of Calvinism.]

248.

Why are there so few Marquises?

249.

What do you mean, Sir, by saying that you "faithfully promised?" Solemnly, earnestly, you ought to say. One performs a promise faithfully—sometimes.

250.

I saw the other day that when a landlord made the usual disgusting quarterly application to certain tenants, they got on some stone-heaps by the side of the road, and pelted him handsomely. Serve him right. I suppose that they had been reading *Rokeby*. "Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent."

251.

The new bill about London Traffic is good, as far as it goes, but the regulations will have to be much more stringent. What's the use of excluding vehicles drawn by six horses? It is the Van, drawn by two, and the Van-demon driver, that must be expelled. Then, if all carts are driven off during the afternoon, and it is ordained that everything shall make way for a swell in a Hansom, I may occasionally go to my office, *via* the Strand and Fleet Street, instead of by my underground tunnel from Grosvenor Square. As for the proposed bridges, do you think that the women will use them? How *can* they, while MANTALINI reigns?

252.

FARLEY brought out *Aladdin* at Covent Garden about forty years ago, I think, and a very fine show it was. In the Lyceum burlesque on the same story, when the palace began to ascend, an actor had to remark,

"Say the house rose a little after two."

253.

Where's that MS. play of SHAKSPEARE's that we were told had been found, and sent to the Crystal Palace? It dropped through, I fancy. There was really something in existence, however. It was called *Albumazar*, and SHAKSPEARE and BACON had as much to do with it as I had with *Macbeth*.

254.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG has one doctrine, exquisitely beautiful, among many. He holds that infants, in the better world, do not remain mere infants, without intelligence and wisdom, but are cultivated, as it were, into angels, which have both. But not so as to grow up beyond early youth. This belief, I take it, would at once commend itself to myriads, whose feelings SOUTHEY has expressed in the passage beginning, "They sin who tell us."

255.

As this is the season of good wishes, here is something which you can add to your letters of congratulation:—

"Precor ut hic annus tibi lætis auspiciis
Ineat lætioribus procedat, lætissimis exeat,
Et sæpius recurat semper felicior."

256.

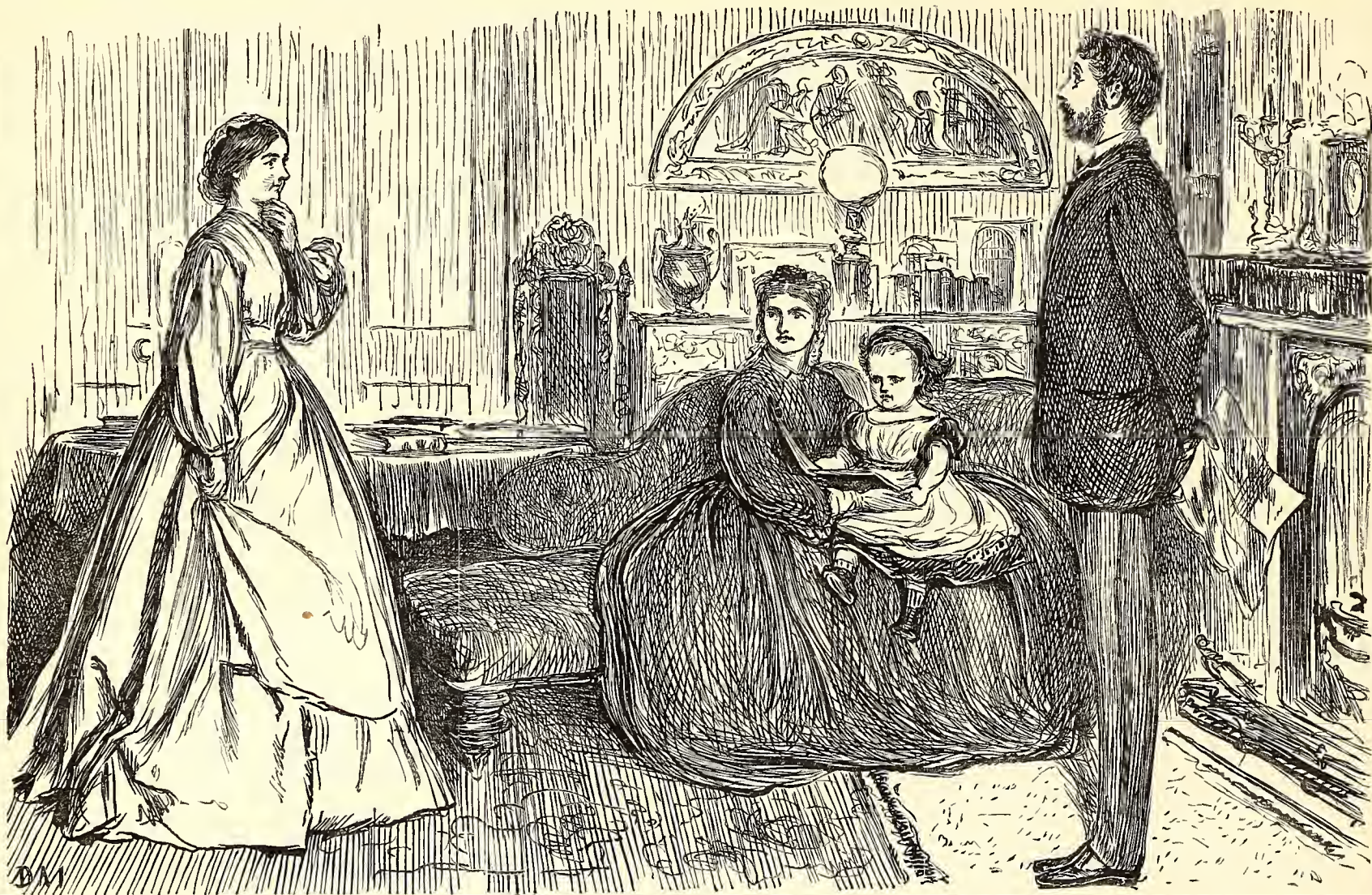
I see that MRS. SHERWOOD's books are advertised as gifts to children. She meant well, of course, but the frightful doctrines and frightful stories (specially in the *Fairchild Family*) are just the things to make a sensitive child melancholy in the light, and miserable in the dark. There was a tale about a Dreadful Eye that haunted a poor little girl who had taken some damsons, and another about the corrupting face of a hanged murderer, to whose gibbet an affectionate father took his little children, because they had a nursery quarrel, which were simply diabolical. I am the Children's Friend, and will not have them frightened.

257.

But I like to be frightened myself. I am very fond of *Der Vampyr*, and if Drury Lane would get up the *Castle Spectre*, well, I would often send to the manager for boxes, by way of encouraging him.

258.

Ten thousand pounds, and all my back volumes (that is to say £20,000, therefore), to the man or woman who shall invent a device for making you go to sleep when you can't. Some mental or mechanical process.



A TREASURE OF A HOUSEMAID.

Master. "MARY, HAVE YOU SEEN A LETTER IN A PINK ENVELOPE, THAT WAS LYING ABOUT ON THE SHELF A DAY OR TWO AGO?"

Maid. "LETTER IN PINK ENVELOPE, SIR? LET ME SEE—WAS IT ABOUT MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL F. JOHNSON A REQUESTIN' THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY AND MISSUS TO DINNER NEXT TUESDAY WEEK AT A QUARTER TO EIGHT?"

Master (aghast). "YE-ES, IT WAW-AWS!"

Maid. "THEN IT'S UNDER THE CLOCK, SIR."

"ALLOW ME TO TAKE CARE OF THE BABY."

(*Clown in the Pantomime.*)

NURSE RUSSELL, Nurse RUSSELL, beware of the day
When BRITANNIA shall meet thee in hostile array,
To put thee to question, as sulky as may be,
And with black looks inquire, "What you've done with the Baby?"
Oh think how the answer, rash Nurse, would go down,
"Please, Marm, I gave Baby to nurse to the Clown!"

Who but knows to what fate the poor Baby is doomed,
Whose care by that rough nurse, the Clown, is assumed.
How 'tis first coaxed and petted, then scolded and slapped:
How its poor little head on the hard boards is rapped:
With what horrors its poor little stomach is crammed,
Down its throat with the coarsest of feeding-spoons rammed.

How with rough scrubbing-brushes and blacking 'tis polished;
How its features are squeezed and its frocks are demolished;
How from dandling Clown soon comes to dancing upon it,
Till, last scene of all, like its nurse's crushed bonnet,
Squeezed flat as a pancake 'twixt Clown and his chair,
Head foremost 'tis recklessly chucked in the air.

Then let's pray for a speedy deliverance from ill,
For Nurse RUSSELL, and eke for her poor little Bill.
The babe may be threatened by rad and by rough,
If it's weak, and don't go what they call far enough;
But if once handed over to Clown by its nurse,
It perhaps may go farther, but sure 'twill fare worse.

"SPLENDID MENDAX."—Lying-in-state.

LOVE-LAW AMENDMENT SOCIETY.

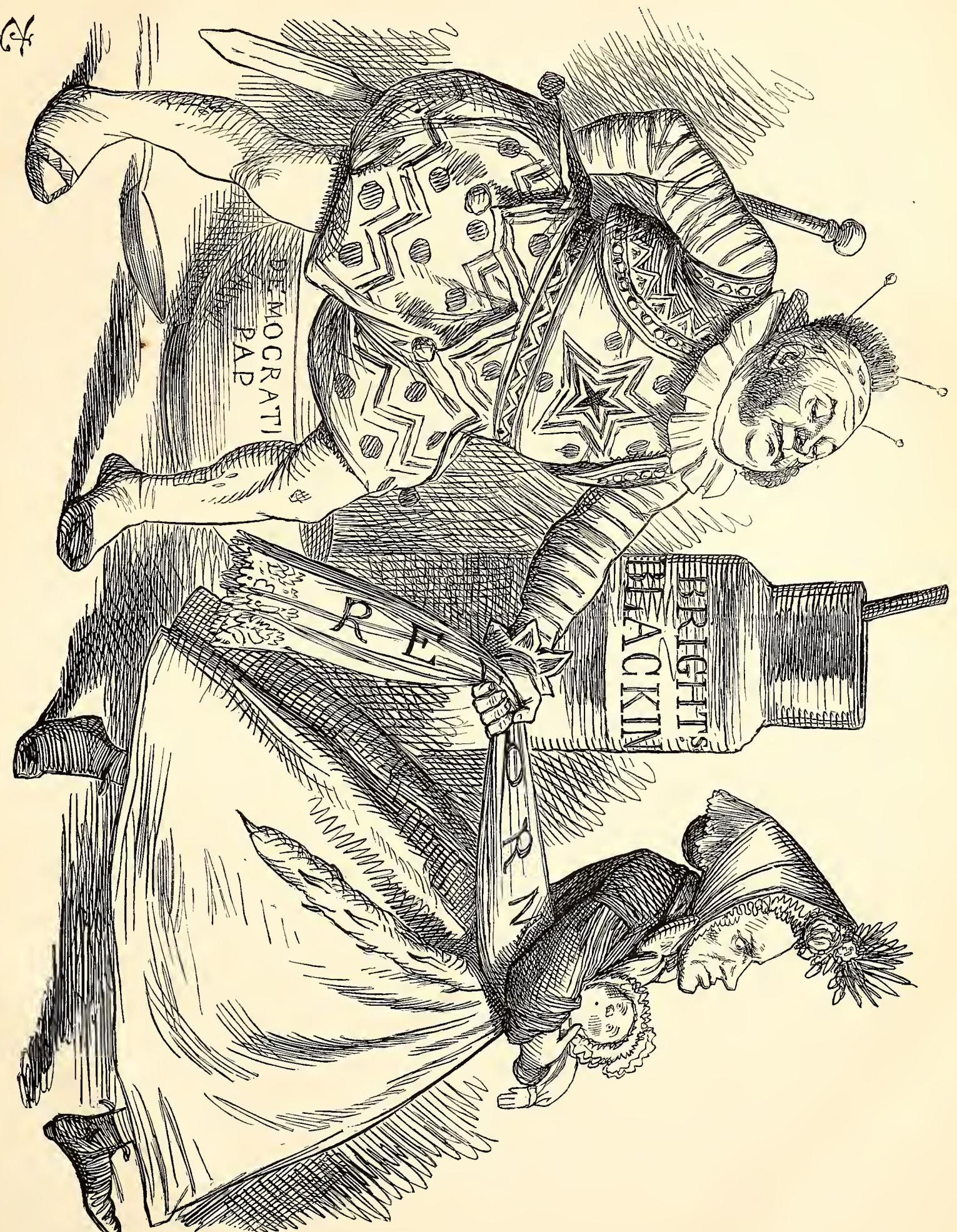
At a recent meeting of the Love-Law Amendment Society, Miss J. V. GREEN read a Paper on the Abolition of Capital Punishment for Dishonouring Promissory Notes and Stealing Heart's-ease in a Dwelling-House.

By capital punishment, Miss J. V. GREEN understood capital in its mercantile sense. A man of capital was a capital partner in a matrimonial firm, and without capital business would be suspended in Hymen's workshops; where a large number of hands were employed in fixing and riveting. The dishonouring of promissory notes, and stealing heart's-ease in a dwelling-house, were offences that had always hitherto been visited with capital punishment; though taking £2000 from a delinquent who had let himself down to fall on knee, was not unlike compounding felony. (*Hear.*) By moving violently twelve men in a box, one naturally looks for heavy damages. Miss J. V. GREEN thought that such a system was injurious in every sense—moral and monetary. She would have reformatories established, where incorrigible heart-breakers should be confined for five or six months, without wine or walnuts, and visited regularly by sisters full of charity, who should read to them their own perfidious letters in soft but thrilling tones. (*Sensation.*)

Miss MERRY VEIL thought that culprits could not be better employed than in rolling pie-crust, under the humiliating conviction that, like their past promises, it was made to be broken.

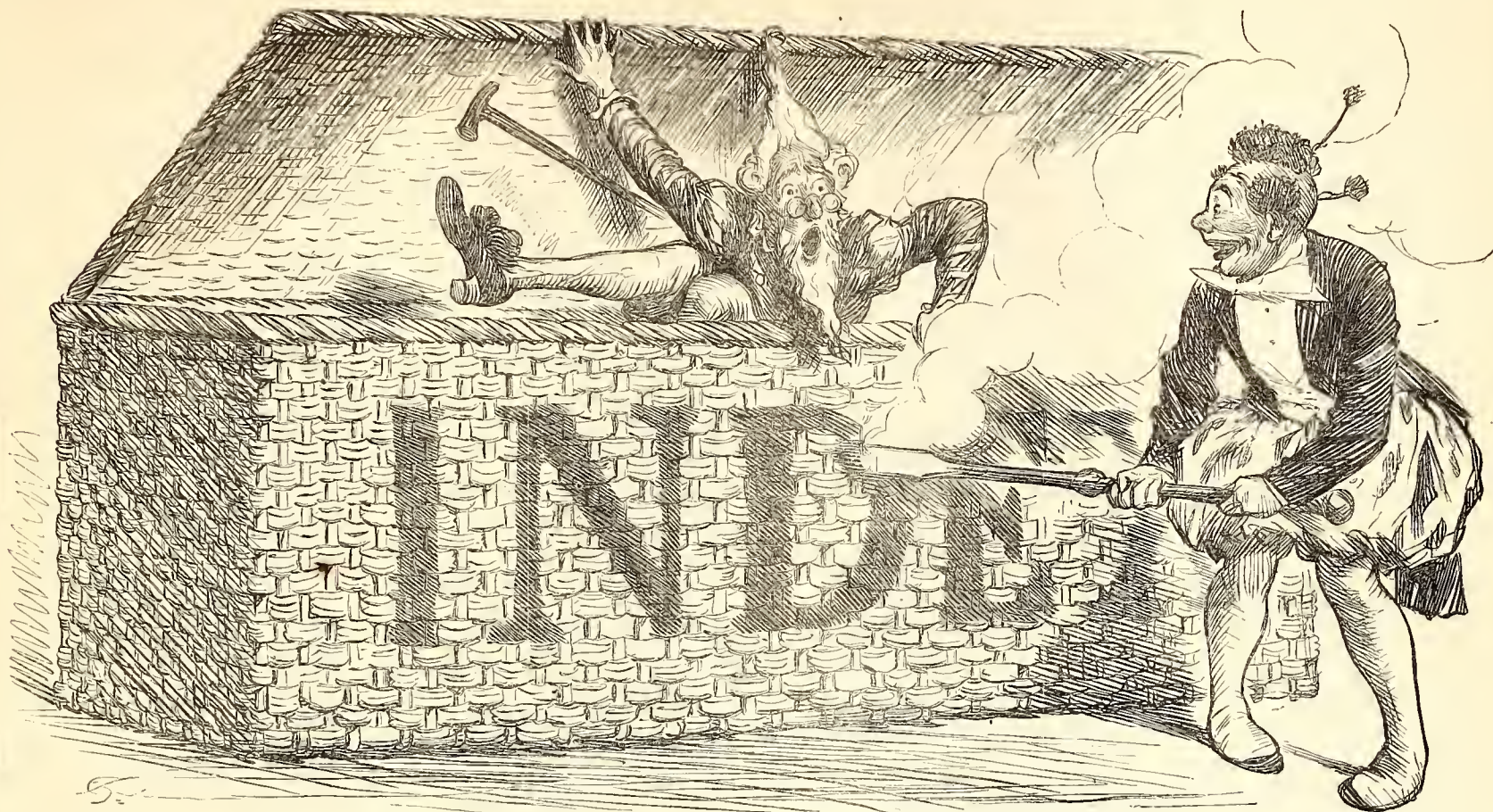
Several other punitive schemes were suggested and discussed, but none seemed to afford so much satisfaction as that epistolary purgatory proposed by Miss J. V. GREEN.

THE GALE FAMILY.—By an advertisement in the *Times*, inquiry is made for the next of kin of MR. BREEZE. Can it be that this BREEZE died away and left no heir?



SCENE FROM ST. STEPHEN'S PANTOMIME.

CLOWN (MR. BRECHT). "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CHILD! LET ME TAKE CARE OF IT FOR YER, MUM."



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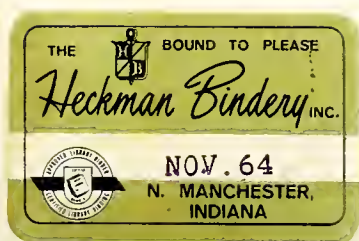
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